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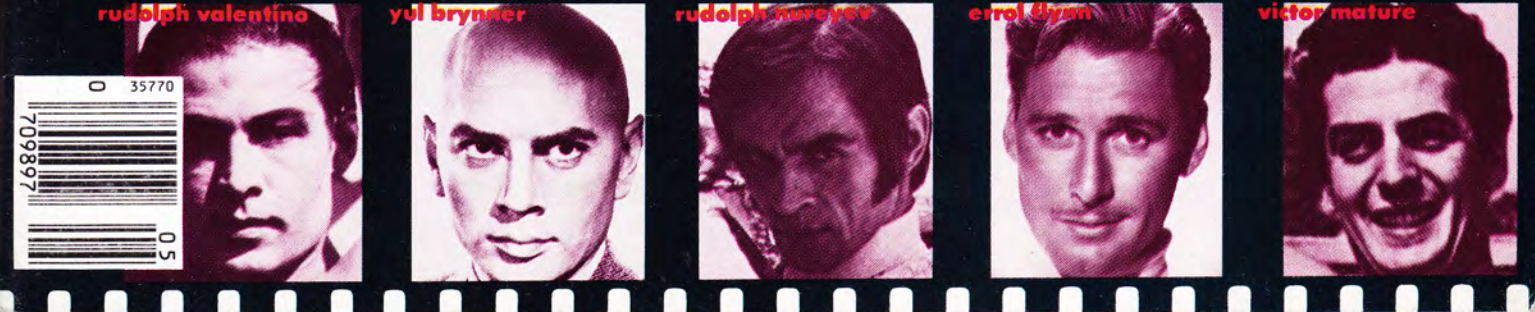

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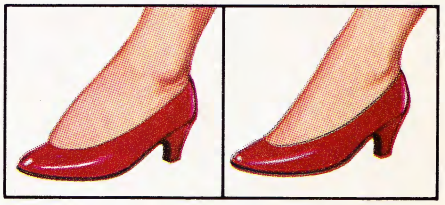

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Listening Up

"America's Favorite DJs" in your February issue was noteworthy—particularly Rick Lewis. I would love to see you do an entire section on him alone. He surely keeps me up at night—and it's not because I'm listening to his radio show at two in the morning!

Rachelle Finley
Orange, California

As a devoted listener of station WBAB here on Long Island, I can tell you disc jockey Bob Buchmann has all the others beat by a mile. His charming personality, outstanding voice and physique are just tooooooo much! He truly turns me on. I've seen him many times at charity functions, but have carefully avoided introducing myself. That's because even though I'm slim, I don't have green eyes or blond hair, which he seems to prefer. I'm also 42 years old. Still, I love Bob and hope he continues to brighten my day.

Barbara Heinz
Long Island, New York

"America's Favorite DJs" was informative, and no one can argue that all of the men were gorgeous *and* dedicated. But you forgot the best DJs of all. Jimmy and Steve of WDVE are Pittsburgh's favorite radio personalities, also two of the sexiest men around!

Laura Baldwin
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Some Like It Blond

Forget Sylvester Stallone. The best thing about *Rocky IV* was Dolph Lundgren [February 1986]. I found myself hoping he'd win the big fight in the movie. Does that make me a pinko?

Rhonda Berwick
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Body English

In the December issue of PLAYGIRL, a reader confessed she had bought her first copy of your magazine "at the grand old age of 26." Well, I bought my first last year at the age of 30! It took me years to actually go to

READERS' POLL: CLEARING THE AIR

This month's question: **Increasingly, companies and businesses are snuffing out the habit of letting workers smoke on the job. Employers see their anti-smoke regulations in mostly economic terms: Smokers are estimated to need health-care services up to 50 percent more than their nonsmoking counterparts. This drives up insurance rates for all. Smokers are also said to have higher absenteeism. Nowadays, more employers are not merely forbidding smoking on the job, they're hiring only nonsmokers, provoking cries of discrimination. What do you think?**

1) Is it discriminatory when an employer advertises for "nonsmokers only"? _____ Yes _____ No

2) During the hiring process, if a smoker agrees to not smoke on the job, should she still be passed over in favor of a nonsmoker? _____ Yes _____ No

3) Is making the workplace entirely smoke-free a good idea? Why or why not?

_____

4) Has smoking on the job affected your or others' performance? _____
How? _____

Please fill in this Poll and mail it to PLAYGIRL. We want to know your opinions!

Previously we asked: **Last year one state's supreme court ruled that guests who suffer accidents can sue the hosts who served them liquor. Should hosts be held accountable for the conduct of their guests after the party?**

Your response:

9% say yes; 91% say no

If you got in an accident, would you be tempted to sue?

15% say yes; 85% say no

What do you do to ensure that you drive home sober from a party?

"I arrange for a cab to pick me up or I walk home. Once I even called the police. Believe it or not, a captain came and drove me home."—C.S., St. Louis, Missouri; "I usually don't drink, but if I do, I make sure the person I'm with doesn't."—D.B., Chicago Heights, Illinois.

Are there any laws that you would like to see enacted to cut down on drunk driving?

"Shoot drunk drivers on sight!"—T.S., Houston, Texas; "Outlaw booze!"—L.F., Tuscumbia, Alabama.

As an insurance agent I know that not only hosts, but nightclubs and bars are also being sued. This entire concept is wrong. A system that makes everybody responsible or liable is getting carried away from the real issue: A person should be ultimately responsible for her/his own actions. If drinking is voluntary, the person who drinks knows there are possible dangers to such activity and therefore should be answerable for the consequences.

A.K., El Paso, Texas

I think it should be the liability of the companies that supply alcohol. These people are aware of the damage alcohol causes, yet they continue to make and sell it. They're also totally free of the responsibilities. Is that fair?

J.S., Dudley, North Carolina

the newsagents and boldly purchase a copy. (It takes us British a long time to come around to these things.) But now that I took the plunge, I must confess I'm totally hooked. It's great to have a magazine devoted entirely to women; we haven't got a British equivalent. The glorious males that grace PLAYGIRL's pages each month are, as you Americans put it, "something else." I've not got a favorite because I like them all!

Carol Thomas-Baker
Northampton, England

Ski Patrol

I just had to convey my delight with your February pictorial "Après Ski." In the past I've been somewhat disappointed with your selection of men, but after seeing the layout of Dann Kaslow, all is forgiven. Rarely have I seen beautifully sculpted facial features—and such deep, alluring eyes—combined with such an enticingly sensuous physique. I was distinctly pleased with the photo of Dann resting his feet on the edge of the Jacuzzi. The lack of total nudity was of no concern. I prefer this type of presentation, as it offers additional motivation to my fantasies.

Adriane Pekrul
Toronto, Ontario

Grandma in Love

Sixty-two-year-old Stan Kwiat in February's Flashback gave me heart palpitations! He is the man of my dreams. Had he been next to me in the flesh I probably would have attacked him. Does that make me a dirty old lady, or just a sexy grandma?

Dorcas Vahle
Bowie, Texas

Worth a Flirt

Kevin Bernhardt is a knockout [Cover Close-Up, February 1986]. I adore his sensitive, compassionate, dreamy eyes. I would flirt with him any day.

Karen Feaster
Hollywood, California

ROB LEWINE

Cover kudos: Model Kimberly Ross and February Close-Up Kevin Bernhardt.

Imperfection

The interior design for February's centerfold pictorial was the work of Ron Dayan of Piccadilly Designs, Los Angeles, California.

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A Male Perspective on the Return to Machismo

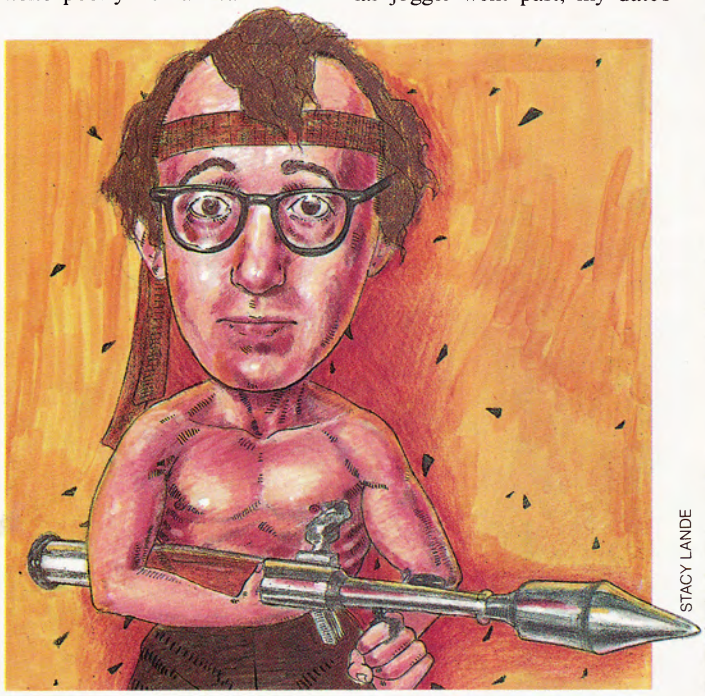
THANK YOU, WOMEN. Thank you for giving up your flirtation with the Alan Alda types and turning your attention back to the Clint Eastwoods. I am happy to see that the sensitive man has followed encounter groups into obscurity, and the macho man has been brought back into style. I say this not because I'm the macho type, but precisely because I'm not.

Let me explain. When I was a grade-schooler in the early '60s, we boys knew what kind of men we were expected to become. No one called it macho, but that's what it was. It you were a real man, you had big muscles, drove a fast car and never cried. Intelligence didn't count for much, and showing too much artistic ability could cast doubts on your sexual preference. If someone was causing trouble, a real man was expected to say, "I think I'll give that creep a knuckle sandwich."

I didn't fit the type. You probably remember someone like me from grade school. I was the skinny kid who hid in the back of the classroom, kept to himself and got the best grades—with the possible exception of a prissy female counterpart. At recess I was invariably picked last for the kickball teams, and I got out of fights by threatening my assailants with a nonexistent boxing-champ cousin. When my friends insisted on playing "soldiers," I always got myself wounded right away so I could get bandaged by the nurses and sit out the rest of the war.

Still, one very sweet girl in my fourth-grade class thought so much of me, she chased me home daily and tried to tear my shirt off. (She'd obviously been inspired by Beatles movies.) She kept this up even after seeing my gym instructor force me to attempt a layup over and over until the basketball finally came down in my face and knocked me flat. It was embarrassing, but I could be sure that at least one girl liked me for my nonmacho qualities—not that this kept me from worrying I'd never grow up to be a real man.

By the time I reached dating age, however, attitudes had changed. In the aftermath of the late '60s, the human potential movement was born, and soon the sensitive man was "in." Intelligence and artistic ability became prized. To be a whole person, a man had to play a few tunes on the guitar, be literate in philosophy and pop psychology and write poetry—or at least know the names of some foreign film directors. Acting macho in any way could cast doubts on your latent sexual preference.



STACY LANDE

An American women's magazine gave Dick Cavett its Sexiest Man Award. A French magazine went one better and chose Woody Allen. Suddenly it was considered attractive to be romantic on the inside, a cynic on the outside and semiparanoid in between. If someone was causing trouble nearby, the sensitive man was expected to say something like, "The poor man obviously isn't happy with himself. He's reacting to not having anyone to share his space." I figured we nonmacho types finally had it made.

Wrong. By the time I got to college, women were all brainwashed into seeking the sensitive man, like it or not. Those who were attracted to macho types were bound to find out on a self-psych test that they were insecure and still in love with their fathers. The world was suddenly full of Alan Alda imitators, and I found myself wondering whether my dates were attracted to me or simply thought they should be. I got the distinct impression some of them would have been happier with the captain of the football team than with a writer-musician. I recall once sitting on a park bench with a date when a muscular jogger went past; my date's neck muscles stood out as she strained not to turn her head. At times like this I used to think back to my fourth-grade admirer, who didn't care that my type didn't win her friends' envy.

I'm not sure what caused the demise of the sensitive man. I think some credit goes to Jimmy Carter, bless his sensitive heart. As history made him look weak, "wimp" became the insult of choice among men. In any case, macho is back. We've got a president whose electoral prowess is often ascribed to his "manly image." And advertisers, noting how we faithfully tune in on the Ewings and the Carringtons each week, have decided we're fascinated by corporate power, and that businessmen want to see themselves as macho.

Take, for example, a commercial for a Chicago clothing store. It depicts two executives, one the old warhorse and the other the fiery upstart, staring each other down across a table. As the camera cuts between shots of their jutting jaws and their clothes, we hear—I'm not kidding—war noises in the background. When the older executive finally grabs a pen and signs the contract sitting between the combatants, a deep-throated announcer gives the store's name and assures us they sell "suits fit for corporate combat." Strange, I've seen executives sign contracts before, and it never seemed manly to me.

Anyone who gets up on Sunday mornings to watch the talking-head shows has seen the AT&T commercial in which two men are matching wits at the "personal computer game." AT&T's man asks, "Can I get in on this?" His opponent says menacingly, "Go ahead." At first viewing, I expected him to aim a mouse at Mr. AT&T and add, "Make my day," or perhaps whack him in the face with a floppy disc.

Throw in the newspaper ads featuring male models who scowl as though they'd gladly jump off the page and stomp on you, and I'd say you've got evidence of a full-scale macho revival. Please, women, let's keep it going. Go for the Clint Eastwoods and Sylvester Stallones, and encourage your friends to do likewise. I want the more thickheaded specimens of my gender to be macho without shame. I suspect there will always be plenty of women out there who genuinely prefer a nonmacho man, and this way they won't have to separate the real Alan Aldas from a bunch of pretenders.

And once again, I'll have a foolproof method of picking compatible dates: Before asking a woman out, I'll just make sure she sees me hit myself in the face with a basketball.

—Tom Naughton

TOM NAUGHTON, 27, is a writer-musician living in Chicago. Currently, he is the managing editor of *Family Safety and Health* magazine, and is working on a musical comedy for video production. His views on comparable-worth policies were published last year in *Newsweek*'s "My Turn" column.

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No Kidding

I'm 22 years old and don't want to have children. I'm thinking of having a tubal ligation performed on me. The problem is, what if I get married some day and my husband wants to have kids? This bothers me. My friends have told me I'd be selfish if I went ahead with this operation. What do you think I should do?

J.J., Spokane, Washington

I am absolutely against tubal ligation or vasectomy except for extremely serious medical reasons, when unwanted pregnancy will endanger health or life. At 22, you don't know how you and your life can change. You may want to have children yourself in a few years; it may not just be to please a husband. Either a man or a woman can be bereft, having lost spouse and children, and want to start again with or for another person. Don't allow this very serious surgery. Instead, get the best prescription for contraception to suit your needs from a good gynecologist.

Solitary Pleasures

My boyfriend and I have a fairly good sexual relationship. Whenever he needs to relieve himself in that way he always comes to me. The other day, however, he informed me that on several occasions he has relieved himself through masturbation! I was very hurt that he didn't come to me as he has in the past. Why do men masturbate instead of coming to us, their women, first?

D.G., Lansing, Michigan

Relieve himself! You make yourself sound like a toilet! Don't let a man relieve himself in you, make him have great sex with you because he's crazy about you! The reason men masturbate instead of going to their women for sex every time is that their hands are nearer than their women. You may be very busy when he feels sexy. It would not hurt him to put off gratification until he can have it with you, but he may see no reason to do that since masturbating is no disloyalty to you. No doubt he thinks of you while doing it. Tell him he'd better! And, D.G., he doesn't lose sexual energy by masturbating. That restores itself every 15 minutes or so. He steals nothing from you.

Present Imperfect

When I first had intercourse with my lover I was a virgin; it surprised him because I was 27. Intercourse was painful but I expected it to be the first time. The trouble is, it has continued to be painful although my gynecologist says nothing is wrong physically. Sometimes he can't even get in, which makes me think of the condition you have described as vaginismus. Most of the time we have to revert to oral or manual sex or rubbing against each other. I do have orgasms and he ejaculates, but I feel sure that not having intercourse is one reason he won't ask me to marry him or make a commitment. He says it is because he is still hurt by his recent divorce. I am 29 now—we were involved before his divorce—and anxious because I want to marry and start having children. Trying different positions hasn't helped to reduce the pain of intercourse. How can I get help?

T.M., Buffalo, New York

Pick up the phone, call the closest major hospital and ask where to find the nearest sex clinic. Then you and your lover go there and get some couple counseling. At the same time, get another opinion from another gynecologist. I am wondering if you have been on the Pill, which has caused painful intercourse in some women, or if you are using a spermicidal jelly that is wrong for your body chemistry. If you are on the Pill or using a spermicidal jelly or cream, mention this to your gynecologist. About that lover not being ready for a commitment; that does happen with divorced men, but it can grow into a lifelong habit of indecision. Meanwhile, he gets sex, perfect or imperfect, from you. I would definitely try to get him to go to a sex therapist with you. You may have vaginismus of a sort, or the two of you may have another sexual problem. For your own sake as a mature woman you should do what is necessary to overcome this difficulty. And you should consider his willingness to go with you as an indication of his possibilities as a mate and father. If he won't go, find another man. Two years is long enough for him to sort out his feelings! At the same time, don't pressure yourself to marry and get pregnant soon. You have time to find a suitable and more decisive fellow.

Delayed Gratification

Jack and I have been keeping company for about five months. I noticed he always spent some time in the bathroom before sex—I mean *always*, and a good deal of time. The other night I asked him about it and he said that before sex he always masturbates because that slows down his next ejaculation. I thought that was pretty damn unromantic and I told him. He said OK, if I wanted to I could do it for him during foreplay. His idea does not appeal to me. Isn't there some other way to make sure his orgasm is delayed long enough for me to have a good time?

P.G., Seattle, Washington

A lot of men have this idea and they do pass the idea along to one another, from generation to generation, or come to this conclusion by themselves in some cases. It is supposed to prevent premature ejaculation and I will not say that it has never worked for some men, but it has certainly been known to fail. If your lover can hold off ejaculation long enough to please both of you, I suspect that he can do it without masturbating first. It is probably an idea he has that he believes in and gets confidence from, the way some people think they have to take medicine every night to be sure to go to the bathroom every morning. There is nothing wrong in your stimulating him manually to orgasm sometimes as a variation, as part of your repertoire, but you don't have to do it every time like winding up the clock before going to bed. That could be monotonous and if you don't like the idea don't do it. Tell him to try making love without this—you'll take a chance on it.

Working Relationships

I am 23 years old and have been married for one year. I have rarely achieved orgasm with my husband, and in fact can only do so when he stimulates me orally. The real problem, though, is my job. I have slept with my boss twice now. I really like him, but because he's been married for 20 years I know nothing will ever happen with this relationship. I think we're both just lonely and need each other to feel good. Whenever my boss kisses me I can practically orgasm on the spot. When he's near I get butterflies. I know you're going to tell me to leave my job but I don't want to. What I need to know is whether or not I should stop this affair. I'm afraid of hurting someone. What do you think?

Y.F., Merrill, Michigan

I think I'm afraid of your *getting hurt, and you should consider yourself among those in danger. You are not invulnerable. After all, your husband could find out and leave you, or your boss' wife could find out and make him fire you. The ability to attract that powerful older man doesn't make you unhurtable. So, worry about hurting yourself as well as your husband. Don't worry about hurting that "lonely" boss! It is only his penis that is lonely when he sees a young and responsive employee. (And you're right—I do say quit that job. How else can you end the affair if his presence turns you on like that?) If* you *are lonely because your husband is on shifts or out of town, see your girlfriends or family more, or join a club. Sex in the office won't cure loneliness, but it can spoil the natural growth and improvement of sex in your marriage.*

—Dr. Ruth Westheimer

DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER, author of *Dr. Ruth's Guide to Good Sex*, is the host of radio's *Sexually Speaking* and *Good Sex!* on the Lifetime Cable Network.

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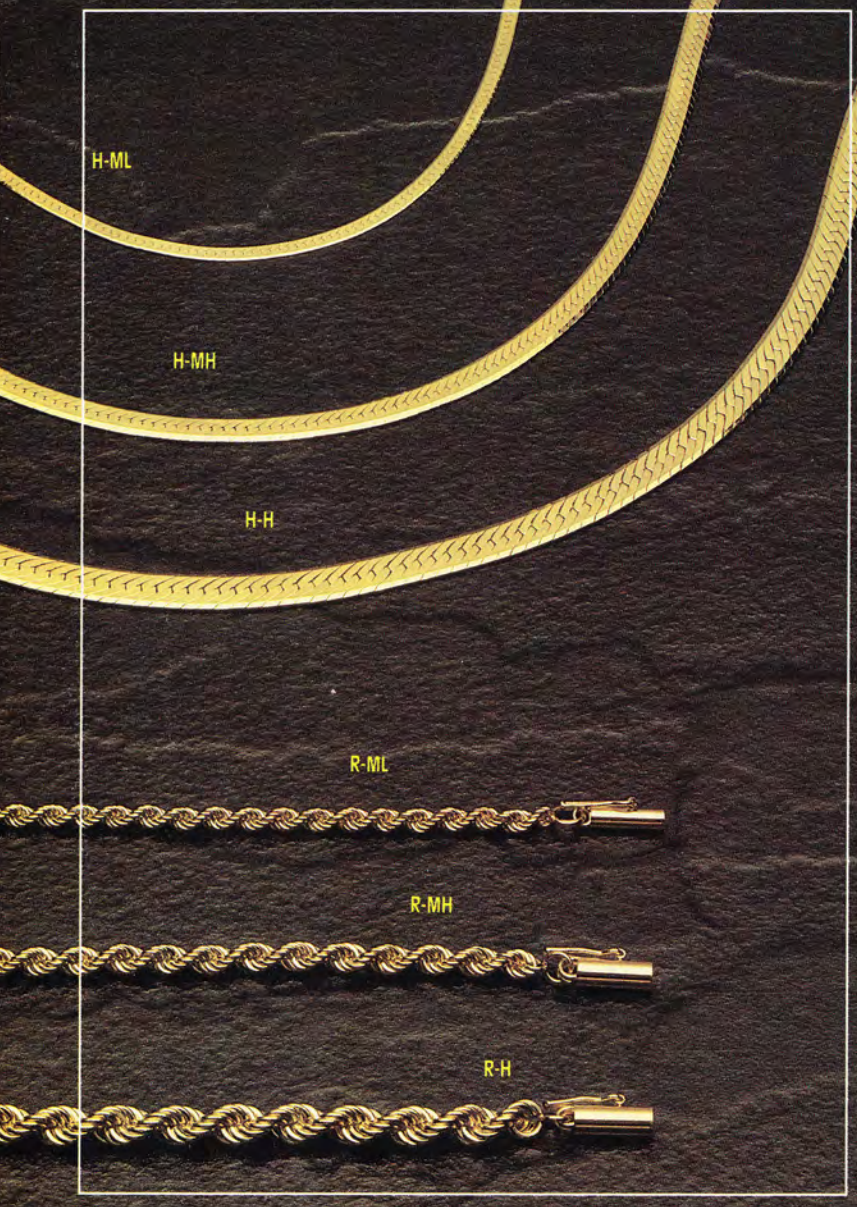

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8"	64	16	104	26	268	67
16"	120	30	208	52	536	134
18"	136	34	232	58	604	151
20"	152	38	256	64	672	168
24"	180	45	308	77	808	202
30"	224	56	384	96	1008	252

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	R-ML		R-MH		R-H	
Lgth.	Ret.Val.	D/GC	Ret.Val.	D/GC	Ret.Val	D/GC
7"	$140	$ 35	$236	$ 59	$ 312	$ 78
8"	156	39	268	67	356	89
16"	304	76	532	133	708	177
18"	336	84	596	149	792	198
20"	376	94	664	166	876	219
24"	448	112	792	198	1052	263
30"	556	139	988	247	1312	328

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Michael Jackson: A Thrilling Comeback?

Don't believe all that hullabaloo about **Michael Jackson** being aimless and bummed out and suffering from a post-megafame letdown in the three years that have passed since his last solo LP.

Music critics have been saying that he'll never be able to surpass the success of *Thriller*, which sold three times as many platters worldwide as any other previous pop album in history.

The fickle music writers are saying he's yesterday's papers, compared to the phenoms of the hour—say, **Madonna** and **Prince**.

One ornery critic, **Dave Marsh**, went so far as to write a book, *Trapped* (Bantam, 1985), suggesting Jackson had betrayed his soul heritage by selling out his music and image to white folks' expectations.

Sure, these potshots don't cheer up the young wiz. But they stir him up too. You don't grow up in a family of so-o-o many siblings and wind up on top without having *some* survival instincts.

Nineteen-eighty-six will be Michael Jackson's year once again and those music critics will be eating Jim Crow.

His new album—which ought to be arriving in the stores about now—was prepared under the most super-hush-hush, painstaking conditions. Once again the fantabulous **Quincy Jones** served as producer, but Jones and the all-star roster of session musicians were sworn to secrecy.

Jackson is so gentle and well-liked and commands such loyalty in the music business that there were virtually no leaks.

But the privileged few who passed around the advance tapes have been spreading the word. Forget *Thriller*. Forget worrying about sales records. The bottom line is Jackson is back writing and performing great party music that will put to rest all innuendo of his creative doldrums.

Meanwhile, some tidbits have emerged about the Michael Jackson minimovie created especially for his favorite fantasy getaway, Disney World in Florida.

WINDWARD

Two on the town: Brooke Shields and Michael Jackson.

If on schedule, the 15-minute, $15 million, 3-D musical space fantasy, *Captain Eo*, starring the musical titan, opens this spring.

The director of *Eo* was none other than **Francis** (*Cotton Club*) **Coppola**, who used an immense, 70mm camera to achieve a newly-perfected 3-D image.

The choreographer was *Footloose*'s **Jeffrey Hornaday**, who described *Eo* as a kind of *Star Wars* meets *Wizard of Oz*. (Or should that be *The Godfather* meets *The Wiz*?)

In an interview, Hollywood's hippest choreographer said he did a lot of meticulous preparation for the dancework, only to abandon his strategy. "Because Michael is the most spontaneous and flowing artist," he said, "and anything that isn't immediately natural to him won't play. I finally threw everything [the choreography] away."

In order to create a studio atmosphere where Michael would feel "absolutely comfortable and free to be childish," Hornaday videotaped himself and Jackson dancing together, "and then I'd kind of dance away and say, 'Keep going.'" Afterward, Hornaday would watch the videotapes, decide which moments looked unique and then go back and base his choreography on those special moments.

Jazzmatazz: Indomitable Los Angeles Lakers center **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar** is making a career move—not a skyhook—more like a three-year contract with MCA Records to head his own jazz label, called Cranberry Records. In his capacity as the world's tallest record company executive (not to mention lifetime NBA scoring champ), Abdul-Jabbar will sign at least two new jazz acts per year as well as supervise reissues of classic jazz and blues recordings in the MCA backlog.

Abdul-Jabbar is a longtime jazz buff. While playing for the Milwaukee Bucks, he hosted his own radio program on a Milwaukee radio station, spinning discs and chatting about jazz. His private jazz collection is legendary. And in recent years, though age has not slowed him down on the basketball courts, he has branched out into promoting jazz and R & B shows.

"I'll be doing a lot of my own A & R [advance] work," said Abdul-Jabbar, "seeing artists in person, whenever I have the opportunity.

"Obviously, jazz hasn't done so well in America over the past years, but in the rest of the world, particularly Europe, Japan and South America, jazz is incredibly popular. I think the problem in America has been a mixture of indifference, racism and economics. Jazz has always lived in the shadows here."

The Honeymoon Is Over Dept.: Newlyweds **Simon LeBon** and **Yasmin Parvaneh** won't be suffering from too much togetherness. Duran Duran's dashing lead singer, who married the world-class model two days after Christmas last year, is in the midst of a four-month around-the-globe yacht race expected to last through early summer.

Why didn't **Pat Benatar**

breast-feed her baby in public? From *Interview* magazine: "The band probably would have dropped dead if I had done that. They would like *leave*. They're very conservative guys. Plus, you know, my husband (lead guitarist/co-songwriter **Neil Geraldo**) is Italian and he probably would have had a stroke."

Fashion Ticks: Are you one of those people who worry about what to wear on your wrist? Ask **Max Imgruth**, the man responsible for the bold and colorful Swatch watch craze. The $30 Swatch watch jumped from $3 million sales in 1983 to $100 million in 1985, and 1986 projections are even higher.

In 1986, says Imgruth, the chic number of Swatches (originally an abbreviation for "Swiss

watch") will be two—worn simultaneously. "That way, you can set them to different time zones," says the 43-year-old, Swiss-born, Manhattan-based fashion innovator.

Don't ask **Julian Lennon** about his famous father, Beatle John, or **Yoko Ono**, anymore—please! He's tired of answering the same old questions and has served notice to interviewers that if they want to know his feelings on the subject, they can watch his recent video release, *Stand By Me: A Portrait of Julian Lennon* (MCA), which contains a provocative interview on growing up Lennon.

Yet another repentant wildman getting religion these days is **Bruce Springsteen**'s sax-man **Clarence Clemons**.

His second solo LP, *Hero* (Columbia), and the duet single "You're a Friend of Mine" originally intended for him and Bruce but ultimately recorded with Clemons and the ineffable **Jackson Browne**, has given the lynchpin of the E Street Band new chart respectability.

While working on *Hero*, Clemons grew close to sessionman **Narada Michael Walden**, who co-wrote five of the songs and produced six on the album. It was Walden who introduced him to the teachings of Indian guru Sri Chinmoy. Now the 44-year-old Clemons has quit drugs, cold turkey, including a pot habit that goes back 20 years.

Now that you know what to wear on your wrist, let's move on to some makeup tips. And who better to speak on the subject than that ageless sex symbol **Cary Grant**, who gave a rare, unburdened interview to **Diane K. Shah** in the January issue of *GQ* magazine, confiding on his LSD therapy in the '60s, his reputation as a skinflint and his fashion credo, among other items.

Here's Grant expounding on women's makeup: "You can tell how secure a woman is by the amount of makeup she wears, did you ever notice? Ingrid [Bergman] would wear no makeup and have a shoelace tied in her hair. She was exactly herself, no artifice whatsoever. She had no knowledge about fashion or such matters. She just showed up and did her work. Women who wear all that makeup, there's some faking going on."

He paused, wrote Shah, then added: "That's why I had trouble with Mae West. I never knew who she was."

—Bette Noire

You don't read too many interviews with **Al Pacino**. Hollywood's moody leading man takes himself very seriously, and when he does interviews—which is rarely—he demands quote and photo approval via his publicists. In his entire career he has appeared on only one talk show—**Merv Griffin**.

It seems the 45-year-old ex-Corleone, after magnifico flops in *Scarface* and *Revolution*, is showing signs of midlife ambivalence and vulnerability.

(A diehard bachelor, Pacino has been linked with a half-dozen of the more glamorous contemporary actresses: **Jill Clayburgh**, **Marthe Keller**, **Tuesday Weld**, **Diane Keaton**, **Susan Tyrell**, **Kathleen Quinlan** and, most recently, the ubiquitous **Debra Winger**.)

It's [marriage] possible," conceded Pacino in a recent *L.A. Times* interview. "I think about it sometimes. It could be an actress, or maybe not. I haven't known many women who weren't actresses. It's the world I travel in. With actresses, the work can pull you apart for unnaturally long periods of time. But if you can afford it, there are ways to get together."

20TH CENTURY FOX

Saxy duo: Springsteen's main-man, Clemons, and Jackson Browne.

SAM EMERSON

COVER CLOSE-UP
RICHARD DEAN ANDERSON

Ya gotta love him. He's successfully avoided falling into the Tinsel Town trap, whereby TV series actors begin to take themselves as seriously as heart transplant surgeons. Richard Dean Anderson, star of ABC-TV's *MacGyver*, and late of the same network's No. 1-rated soap, *General Hospital*, has a clear perspective on his life and profession.

AARON RAPOPORT

Lunching with him is like going a round at a comedy club. Besides all-American good looks, the man has wit, a dry, almost self-mocking sense of humor and good old-fashion Midwestern niceness.

His realistic self-image may be due to his role on a nighttime series, something the public perceives as being glamorous, but a notion Anderson immediately corrects. "I get up at 4 or 5 A.M., and am on the set by 6 or 6:30. I go to makeup and wardrobe and, of course, I then have to learn those infamous lines."

Granted, a career in television sets an exhaustive pace, but the five years Anderson spent as Dr. Jeff Webber on *General Hospital* prepared him well. "It [the soap] was a real learning experience, the best training I ever got." He left behind the security of a weekly paycheck because, he says, "You run the risk of becoming an institution. Plus, I have too much creative energy to be put in a back-burner storyline."

Anderson didn't have anything waiting for him post-*G.H.* "I did some guest shots, including an episode of *Facts of Life* that was treated as a possible spin-off." He finally landed two successful nighttime television series: *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* and *Emerald Point, N.A.S.*, where he met his current lady, Sela Ward.

"I have a wonderful relationship with her and the idea of babies is strong." But, "if she asked me to marry her, I'd say, 'Not until our children have therapy.'"

MacGyver is the 35-year-old actor's best shot at becoming a household name. In the action-packed show, he plays a former Special Forces agent called upon to triumph in impossible missions. If the show fails, however, Anderson has his first feature film in the can awaiting a summer '86 release. In *Ordinary Heroes*, a remake of the 1945 movie *Pride of the Marines*, Anderson plays a soldier who is blinded three days before he is scheduled to come home from Vietnam.

Anderson didn't always have a yen to act. As a boy he dreamed of one day playing in the National Hockey League. His heroes weren't Olivier, Cary Grant or James Stewart, but men named Howe, Orr and Hull. Fate intervened, however, when he broke both arms in separate games. "After that I lost my competitive fire. It was one of my major lost dreams, not being able to realize my potential."

Nowdays, he holds on to a piece of his dream by playing pickup hockey Monday and Thursday nights at a local ice rink. He also plays on a celebrity team with two of Hollywood's best-known Canadians: Alan Thicke and Michael J. Fox.

When the busy actor has downtime, he prefers spending his evenings dining at home with a lady. "A glass of champagne, showering—preferably together, and if you get distracted along the way, that's fine—dressing, being together, simply dining properly, ordering a good wine, making it an event."

Anderson terms himself "incurably romantic, which softened my attitudes toward a lot of things. I used to be a potentially great juvenile delinquent when I was growing up. I made some conscientious transitions in life to bring myself to where I am today."

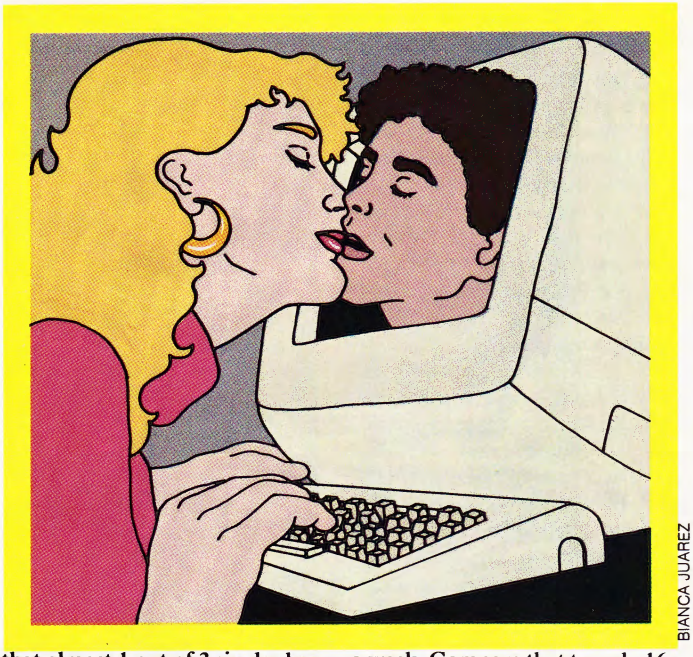
This new self-ease may be one reason he is now able to consider marriage and family life without laughing. "It took longer than the norm, but I've begun to think, 'What would my babies be like?'"

—Karre Siafkin

Edited by Karen Bender

Putting the Byte on Love

Just how good *are* you in bed? There's a way to find out without removing a stitch of clothing. Just plug into a new computer program called Intracourse and discover exactly what your libido is up to. Tagged the first "off-the-shelf sexual-behavior analysis program," Intracourse starts with a detailed questionnaire. After a user bares her most intimate thoughts and opinions, a personal analysis comes next. The program not only interprets the given information, it provides statistics and conclusions as well. In case you're not up to the minute on sexual jargon, Intracourse thoughtfully includes an extensive dictionary of words and phrases. Lovers and friends should also be encouraged to try out this new learning tool. By comparing and discussing results, everyone finds out how she or he stacks up—or lies—between the sheets.



BIANCA JUAREZ

Sex and the Single Swingers

To some, the "swingin' single" lifestyle may conjure up visions of streams of gorgeous lovers and steamy encounters 5, 10, 20 times a week. Nice to dream about, but according to a poll taken by Jeffrey Ullman, author of *The Singles Almanac*, these visions are not entirely true. Ullman reports that almost 1 out of 3 singles has never had sex more than once a week, and the vast majority (69 percent) has never had sex more than 4 times a week. On the other end of the scale, 13 percent of singles admit they make love at least 8 times weekly, while a hearty 4 percent do "it" at least 20 times or more!

Ullman also reports that frequency of sex and higher learning go hand in hand. Among women who have completed graduate work, 37 percent have at one time or another had sex at least 5 times a week. Compare that to only 16 percent of those who never went beyond high school, and you can understand the value of pursuing higher education.

Patient, Heal Thyself?

You think you have a cold, or maybe an allergy? Be careful—people are increasingly choosing to self-diagnose their medical problems, says a recent Gallup survey, and the results may be less than healthful. While 9 out of 10 physicians polled said that today's average consumer was better informed than a decade ago, 76 percent felt this was leading to self-diagnosis by patients, who might be too smart for their own good. More than half the physicians thought that misdiagnosis, delay in obtaining medical treatment and overlooking of serious medical conditions might occur when patients try to play doctor.

Better Meal Deals

Now mom has another reason to get out of the kitchen. A recent survey of working women suggests that 9-to-5 moms who work outside the home may feed their kids a more nutritious diet than "traditional" homemakers do.

The study of 2,000 U.S. households indicated that working mothers' children under 12 apparently eat more vegetable dishes. The kids are also more likely to feast on unsweetened cereals and less candy, pizza and salty snacks than kids whose moms stay home.

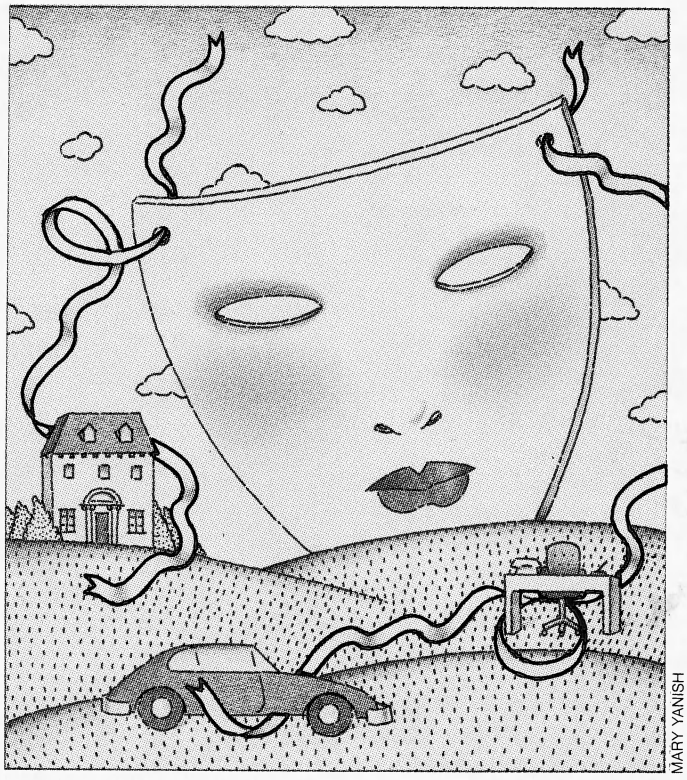
"The study doesn't measure whose diet is actually healthier," said the survey's publisher, David Fencl, "but it does lay to rest the myth that children of working parents aren't getting balanced meals and that they have to subsist on commercially prepared foods."

Coffee—the Good News

Drinking coffee is one of those habits for which many people apologize. Yet new studies indicate that coffee may have one positive aspect. The *New England Journal of Medicine* reports that the oft-maligned beverage may actually help some people get on their feet. Doctors at Vanderbilt University Medical Center say people with orthostatic hypotension—abnormally low blood pressure—often experience dizziness, blurred vision, light-headedness and even fainting. Their bodies can't supply enough blood to their brains, particularly when they stand up. But 250 mg of caffeine, the equivalent of two cups of strong coffee, consistently reduced these symptoms in hypotensive patients. "Taken before breakfast," says Vanderbilt's Dr. Alan S. Hollister, "the doses of caffeine cut in half the fall in blood pressure normally experienced by subjects."

Hot enough to pop corn!" says *Advertising Age*. "Practically ignites the paper it's printed on!" says the *Chicago Tribune*. The fevered response is for the poster (right) by photographer Victor Skrebneski, which last fall helped celebrate the 21st anniversary of the Chicago International Film Festival. "We're legal! We want to shake up Chicago!" is how Michael Kutza, Film Festival founder and director, put it. The poster is still being sold in color ($30) as well as black and white ($20). To order or for more information, call the Festival at (312) 644-3400, or write the Festival at 415 North Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60610. Be sure to include $2.50 for the cost of shipping and handling.

Reflections on the Move



MARY YANISH

In-House Makeover

Our public image often depends on material things we've acquired: The home, car and work are examples of such image-makers.

Home is where the heart is. It is also a clear reflection of personality, taste and lifestyle. How well do your present surroundings fit your self-image? If your home is looking tired and drab it may be time to remodel.

You can finance a new image by capitalizing on the old one. The value of most houses has appreciated over the last few years, and homeowners can tap this added equity through loans like Equity Access (Merrill Lynch), Equity Source Account (Citibank) or Triple-A Checking (Beneficial Corporation). These loans are like revolving credit lines, with variable interest rates usually 2 percent to 4 percent over the prime rate. Once approved, a homeowner can write checks against the increased value of her home to finance any number of improvement projects.

Use a remodeling contractor who has a good reputation. Ask a friend to make a recommendation based on personal experience. Also check with local businesses (lumberyards, paint stores, etc.) for suggestions. If the same few contractors are recommended repeatedly, you know they're respected by suppliers.

Review at least three competing estimates from the suggested contractors, and make sure to give each contractor identical specifications in writing. Check personal references carefully. Also inquire at the Better Business Bureau about the contractor's reputation. Run a credit check with his/her bank too. A contractor who doesn't have good references, has unresolved BBB complaints on record, has a poor credit rating or doesn't pay creditors or suppliers is a bad risk even if the remodeling bid is low.

Upward Mobility

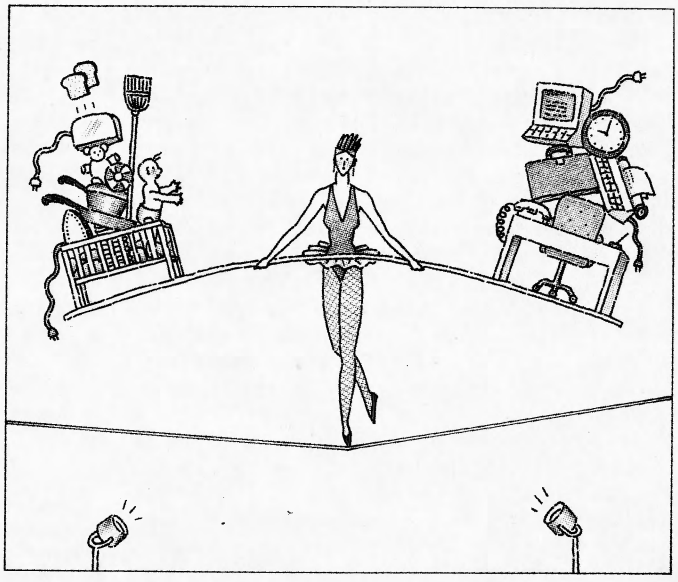
Your mode of transportation can also be an important statement about who you are. The vanity license plates on the road offer information as revealing as any newspaper's "personal" column. A woman with a can-do attitude can make the following car inspection at home—without special tools—to keep her automotive image in top shape.

•Put a penny in the tire treads. If you can see most of Lincoln's head, replace the tires. Tire pressure should be checked and adjusted every month—and don't forget the spares. Measure when tires are cold after driving less than a mile.

•Spring and summer—not winter—is when most automobiles rust. For every 10 degrees above freezing, the rate of oxidation (rusting) doubles. Wash the car's underside regularly, along with wheel wells and other enclosed places.

•As the weather gets warmer, it's the cooling system that keeps the engine within the correct temperature range. Inspect the water pump and radiator for corrosion or leaks. Replace the radiator cap if the rubber gasket ring is worn. Check the see-through coolant recover tank near the radiator. When the engine is cold, the coolant should be at or above the "full/cold" mark.

Keeping your car in top shape can save you up to 25 percent on fuel bills too. A car in need of a tune-up may use 11 percent more gas than normal. Tires underinflated by only 8 pounds increase fuel consumption by another 5 percent; add another 2 percent for front wheels out of alignment by a quarter inch. A cooling-system thermostat stuck in the open position could cost you an additional 7 percent.



MARY YANISH

Alone Again, Naturally

I can't see myself working for someone else for the rest of my life. I see myself as a business owner *and want to learn how to get started.*

J.S., Mount Vernon, Ohio

Coopers & Lybrand, an accounting and tax-consulting firm, has a starter kit of two brochures for new entrepreneurs. The kit provides an overview on how to start a successful business. It includes business planning, various organizational strategies, tax options and management techniques from start-up to growth to maturity stages. It is available for $5 by contacting Howard Bailen, Coopers & Lybrand, 1251 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10020.

Tight Rope

Working in my profession is very important to my self-image, but so is raising my family. How can I avoid feeling continually torn between the two?

S.L., Poughkeepsie, New York

Working or raising a family doesn't have to be an either/or proposition anymore. More women who work part time to keep up a professional career also enjoy time at home. The Association of Part-Time Professionals has prepared a how-to manual on finding part-time work, converting a full-time position into a part-time one and coping with problems on the job. The publication, *Part-Time Professional*, is available from the association for $10.45 (P.O. Box 3419, Alexandria, Virginia 22302, or call 703 734-7975).

—Laurie H. Hutzler

STYLE 86

Colorful Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow

If you ever hankered to be a redhead or a desert-beige blond—but only temporarily—now's your chance. Or, if you secretly envied all the teen girls with rainbow-hued hair, you can match that too. The way is with Colorific styling gels and mousses, the latest brainstorm from hair whiz Vidal Sassoon. The mousses come in 10 natural shades, ranging from Chestnut Brown to Titian Gold. Apply directly to towel-dried hair, style and go—it's that easy. Colors last through three or four shampoos, or even longer if hair is already bleached. For real attention grabbing, try the Colorific gels, available in sparkly, glitzy shades like Electric Blue and Ultra Violet. Glide the color on with fingers or a comb, then step lively for a dazzling night on the town. Afterward, the gels shampoo right out.

BORN TO EAT: THE FALLACY OF THE FAT GENE

IF HE BELIEVED EVERYTHING HE READ, Bruce Springsteen would be singing "Born to Be Fat" instead of "Born to Run." There is considerable evidence that our genes to some extent predetermine the amount of fat cells we have, or more properly speaking, the ease with which we gain weight.

Elizabeth Lay, author of the recently published *Thinning From the Inside Out* (Bantam), should know. From her childhood years, she was encouraged to eat. Five years ago, while in her mid-30s, her doctor told her she would not see 40 if she maintained her obese patterns. Scared but determined, she went from 240 to 120 pounds.

The fact that we have so-called fat genes, she says, is important only as an indication of our metabolism. "We can take that information and either ignore it or deal with it in the same way we would the knowledge of a predisposition to diabetes, hypertension or heart problems."

"Obviously, I believe it is much healthier and more positive to decide to live thin," says Lay. "Although it is not going to be an easy change to make, I can speak from experience when I say that it is a good one."

First, she says, you must change your desire to overeat. As an overweight person, you have desires and habits that support your being overweight. To live thin, these must be dealt with.

Next, the changes must be permanent. Don't feel like you are just trying on thin behavior. If you do, you will stay fat rather than live thin.

Finally, you have to want to be thin for *yourself*, not for your husband, lover or family; and you must make a real commitment to being thin. If you just wish for it, rather than actively carry out a personal weight-loss plan, you will be fat for the rest of your life, however short that may be.

—Neil Feineman

BODY TALK

Super B

I take birth-control pills (Ortho-Novum). Is there any vitamin I should or shouldn't take because of them?

L.A., St. Paul, Minnesota

In the late '60s, after the Pill was introduced, investigators reported that some oral-contraceptive users were deficient in vitamin B-6, even though all the evidence had not yet come in—and still hasn't. In response, women soon began taking too much of the vitamin. (There is a mistaken belief that water-soluble B-6 can't cause harm because the excess is excreted.) Some of these women wound up developing severe nerve dysfunction. Consult your gynecologist if you have questions about B-6 supplements, but remember too that the vitamin can just as easily be obtained through foods like meat, poultry, green leafy vegetables and whole grains.

Vegetable Matter

I am a vegetarian and some of my favorite foods include potatoes, tomatoes, eggplant and various peppers. Recently a friend of mine in the health field informed me these same vegetables belong to a family of plants known as "nightshades." Supposedly, they contain a chemical that can be harmful when ingested in large quantity. What exactly can happen if I continue to eat one or more nightshades a day, as is my habit? Also, could I have already damaged myself?

D.B., Chicago, Illinois

In very large doses, the nightshade plant's active ingredient, atropine, can cause death. But facts get stirred with lots of hocus-pocus. True, the potato and eggplant are members of the nightshade family, but it is only the leaves of these vegetables that are hazardous.

Irony

Last week I had a physical at a general practitioner's office. Afterward he informed me that although I was in good health overall, my blood tests indicated I was somewhat anemic. Interestingly, other tests showed I had sufficient iron. The GP then told me to take iron supplements, which I see no need for if I am not deficient in this vitamin. Also, I have read there is a type of exercise-related anemia not caused by lack of iron. Since I exercise up to seven days a week, could this be the reason for my anemia? And should I take iron supplements?

P.R., San Diego, California

A recent study found women aged 12 to 50 got only about 60 percent of their needed iron. There are other sorts of anemias, but iron-deficiency anemia might stem from low-iron intake, heavy periods, excessive dieting or too little vitamin C.

Los Angeles nutritionist Roberta P. Lamb, M.P.H., R.D., notes that exercise increases the use of iron and oxygen-carrying proteins in the blood, so more iron is needed. Ironically, health-conscious exercisers, says Lamb, may be on a low-iron (low-red meat and low-egg) diet.

Clear Danger

My dermatologist prescribed Accutane for my skin problems. At the same time she recommended I not take any vitamin A. Why?

D.R., El Paso, Texas

Accutane, a drug similar to vitamin A, has been considered a powerhouse that knocks out severe cystic acne, but even a dynamo can have a weakness. Accutane's most serious side effect is birth defects in children of pregnant women taking the drug. Other side effects include skin rashes, eye irritations and joint pain. Many adverse reactions are similar to those resulting from taking large amounts of vitamin A. Taking Accutane plus vitamin A would simply add A on top of A, resulting in a toxic reaction.

—Henrietta C. Spencer, Ph.D.

HENRIETTA C. SPENCER, Ph.D., is a health-nutrition writer and a psychologist in Los Angeles. She is also director of the Cedars Sinai Behavior Modification Weight Control Program in Los Angeles.

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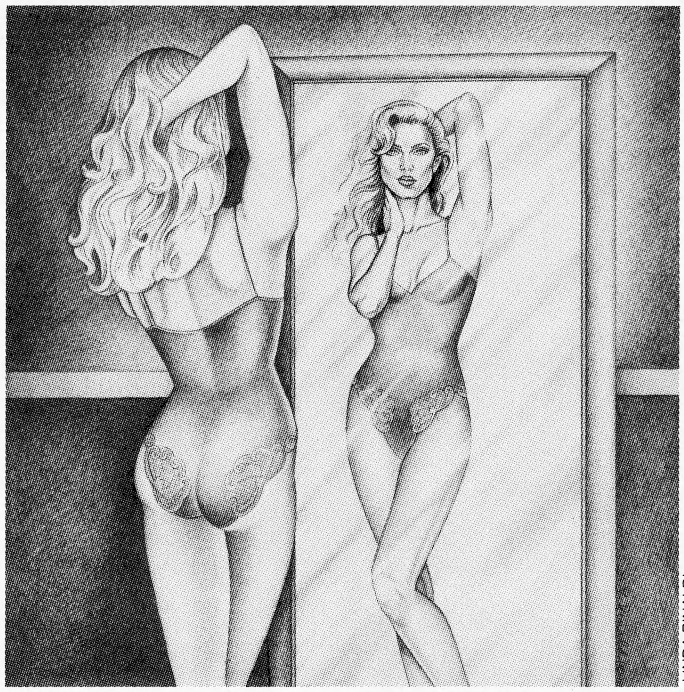
How Do You Really Feel About Your Body?

What's the perfect 10? Most would say beauty is in the eye of the beholder. However, if you love and respect your body, you may feel better about yourself. In fact, people who are satisfied with their self-image tend to have more gratifying sex lives.

Take this quiz to discover how you really feel about your own body and others'.



LINDA RINALDI

1. ***You like to make love:***
A) with the lights on so you can watch.
B) with the lights off so he can't watch.
C) under the covers so you both can't watch.

2. ***You eat to be:***
A) healthy.
B) thin.
C) satisfied.
D) full.
E) happy.

3. ***I enjoy:***
A) reading on the john.
B) masturbating.
C) peeling a suntan when it's flaky.
D) getting or giving a massage.
E) having my back gently scratched.
F) having my hair brushed.
G) wearing silk next to my skin or sleeping on silk sheets.

4. ***My nipples:***
A) make me nervous.
B) love to be touched.
C) are not pretty.
D) are too pointy—they embarrass me.
E) are one part of my body I don't think much about.
F) are for nursing.

5. ***The idea of same-sex lovemaking is:***
A) repulsive.
B) acceptable.
C) exciting.
D) immoral.
E) secretly appealing.

6. ***When I'm shopping and need to use a dressing room, I:***
A) cringe because I hate communal dressing rooms.
B) wouldn't care if I had to change on television as long as I got a good bargain.
C) despair because others will see my body in the buff.

7. ***The thing I notice first in a guy is his:***
A) tight pants, hair and skin.
B) mind.
C) car and American Express card.
D) smile and eyes.

8. ***Full-length mirrors:***
A) suck.
B) are handy.
C) don't tell the truth.

9. ***During sex, I often worry:***
A) my breath is fetid.
B) my body hair is unattractive.
C) my breasts are too small/large.
D) my vagina will smell during oral sex.
E) it'll be over too soon.

10. ***The thing you fear most about yourself is getting:***
A) old and wrinkled.
B) middle-aged and saggy.
C) rejected by younger men.
D) ill.
E) lost.

11. ***Aside from the fact that your toilet lives there, what is the main function of your bathroom?***
A) Sanctuary: It's the place I escape to after a fight. It's like a week in the Bahamas.
B) Cleaning station: Great for showers, pimple squeezing, nail clipping and mustache removal.
C) Beauty salon: This is where I make up, perfume, dry hair and tweeze.
D) Emergency room: For all my medicine; plus a good light to check for skin cancer; and mirrors for breast inspections, lump and mole probes.
E) Playpen: Great for watery lovemaking and sexy talk.

12. ***Circle the choice that first comes to mind. When making love, people look:***
A) disgusting.
B) beautiful.
C) clutzy.
D) comical.
E) erotic.

13. ***His penis is:***
A) cute as a button.
B) hanging there—slovenly.
C) throbbing with lust.
D) ugly, but necessary.
E) used for excretion and I can never forget that.

14. ***Go to a nude beach?***
A) Love it!
B) Die first!
C) If it were a good beach.
D) If I could wear an overcoat.

Answers and Analysis

1. A=5. Watching your body in "the act," can add to the fun.

2. A=3, B=2, C=5, E=1.

3. If you checked every response, take 5 points. Take 4 points if you checked 4 to 6 responses. If you checked 2 to 3, take 3 points. Pleasuring your body is a sign of self-esteem.

4. A=1, B=5, E=4, F=3.

5. B=5, E=1. Making love to someone of the same sex can be exciting; if you're ashamed of your body same-sex love may feel safer.

6. B=5, C=1.

7. A=5, D=3. If you answered **B** you must be kidding—a mind is never the first thing you notice.

8. B=5, C=2.

9. If you answered **A**, **B**, **C** or **D**, take 3. If you only checked **E**, take 5.

10. C=1, D=5.

11. A=1, B=2, C=2, E=5. Body concentration ought to be for pleasure, not diagnosis.

12. B=5, C=2, D=1, E=5.

13. A=5, C=5.

14. A=5, C=4, D=2.

Rate Your Responses

Did you score from 60-70? You're earthy, appreciative and at ease with your body. You find others appealing as well. You're warm, honest and impetuous. Food, sex, nature, touching—whatever appeals to the senses is OK by you. One caution: Your delightful ease with yourself may create problems if your partner is not quite so accepting of flesh—either yours or his. Learn to negotiate your sexual candor if it leads to embarrassment on your partner's part.

Did you score from 45-55? You also appreciate bodies, but you tend to like them only if they're young and nubile. Try to extend your natural appreciation of the human form to physiques that are not quite so perfect. Relax. Your urges are sound and your instincts are healthy. Don't fight them. You're lovable—even with a droop or two!

Did you score from 30-40? You find your body more an embarrassment than a pleasure. Take pride in what your limbs can do. Perhaps if you attempt some friendly body confrontations with someone who loves you, you can come to love your own look. How about a hot tub with a pal? Natural body quirks will become more acceptable and less threatening if you develop an ease with yourself.

Did you score under 25? You die a little each day worrying about the failure of your body to function or please. Stop hiding in your intellect and start feeling. Form comes before function. Bods are beautiful and touching is nourishing!

—Sherry Suib Cohen

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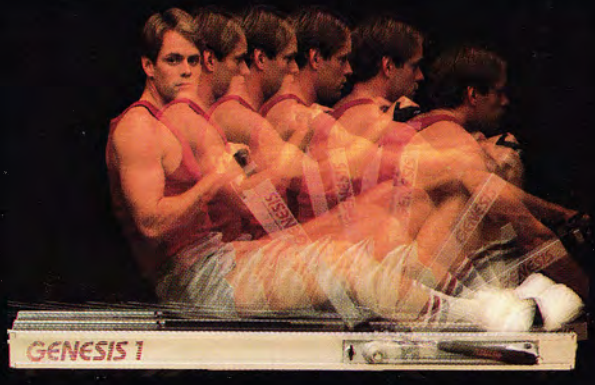


valerie bertinelli

Life in the Love Nest of a TV Child-Bride Married to a Member of the Hardest-Living and Loudest-Playing Rock Band.

by Roberta Smoodin

AS SHE IS THE FIRST TO ADMIT, Valerie Bertinelli seems to have led a charmed life. At 14, she was selected from a cattle-call audition of over 200 child actresses to portray the role of Barbara Cooper in the new TV series *One Day at a Time*. She had virtually no television experience then, and no inkling that the series would run for nine years, making her the darling of an enormous group of TV viewers. As she grew up on that show, she turned glamorous, emerging from puppy fat and gawky adolescence into beautiful young womanhood, with cheekbones and masses of flowing hair and a camera-dazzling smile.

Bertinelli's love life during her teenage dating years included a lengthy romance with actor Scott Colomby, and a briefer but much-photographed one with Hollywood wonder-boy Steven Spielberg. Then, in 1980, one of her three brothers took her to a Van Halen concert. Valerie went backstage to meet the band, and fell instantly in love with Eddie Van Halen, rock 'n' roll's preeminent guitar innovator. He fell equally in love with her. They talked and talked through the night they met. Eight months later they were married, and fueled more tabloid cover stories than practically anyone else. What could be better fodder—a TV child-bride married to a member of the hardest-living and loudest-playing rock band? In actuality, the two are beatifically happy together, to the point that they grow to look more and more alike. Despite tabloid encouragement, this marriage is working, and working well. They weathered the much-publicized breakup of the old Van Halen—with David Lee Roth splitting to become a Hollywood star and solo artist—with grace and just a little public rancor.

Today, Bertinelli's career is at a transition point. During the last years of *One Day at a Time*, she began to make movies for television which earned her the critics' praise, a higher TVQ and a reputation for social consciousness in her choice of roles. But the transition to "real movie star" has so far eluded her. She made one film in 1978, *C.H.O.M.P.S.*, about the first computerized dog, she would rather forget. Now her film *Ordinary Heroes* is due out momentarily. A remake of *The Pride of the Marines*, the film has had difficulty in finding a distributor, and may not be the breakthrough Bertinelli needs.

At home in her house in Malibu, with the ocean providing a tranquil soundtrack, her multiple cats lazing elegantly about the living room, Bertinelli, at 25, wears little makeup; the famous and much-photographed hair is up in a ponytail. She looks young and cute and fashionably comfy in her tight pants and big shirt. And she is a delight to talk to—no spoiled brat, no pampered darling, she is warm and real and engaging and a lot of fun. She sits on her couch with her feet up, cuddling a large pillow to her stomach and chest, leaning her mobile face down occasionally to think, laughing loudly when something amuses her. She coos to her animals, especially her brand new Persian kitten, Gizmo, which resembles an animated fuzzy house-slipper. Her phone never stops ringing, with news about her about-to-happen trip to New York, a feeler from the White House about whether she might like to come to dinner and meet the president, her manager checking in.

AARON RAPOPORT

ROBERTA SMOODIN is a novelist who lives in Los Angeles. Her latest book, *Inventing Ivanov* (Atheneum), was published last year.

Bertinelli shares the Malibu beach house with her family, while she and Eddie Van Halen have their other house, in one of Los Angeles' canyons, to themselves. The house is furnished rather than decorated, comfortably messy rather than perfectly neat, and a fine place to sit and chat. The bedroom is rumored to be a love nest, complete with brass bed and another spectacular view of the ocean. The foggy view from the living room (with its prominent home entertainment unit—VCR, cable hookup, hookup to the satellite dish on the roof of the house which allows Bertinelli to watch all the soap operas and football games she wants), the coziness of the lived-in atmosphere and Bertinelli's own charm and warmth, make this afternoon a pleasure.

PLAYGIRL: *All those glamorous photos taken of you and Ed when you're out on the town together. How do you two spend a quiet night at home? What kinds of things do you do when you're not out being glamorous?*

BERTINELLI: Oh, God, you should see me in the morning when I forget to take my makeup off the night before! Oh, do I look glamorous! And Ed still loves me! Amazing. What do we do? Lately we've been going to bed early and waking up early, trying to change our hours around. We watch a lot of TV, we rent tapes, we watch movies. We go to movies rarely.

PLAYGIRL: *Why?*

BERTINELLI: We don't agree on what movies to go see. Ed wants to see stuff like *Commando*, and I want to see stuff like *Murphy's Romance*. So we don't really agree on kinds of subjects. We did agree on *Beverly Hills Cop*. We had a good time and went to see that twice. We really don't do a heck of a lot. We're either here or at the other house. Of course, it's been real weird these past two years, because he hasn't been on the road. He's been trying to get a band together. He's got one together now, so he's going to be going on the road. So our lives are going to be all changed.

PLAYGIRL: *How do you make allowances for life on the road?*

BERTINELLI: I visit him whenever possible and stay for a week or two. Everybody in the band is married, so that makes it real convenient. If one of the wives isn't there, all the other wives in the band will stick up for that wife and say "Get away from that guy! He's taken!" It should be pretty normal, actually, out on the road. I don't know—talk to me in a year.

PLAYGIRL: *It's tension-producing, isn't it?*

BERTINELLI: Whether Ed has a good show or a bad one, I never know how to act with him because he's either up after a good show, and says, "C'mon, let's party," or he's down after a bad show, and says, "Leave me alone, grrr."

But that was two years ago on the road, when things were a lot more sensitive. Who knows how it will be now? Sammy's [Hagar, Van Halen's lead singer] really an extremely positive person, so it might be easier. He's got a great wife, who really knows how to deal with life on the road. She's been at it longer than us, so it's going to be a stabilizing factor.

PLAYGIRL: *Let me ask you about religion. I know you were raised a Catholic. What are your basic views on your religion? Do you attend church? Do you pray regularly?*

BERTINELLI: I have all this guilt about not attending church. I feel a fear of God. I still believe in God. I feel that once that's been put into your head, once you've been brought up that way, there's no way you can *not* believe. Ever since I did a film about being a nun [*Shattered Vows*], I don't believe in the church, but I do believe in God. How does the church really know what God wants to be said and done on this earth? How do they know God isn't really someone from Venus, before Venus clouded over into a hothouse? Mmmm. Religion. [*She seems to be trying to come to terms with a difficult subject.*]

PLAYGIRL: *So you deal with religion now on a more individual level?*

BERTINELLI: There are so many contradictions in my head about religion—it's such a difficult subject. I mean, I just got a huge fear right now, about saying any "ifs" about God. I have a real fear of God.

I remember sitting in church when I was about 7. I was there with my family, and I remember saying to myself, "I don't believe in God." And all of a sudden I felt this heat come over me, and, oh, this fear. I just felt as if someone had just sat down next to me and said [*stern voice*], "What? You don't believe in God?" I thought, "I believe, I believe, I *swear* I believe!" Since then, any time I have any doubt, I get this heat going through me.

But I don't believe in people like Jerry Falwell, stuff like that. He's not representing God, he's representing his beliefs. I feel like I'm contradicting myself back and forth—I mean, who says that God really wants what the church wants?

PLAYGIRL: *There's so much in Catholicism that's disturbing, too—the way women aren't allowed to be involved in the higher echelons of the religion, for example. Does that disturb you?*

BERTINELLI: That's the organization, not the individual. I have always thought God is within yourself. When I start feeling that heat, whenever I'm doubting, maybe that means I'm doubting myself.

I have a bad time with the institution of the church. I was in New York about 2½ years ago, and we found out that Ed's best friend from school had killed himself. It was about nine o'clock at night, New York time, and I thought, "I need to go pray, I need to go light a candle, to make Ed feel better."

So I went to a church, and they turned me away! I couldn't believe it! There I was, on the streets of New York, outside this church—I mean, OK, it was nine at night, but a church is never supposed to close! You're supposed to be welcome at any time, especially in times of grief. I couldn't bang on the door, because there were iron gates outside the door. So I went around the corner trying to find a priest, and they said, "No, come back in the morning." I said, "I'm not going to be here in the morning. My friend just killed himself." They said, "Sorry." So I said, "Forget it!" And I've never been inside a church again. I've never *gone* into a church again.

PLAYGIRL: *How about the other obvious Catholic issue—do you have feelings about a woman's right to abortion?*

BERTINELLI: Women have a right to do anything they want to with their bodies. We're talking about another life here, and raising a child. A lot of the women who *should* have abortions, who should not be raising children, are raising children. Through no fault of theirs, these children are not growing up with everything they should have. I'm lucky because I'll be able to have children and give them a lot of what they need, monetary-wise; and emotionally, I hope to be able to give them what they need. A lot of these people cannot give them either.

SHOOTING STAR/CHARLES BUSH

Glamorous anytime (left); Valerie and Eddie, just dating (right); with Spielberg at the 1980 Academy Awards (below).

WINDWARD

WINDWARD

People say, "Fine, let them go through the nine months and give the child up for adoption." But why should you put that woman through those nine months? She might have been raped, or a victim of incest. Why should someone have to go through that?

And it's not really known yet whether that thing in there is really alive yet. It's not thinking for itself, it might have the tissue for a brain, but it really doesn't have a brain yet. It's funny, because most of the people who are saying abortion is wrong are men. What the hell do they know? It's not fair; they should get pregnant once in a while, see what it's like.

Here I am, someone who really wants to have children badly. I think I'm doing it the right way, I'm waiting until the time is right. But when I see these people on TV being violent and blowing up abortion clinics, stuff like that, I feel like saying, "Honey, get me pregnant immediately. I want to go picket." I want to be six-months pregnant, out to here, and go picket and say, "See, this is my choice; my choice is to have the baby. Let these other women have their own choice." I might be losing some fans here, but what the heck.

PLAYGIRL: *This doesn't bother you, in that it's so opposed to Catholic doctrine?*

BERTINELLI: No. When I die, I want to be cremated. That's against Catholicism too. But God's not against that. I'm sure He feels, "If you're afraid of being buried in the ground, you can get yourself cremated." Whatever makes me happy, He's happy with. Unless of course I go out and kill someone.

PLAYGIRL: *You think God is a He?*

BERTINELLI: I guess it's just because of what I've grown up with—it's He and Him. I'm not a feminist, but I believe in equality. Still, I like being treated as a woman, and I like having my husband be the stronger one. If there's a spider in the bathtub, I say, "You kill it." You know, I want to play the female, "Eek, eek," and all that stuff. I don't like spiders. So I guess I think of God as a man because He's big and strong, even though there's big and strong women. But I'd rather God be a man. It feels more protective.

PLAYGIRL: *Do you think that being raised a Catholic affected your sexuality, caused you to have sexual hangups?*

BERTINELLI: Well, I'm still a virgin [*lots of laughs*]! That's why I'm not pregnant yet.

PLAYGIRL: *You seem to have dealt with the difficulties of a Catholic upbringing on a very individual level.*

BERTINELLI: I don't know, because I still feel that fear. And I still worry about whether or not I'm a nice person. I do things like, when I'm fixing a cup of tea for myself and another person, and I see that one of the cups has a crack in it, I'll take the one with a crack because I'm a nice person. Then I think, "Well, that's not nice, that's just what you're supposed to do." And that's silly—oh, I don't know what I'm saying.

PLAYGIRL: *Actually, that leads into another question. You're very open in interviews about self-doubt and insecurities and shyness. Where do these come from? What don't you like about Valerie Bertinelli?*

BERTINELLI: You got a year? [*Lots of laughs*]

PLAYGIRL: *Yeah, but that'll be $75 an hour.* [*More laughs*]

BERTINELLI: I'm very weak.

PLAYGIRL: *Really? What does that mean?*

BERTINELLI: I'm very weak and I'm very lazy if I let myself be. A simple little thing like getting up and going to the gym—I'll make so many excuses. It sounds very frivolous, but you've got to be good to your body if you want it to stay around for a while, and I'm terrible to it. I love to eat. And it shows. I go up and down; I get fat, I get thin, I get fat. That's another thing that scares me about getting pregnant—I'm going to be 130 pounds, and I think, "Oh, my God, how will I ever lose those 20 pounds. How in the world? That's just totally impossible." So that's one of the things I hate about myself.

PLAYGIRL: *You're hard on yourself.*

BERTINELLI: But it's true—I slack off every so often and I don't give my best performance in something that deserves my best, that I'm being paid very well to do. Directors tell me, "Yes, I remember that day. You were out of it. You didn't want to be there, and your work showed it!"

The day comes when I have to do a really hard scene, and I just grit my teeth and push myself through it, and then I think, "OK, it's over. Tomorrow will be another day, I'll do another scene and I'll get it over with." Then there are times like right now—I'm reading a script that I'm going to go up for. I don't want to go up in front of these people. I just want to say, "Look, give me the part, OK? I can do it, I don't want to read for you." But I can't do that; I have to be like everybody else, and I have to work hard to get what I want. I'm just weak and lazy in that way.

I'm not hard enough on myself. I'm really not. If you knew what was going on inside my head, you'd say, "You should be tougher on yourself, Valerie." Because I'm too lazy. I don't get out of bed until eleven o'clock, sometimes one when I'm not working. People shouldn't do that, you waste an entire day. Then I say to myself, "But you deserve it, Valerie, because you usually get up at five o'clock in the morning." I don't know [*sigh*]. I'm going to start getting down on myself now. This is depressing [*laughter*].

PLAYGIRL: *But you've been working hard since you were a little kid.*

BERTINELLI: I've had it easy since I was a little kid. I got a job when I was 15. For nine straight years I had a career, a job. I've got myself planted in the business now. I'm very lucky. I got to learn while I was on television. Granted, I took advantage of that luck, and I pushed myself. I realized that I wasn't going to keep moving forward unless I pushed myself, so I got acting coaches and I went to acting classes. And now I'm back at being lazy again [*laughter*].

PLAYGIRL: *Wait a second—most 15-year-olds are having fun, not thinking about jobs.*

BERTINELLI: I *was* having fun.

PLAYGIRL: *I'm sticking up for you.*

BERTINELLI: I know. But I was having fun. I was doing something no one else in school was doing. I was having a new and different experience. I wanted to try out for cheerleader, but instead I got a series. I mean, I look back, and it's pretty good!—even though I still watch football games and think, "Gosh, why couldn't I have been a cheerleader?" I was a cheerleader in junior high, actually, but I wanted to be one in high school—that's harder to be, you know.

PLAYGIRL: *Was that a lonely time for you, being so apart from your peers?*

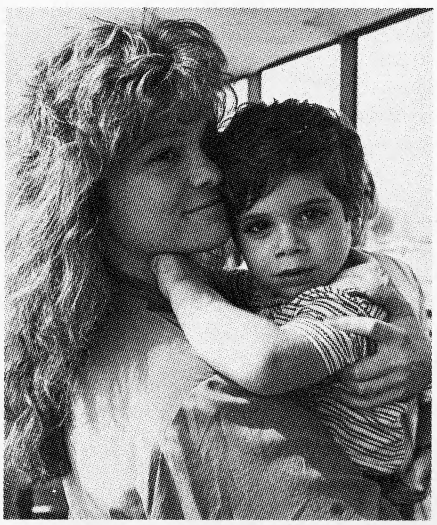
BERTINELLI: Yeah, and I only had one friend who stayed by me. She's still my friend; she's got two little boys now. She was my friend since the fifth grade, and still is. I would spend one semester on the set, and the other semester at school. I'd come back to school and everyone would say, "Oh, doesn't she

(Continued on page 76)

COURTESY DAVID BERTINELLI

Marital bliss: the Van Halens (left); in* Rockabye *(right); gambling on Michael Branden in* The Seduction of Gina *(below).

CBS



CBS

by Neil Feineman

LEARNING TO LOVE

Rx From the Love Doctor

WHEN THE *NEW YORK TIMES* RELEASED THE LIST OF BESTSELLING NONfiction books of 1985, three of the 15 titles belonged to Leo Buscaglia. One of those books, *Love* (Charles B. Slack Inc.), was written 14 years ago; another, *Living, Loving and Learning* (Slack), was 4 years old; and the third, *Loving Each Other* (Holt, Rhinehart & Winston), had been on the charts for two years.

All of these books echo the same refrain: that only by loving ourselves and each other can we truly celebrate life. Buscaglia pleads for his audience to live fully in the moment, and accept each other as flawed but worthwhile human beings; and he cites sources ranging from Buddha and Martin Buber to Joan Didion to make his case.

Twenty years ago, Buscaglia seemed an unlikely candidate for such international canonization. He had completed a doctorate degree in language and speech at the University of Southern California, and was the supervisor of special education for the Pasadena, California, school system.

Shortly thereafter, he sold most of his possessions and left for a two-year trip to the East, primarily to meet its people and study the roots of Buddhism. This trip is the basis for one of his first and best books, *The Way of the Bull* (Fawcett, 1984).

When he returned from his journey, he began teaching special education at USC. To the shock of many of his academic colleagues, he also began teaching a course on love. The popular course became a media sensation, and formed the basis for *Love*, which has sold more than one million copies.

His empire does not stop with the books. He has a successful line of videocassettes, conducts sold-out international speaking tours, is preparing an upcoming Public Broadcasting System TV series and has established the nonprofit Felice Foundation, which encourages and reinforces socially contributive efforts and action.

Although busy with preparations for the promotion of his new book, *Bus 9 to Paradise* (Slack, $16.95), Buscaglia spent two relaxed mornings in his modest but comfortable Pasadena office with me. To my surprise, he didn't insist on hugging me when we were introduced. Instead he offered a simple, firm handshake. The hug didn't come until the end of the first interview, well after his charm had disarmed me and diffused any suspicion I might have had about his sincerity.

PLAYGIRL: *Knowing only that you became famous writing books about love and hugging people, I assumed you were a charlatan. Is that a typical response?*

BUSCAGLIA: People usually are skeptical, and feel that I must be a phony. And the sad truth is that no one would have any trouble with my being a real louse. That I am real, and that I try to live as a nice person, makes me suspect.

PLAYGIRL: *You could just be a very good actor who, when the doors are closed, screams at his staff and kicks his dog.*

BUSCAGLIA: I could be, of course. But I have been doing this for 20 years, under continual scrutiny. You would think that if I were not as I appear, someone would have shown me up and blasted me. But still I am suspect to people.

PLAYGIRL: *Perhaps it is because some of the others who have followings like yours are not as "good" as they appear to be.*

BUSCAGLIA: I know there are others who purport to be caring but who are not exemplary in this regard. I don't condone their behavior, but I also understand how hard it can be to remain a caring human being. You start out that way, but success brings demands and expectations that are suprahuman. You cannot stop people from putting you on a pedestal. If you allow them to keep you there, however, you can't help but get in trouble.

I know because people like to put me in spots in which they think I am perfect. They ask me big questions, such as "Why is my daughter dying?" "Why are children starving?" "Why is there crime?" And I look at them and say, "How am I supposed to know the answers to these questions?"

I then make it very clear that I am just one person who is trying in a small way to make things better by living a good and sharing life. It is not a matter of answers, I say, but of refusing to be overwhelmed by the poverty, despair and horror that is all around us, and of finding a way you can alleviate a small part

TOM HEENAN

of that misery. But I am very careful never to pretend to have any of the answers.

PLAYGIRL: *By giving people an ideal without giving them a program to achieve it, are you frustrating them and making them feel inadequate?*

BUSCAGLIA: I hope not. I always say that loving behavior is the ideal, and that we will all die well before we become perfect lovers. Even so, having a model or goal to strive for is important. You shouldn't feel guilty about not reaching it, because you can always improve. The process is what is important.

PLAYGIRL: *How does someone start that process?*

BUSCAGLIA: Realizing that love is a learned behavior is the first step. If you think that you are born with love and that it blossoms forth without any effort or work, you are probably going to be disappointed. But if you want to learn it, you can.

To do so, you must approach the endeavor with the same diligence you would the learning of any other skill. See what the great philosophers say about it, and listen to grandmothers and grandfathers talk about the struggles and battles involved in a long-term loving relationship.

PLAYGIRL: *As an expert on love, people expect you to have the answers. Is it difficult for you to go anywhere without being bothered?*

BUSCAGLIA: I love talking to people, so I don't mind when 40 people come up to me during the course of the afternoon asking for a hug. It doesn't bother me at all.

One of the saddest things I have seen, in fact, happened in a hotel I was at. A popular baseball team was also staying there, and all these kids were running around hunting for their favorites. I was in an elevator with two of the most famous players. A young boy was standing in front of the elevator when the door opened. Seeing one of the men, the boy's mouth dropped. Then, in the cutest way imaginable, he said, "Please, sir, may I have your autograph?"

The baseball player looked at him and said, "Buzz off, kid." It was heartbreaking to watch this kid's face. I know that these players are hounded all the time, but that seems part of the job to me. I thought, "How hard could it be to take the 30 seconds and give the kid what he wanted."

PLAYGIRL: *But surely you are confronted regularly with people who want more from you than a hug or an autograph?*

BUSCAGLIA: Not as often as you would think. I stress in all of my work that I have no answers. I offer instead broad, sweeping alternatives. I never have done seminars, classes or how-to writing. People who are familiar with my work know I believe they have to find their own way.

So when someone tells me that her husband drinks and asks what she should do, I invariably respond by telling her that she is too intelligent and sensitive for me to tell her what to do.

PLAYGIRL: *Is that a cop-out to someone who needs help?*

BUSCAGLIA: Not at all. There are numerous alternatives in any given situation. Healthy people can come up with a number of them, while angry or desperate people see only one alternative. They should wait until they can list five alternatives before they do anything. They could decide to take a walk, cry, bake cookies, exercise, read a book or visit the children's ward of a hospital. People are only trapped into a course of action when they want to be.

PLAYGIRL: *What do you do when someone becomes so hostile that she or he is abusive?*

BUSCAGLIA: As a dignified human being, I neither yell at people nor like to be yelled at. I don't tolerate that type of behavior, so when it happens, which is only occasionally, I put a stop to it. On a book tour, for instance, the publicist wanted me to hawk my book in a department store as if I were a salesman. I told her I would be too embarrassed to do that, and that I would rather sign the books and answer any questions people might have. Despite the fact that we were in public, she started screaming at me. As I always do when faced with that situation, I met her conduct with quietness and diffused her anger.

'If you think you are born with love and that it blossoms forth without any effort or work, you are probably going to be disappointed.'

PLAYGIRL: *In several of your books, you quote the works of Joan Didion. It is surprising to see you appreciate and refer to someone whose outlook is frequently described as bleak, and whose characters are trapped by their fate.*

BUSCAGLIA: Joan Didion affects me as Lillian Hellman did. In a minimalist way, she is able to put the great emotions in proper linguistic structure so that we recognize them and say, "Yes, that is exactly how I feel."

PLAYGIRL: *Have you read* Less Than Zero *(Simon & Schuster, 1985), by Bret Easton Ellis? It's very Didionesque.*

BUSCAGLIA: Yes, but it doesn't seem as good to me.

PLAYGIRL: *Do you think its characters' unrelenting malaise and hopelessness are typical of today's youth?*

BUSCAGLIA: No. We often pick up literature that deals with the unique. But there are other writers, like Anne Tyler, who deal with essential truths and seem more appropriate to me. In *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant* (Knopf, 1982), for instance, she reminds us that the reactions and perceptions that determine how we function in our world frequently have been given to us by a neurotic person, like the mother in that book.

Reading that book reinforces the fact that we are born into an imperfect world and brought up by imperfect people. However terrible they might be, though, we eventually should realize that they did the best they could; we have to let our anger go and get on with developing our own perceptions.

The three children in the book, for example, were deeply and understandably affected by their mother's violence and abuse, which was both physical and emotional. But in one of the most moving scenes in modern literature, she becomes so tragic that we cannot condemn her.

In that scene, she is already elderly and senile. The son who has never married, choosing instead to dedicate himself to her, goes up to the attic and finds her old journal. She is also blind, so he reads it to her.

"No, don't read that part, keep moving," she tells him. He finally gets to an entry describing what seems to be an average day. "I wasn't beaten today. My mother and father were nice to each other and didn't fight. I milked the cows without any trouble," the entry reads.

"Stop," the mother says. "That was the happiest day of my life."

Now, how can you condemn someone whose happiest day is that small? It emphasizes that we have to understand where people are coming from. One of our major jobs, then, is to see the beauty in other people. It's hard, but it's at the heart of loving behavior.

PLAYGIRL: *In your books, you talk about a woman whose daughter was raped and murdered. Eventually, the mother not only forgives but embraces the killer and weeps for him. Do you really think that action is healthy?*

BUSCAGLIA: Many people feel her actions are disgraceful to her daughter's memory. But they overlook the years the woman lived in agony and grief. Her loss is great, but I don't know what good it would have done for her to continue carrying the pain and anger.

NEIL FEINEMAN has written for numerous magazines and is a frequent contributor to PLAYGIRL.

When she met the man and saw that he didn't have horns, but was in fact rather personable and good-looking and perhaps had a history that led to his attack on her daughter, she exhibited the highest level of human behavior.

PLAYGIRL: *Would you be able to adopt the same attitude should a similar situation befall you?*

BUSCAGLIA: I don't know if I could be as generous as she. I do know, however, that at some point maintaining anger becomes self-destructive. Whenever I have forgiven and forgotten, it was as if an albatross had dropped off my neck.

PLAYGIRL: *In a similar fashion, do you really believe that everyone is a beautiful and worthwhile human being?*

BUSCAGLIA: I am not a fool, and recognize that there are people with lives of despair, pain and no love. I also know that not everyone recognizes her or his despair, or the need to change. If they want to go on the way they are, bully for them.

I am only interested in healthy neurotics, not dead-end ones. You can dance and sing for someone who has apathetic nothingness and only hope that they recognize their unhappiness and do something about it. As long as they feel there is no hope, however, they are right.

PLAYGIRL: *Do you think young people today have more of a problem with hope and thus with loving?*

BUSCAGLIA: I don't think so. In the '60s, when young people were giving society its first real introduction to drugs and freer sexuality, few would have thought they would turn into sensitive writers and artists, or lawyers and bankers. And when my parents were growing up, they had the even more urgent needs of the Depression and hunger and less time for conceptual issues like love.

So although the kids today have the temptation of easily available drugs and sex, I don't think the basic concerns of the self have changed very much. After all, when you look back at literature, you realize that jealousy, fear and insecurity have always been rampant, and that every generation seems to make exactly the same mistakes. When it comes to love, people don't seem to have learned very much.

PLAYGIRL: *This is, however, the first generation that has grown up without believing in an omnipotent America or an unlimited future.*

BUSCAGLIA: That is true. It has been fascinating to watch the change that has taken place from the pre-hippie to hippie to post-hippie era. The kids today are more goal-oriented, and worry earlier about whether or not they will get a job or be able to buy a house. But I don't see much difference in their approach to love.

It is difficult to make generalizations, but I don't see the same casual attitude about freer sexuality and cohabitation without commitment. People are learning that sex is more meaningful when in the context of some sort of [a committed] relationship.

PLAYGIRL: *Does casual sex interfere with or help the pursuit of love?*

BUSCAGLIA: While it's an aspect of love, sexuality in and of itself is a temporary experience and a momentary placebo, just like drugs and liquor. When combined with love, it is the zenith of a relationship. But without love, you wake up just as lonely and confused and desperate.

As Erich Fromm and others have said, sex does not take care of problems—love does. Drugs, sex, liquor and pills may be pleasant, but you always wake up with you. When you make *love*, you wake up with someone you can grow with. Without making a moral judgment, sex without love seems like mutual masturbation.

'Without making a moral judgment, sex without love seems like mutual masturbation.'

PLAYGIRL: *Can there be love without sex?*

BUSCAGLIA: Love can be glorious without having sexuality enter the picture at all. A mother's feeling for her children is without sexual passion, but contains all the joy of great love. But most of us still say love and think sex. When people try to find guidelines in their study of love, they usually find the G-spot instead.

Fortunately, this is changing, thanks to people like [psychologists] Menninger, Fromm and Nathaniel Branden, who see love as an essential factor to happiness and growth. Until very recently, however, scientists have ignored love, almost as if they were afraid of it as an aspect of human behavior that could be studied and learned about.

PLAYGIRL: *Can we realistically expect significant, committed, long-lasting relationships in today's world?*

BUSCAGLIA: People can have that one relationship, but most are not willing to work at it. My parents had such a relationship. They reached an intense, nonverbal level of communication that was wonderful to be around. When my mother died we were worried about my father, but we soon realized that he and she had also remained independent. So while he was devastated by his loss, he was also able to continue to enjoy living in a courageous manner. It was beautiful to see, especially after we had been so concerned about how he would adjust.

A relationship has great value only as long as it grows. It does no good to become so attached that we can't let someone go. I remember sitting at my mother's deathbed and crying. She asked me what I was hanging on to, and made me realize I wasn't even letting her die in peace. From then on I let everyone in my life know that they should come and go as they pleased. Unless they really want to be with me, I would rather they leave; to stay because you don't want to hurt my feelings is silly.

PLAYGIRL: *Are you sorry that you have never married and enjoyed a sustained loving relationship like the one your parents enjoyed?*

BUSCAGLIA: Not really. I am sorry that I have not experienced my "own" children, but I have a rich family life. I also feel like I have fathered thousands of kids in my years of teaching, and that having my own was not absolutely necessary. I haven't been a Trappist monk, either, and have seen almost all my dreams realized. When all is said and done, I have very few regrets.

PLAYGIRL: *Has your heart ever been broken?*

BUSCAGLIA: There have been moments of disappointment because I had expectations that were not met. But I have not been devastated. I am not a masochist; I believe you have to expect disappointment, let people hurt you and then move on, a little wiser.

PLAYGIRL: *Could you accommodate new relationships at this stage in your life?*

BUSCAGLIA: I hate to close people out, but I don't have time to even interact with old friends and family. To bring other people in now would be unfair to everyone. I've invested hours and years in my established relationships, and the continual discovery of who these people are is wondrous and increasingly important.

Time has become the big villain in terms of new relationships. I do a lot of saying no, hopefully in a gentle way. If I didn't, my relationships would become frivolous. As it is, people I adore have to make appointments to see me, and that is sad.

PLAYGIRL: *Your new book is called* Bus 9 to Paradise. *What is it about?*

BUSCAGLIA: As I have said, I have never been classified as a how-to or follow-me writer, and don't ever want to play that game. So when I was in Australia on an exhausting book tour, I wanted to go to the zoo and walk around. I got lost and hoped to find my directions by reading signs at a bus stop. It said, "Bus 12 to the Central District, bus 10 to the West End and bus 9 to Paradise."

It reminded me that everyone should have her or his own conception of paradise. People must be allowed to find their own, so at least this aspect of their lives is their own. Like fame or fortune, if they don't get there on their own, it will be a shallow, empty and disappointing place.

I didn't take the bus, but later found out that Paradise was a row of nice little houses with little gardens. That is not my idea of paradise. To force a single idea of it on anyone would, I think, be a great sin.

PLAYGIRL: *Is this your* Streetcar Named Desire, *then?*

BUSCAGLIA: Hardly. [In the play] Blanche bought someone else's definition—remember the first lines of the play? She has arrived at her sister's and is confused. "They told me to take a streetcar named Desire, and then transfer to one called Cemeteries and ride six blocks and get off at—Elysian Fields."

She had listened to other people. My advice would have been, "Blanche, don't take the bus." ■

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The World's Ten Sexiest Women

by Richard Leivenberg

They Possess Something Breathtakingly Intangible—A Nerve That Is Purely Contemporary

The sexiest woman in the world is the one you don't even know. She's the woman walking down the street, the girl next door, the one across the room. She's mysterious, intriguing, unapproachable yet magnetic. She's pretty, smart, funny, passionate.

She's a fond memory. Think of Lauren Bacall cooing those memorable words to Bogie in To Have and Have Not, *"You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve? You just put your lips together and blow."*

She's a love song. Close your eyes and listen as Ella Fitzgerald croons "It Might as Well Be Spring," and she's the sexiest woman in the world.

She's unmatched in style: Jackie Kennedy Onassis, circa 1960, on the steps of the White House, wooing millions of male and female admirers with a grace and flair that would forever set the standards for the international elite.

She's supersensuous: Marilyn Monroe, clad only in white satin and lounging on a bed of silk, oozing sex like no one before or after.

In today's world, a sexy woman is that and more. She's got brains, fortitude, passion, even muscle. She's a woman of action.

Herein, PLAYGIRL redefines the notion of sexiness. Our choices reflect a brave new world for women. They are not just sexy because of their look or style but because of their substance. They possess something breathtakingly intangible; as mysterious and intriguing as our sexual icons of the past, but with a verve and—more importantly—a nerve, that is purely contemporary.

PRINCESS DI

OUTLINE PRESS

She lowers her head, pointing her regal chin, raising her cool blue eyes, and smiles slyly.

"At 24, she has blossomed into a self-absorbed, clothes-mad combination of Madame Bovary and Joan Collins," wrote one national magazine about Diana, Princess of Wales.

In other words, she's a bombshell. The world loves Princess Di, but not in the motherly way it has loved previous English royalty. Here is a woman who has led the life of a movie heroine. Who wouldn't want Cinderella for a mate? Although there are rumors of discontent in the royal marriage, and Princess Di is often perceived as the villain, it is just this blend of innocence and bitchiness that we tend to adore. Match that with her leggy, well-built and highly un-British sexuality and you get one of the sexiest women in the world.

KATHY SMITH

DICK ZIMMERMAN

The bumping and grinding that Kathy Smith does on her videos has nothing to do with a striptease, but Smith, in perhaps the most contemporary of settings—an exercise gym—has proven that fit is not only feminine, it is fantastically sexy.

The 32-year-old exercise-video star ("The Ultimate Workout") and businesswoman possesses the kind of girl-next-door beauty men have always craved. The UCLA graduate is far from just another musclehead, though, and has shown that muscular legs and arms on a taut and tight frame can be beautiful. Smith, in fact, has been dubbed "the Beverly Hills fitness guru" by *Time* magazine, and *Sports Illustrated* said, "Kathy Smith *is* fitness in America."

Smith is also the thinking woman's guide to fitness. As she put it, "We are rediscovering the oneness of body, mind and spirit that we admire about the ancient Greeks."

STEPHANIE OF MONACO

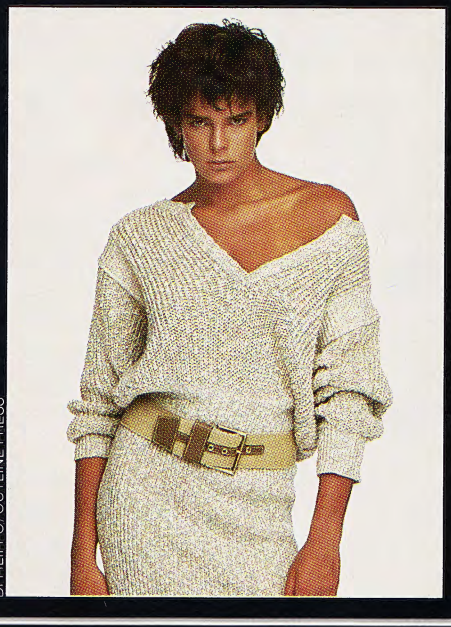
They call her "Bad Stephanie." She's so bad, she's good.

The regal daughter of Prince Rainier and the late Grace Kelly has the kind of star quality that only the rich and famous can lay claim to. Yet unlike her pristine sister, Caroline, Princess Steph is an international jet-setter who loves to raise a little hell.

Is that a bit of nipple she's showing while modeling her personal line of swimwear in the latest issue of *Elle* magazine? Unafraid, unabashed, at 20 years old, she has put the elite on its collective golden ear.

"I don't try to imagine things and do projects too much in the future," she has said of her lifestyle. "I just live life day to day. Maybe I'll fall madly in love and get married in two years, maybe in 10—you can't tell."

Obviously, this cool, blue-eyed princess will do whatever she wants, whenever she pleases.



DI FILIPPO/OUTLINE PRESS

SONIA BRAGA

Beyond raw sexual power into the purest form of feminine sensuality, the Brazilian Sonia Braga may be the most appealing woman in the world today. Her dark beauty—a truly exotic mix of Indian, black and Portuguese—has helped her forge a screen presence that makes American sex sirens pale in comparison. It is no wonder that in her native land she has been called the Marilyn Monroe of South America.

A self-trained actress who rose out of a small Brazilian town, the 35-year-old Braga has established herself as a versatile actress. In the 1978 film *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* she played an innocent. In last year's *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, she was a chanteuse whose memory haunted William Hurt and Raul Julia in more than just primitive ways.

Ironically, as a young girl she thought her dark looks were ugly since, at that time, it was the blond, Viking models of the '60s who were idolized in her country. When she first appeared in films she created an entirely new idol for her countrymen. Speaking of her mesmerizing on-camera persona, she has said, "I think what happens is a lot of passion—sensuality is what it is."

GARY LEWIS/WINDWARD

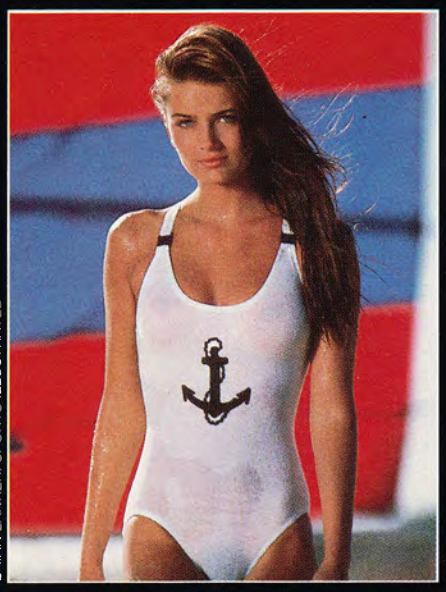
PAULINA PORIZKOVA

Paulina.

The name conjures up images of a striking beauty—statuesque, athletic, fresh, young, a revelation in either a fur coat or skimpy swimsuit.

It was the latter that made her the world's hottest model when she appeared on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*'s annual swimwear issue. Amazingly, she made us quickly forget the big-timers who preceded her, blonds Cheryl Tiegs and Christie Brinkley.

Celebrity photographer-supreme Francesco Scavullo hailed her as "one of the great stars of our time." Since coming from Europe, the 21-year-old Czechoslovakian beauty has appeared on 14 *Glamour* and eight *Cosmo* covers. When this month's edition of *GQ* appears on the stands, she will be both topless and bottomless, a sight that may make many eyes and loins sore for months.



BRIAN LANKER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

She is not only sexy, but smart. *US* magazine called her the "world's smartest model." This may not be a great feat, but Paulina does play classical piano, paints, speaks six languages and is working on two books.

There is something of the proud and defiant in her. About her career she has said, "I hate to have to care about what I look like. The whole business is all about beautiful girls' faces and bodies, so how can there be anything intelligent or nice about that except for the girl who makes money?"

For her part, she is paid $3,500 a day. Maybe that's not enough.

CHARLES WILLIAM BUSH/SHOOTING STAR

JESSICA LANGE

Jessica Lange has the kind of beauty that makes women weep and men's legs weaken, but her sexuality comes forth from her eternal passion for life and for living it in her own controversial way.

Lange has made a name for herself as an actress who completely embodies her roles. She is a survivor, as in the film *Country*, which she helped to produce and which led her to the floor of Congress where she fought for farmers' rights. Yet, she has the glamorous style and grace that is reminiscent of the great starlets of the '30s and '40s, allowing her to play the tragic role of Francis Farmer in the movie *Francis*, spellbinding audiences forever. With guts and prodigious talent, Lange has escaped beyond the stereotype of just another pretty face—a fate she seemed destined for in her screen debut opposite the ape in the 1976 remake of *King Kong*.

Somehow, Lange remains modest about her success, an incredibly attractive trait for so beautiful and intelligent a woman.

"As far as success goes," she has said, "I feel as if I'm still waiting for it to come. I see it up ahead, but I don't have it yet."

No one would ever agree with her. Isn't she the constant companion and lover of heart-throb Sam Shepard, one of America's greatest living playwrights? Hasn't she won an Academy Award as best supporting actress, playing opposite Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*? And didn't she make love to Mikhail Baryshnikov and have his child?

As someone who has led a fairy-tale existence, and who lives life with uncommon boldness, Jessica Lange exudes a sexuality that not only excites, but inspires.

TINA TURNER

Tina Turner doesn't just get better with age, she gets sexier.

The truly singular Queen of Rock has been doing things to microphones for years that must be illegal in 48 states. She's proven that life begins at 40, selling 15 million copies of her *Private Dancer* album, and co-starring with—not to mention scene-stealing from—Australian hunk Mel Gibson in last year's hit film *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. She created a powerful role model for women everywhere when she made it big after leaving her husband, Ike. But most of all, this stage-strutting, electric-haired wild woman has shown she is unafraid of doing it all, continuously wowing audiences with her tireless talent.

TONY COSTA/OUTLINE PRESS

Physically, there is no more sexy presence on the entertainment scene. From those succulent lips matching up with those of Mick Jagger at the Live Aid concert to her flailing arms and legs, Turner is a wonder woman who inspires awe even in other sex symbols.

"I think she is sexy because she's bold and strong," said Raquel Welch in *Rolling Stone* magazine. "She presents a challenge to men. It's like, 'OK, baby, if you want it here it is, but on *my* terms.' "

MRS. FIELDS

MRS. FIELD'S COOKIES

America has been carrying on a love affair with Sara Lee, Betty Crocker and Aunt Jemima for years, but none of these women can hold a cookie cutter to the beautiful and incredibly successful Mrs. Fields.

This is no dowdy, apple-cheeked grandma we're talking about, but a lively, bright-eyed 28-year-old blond who is as delicious as the chocolate chip cookies that bear her name. Debbie Fields, a California girl with a knack for things sweet, has turned her cookie company into a 164-store chain that rakes in $30 million a year. This year, she and husband Randy will open another 111 stores.

Make no mistake, this chipper entrepreneur is one tough cookie. When she opened her first Mrs. Fields Chocolate Chip Cookery in the San Francisco Bay Area, it looked like it would be a disaster. But she took it upon herself to walk down a local street and hand out free samples. The rest is cookie history. She now has stores as far away as Hong Kong and Sydney, Australia.

The quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and who could resist a woman with a passion for baked goodies?

RAISA MAKSIMOVNA GORBACHEV

"We don't have much time, and we have things of substance to talk about," said the first lady of Russia to reporters during the U.S./U.S.S.R. summit meeting last fall.

Although she was chiding reporters for their repeated references to her "competition" with Nancy Reagan, Raisa Maksimovna Gorbachev was able to come away from that epic rendezvous a scintillating winner.

Pierre Cardin, renowned judge of international style, said of this 51-year-old maternal beauty, "She is a woman of great charm, of style and, most of all, of intelligence and culture. She is a formidable woman."

For the first time in history, the wife of a Russian president made headlines for her grace, her style and her beauty—not to mention her strong will. Who even remembers another Russian first lady? And here is one who admires some of the more materialistic ways of the West, as exemplified by her purchase of a pair of Cartier diamond earrings worth $1,780.

RUDI FREY/TIME

Raisa Gorbachev is definitely a "strong Russian woman," yet she has single-handedly destroyed the stereotypical image of the plain, haggard peasant toiling in the fields and replaced it with that of a savvy, cultured, pretty woman who speaks many languages and displays a genuine curiosity about the rest of the world.

Is Raisa a raving beauty? No. But neither is she a dowdy Margaret Thatcher or a stern-faced Nancy Reagan. She is instead an elegant, spontaneous individual worthy of a place among the world's 10 sexiest women.

CONNIE CHUNG

R.M. LEWIS, JR./NBC

What a great way to wake up in the morning!

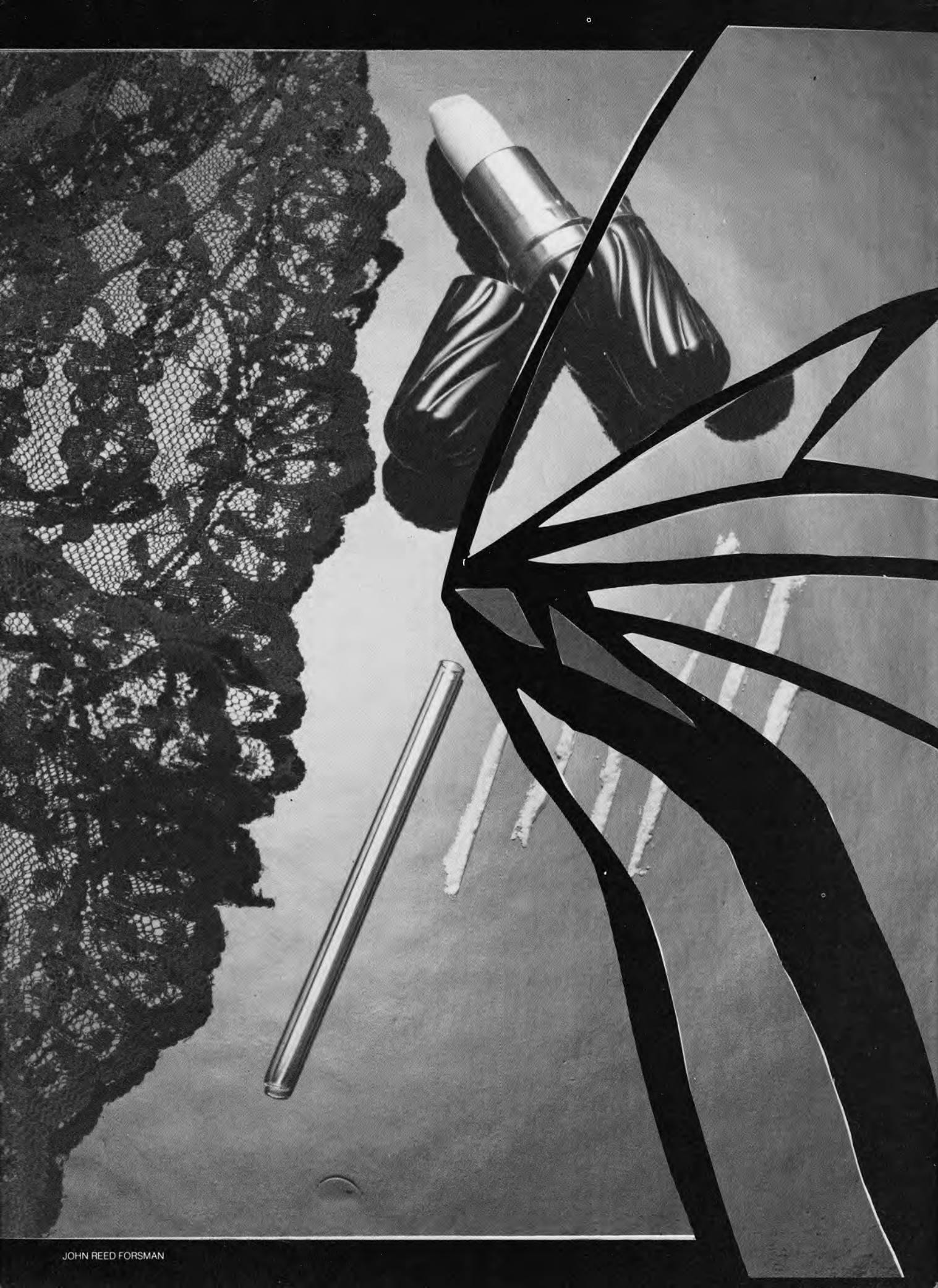
Connie Chung, smiling over the good news, serious about the bad, anchoring NBC-TV's news at sunrise while you sip your first cup of coffee. In fact, with Chung on the tube you probably won't need the coffee.

At 40, the Washington, D.C., native has carved a special niche for herself in the competitive world of broadcast journalism. It is easy to see why we are attracted to this woman who, against some tough odds, has risen to the top of her field, combining a nose for news with a quick smile and probing insight.

Chung proved from the beginning she was a woman to be reckoned with, working her way through the ranks of TV news as a copywriter, newswriter and on-camera reporter. She is not someone destined to report on the latest trends in fashion or the newest panda at the local zoo. Instead, she has shown incredible versatility, whether as an investigative reporter or anchorwoman on the local news in Los Angeles, where she stole the hearts and minds of millions of newswatchers with her adept, balanced style of reporting. She was so good the other networks had to follow with Connie Chung look-alikes. They may have looked the part, but they couldn't match Connie's charisma.

"I don't want to be known as just a dummy anchor," said Chung recently, a worry she shouldn't harbor, especially after working as a floor reporter at both the Democratic and Republican National Conventions in 1984.

RICHARD LEIVENBERG is the West Coast editor for *Sportstyle* magazine. His articles on sports and social trends have appeared in *Business Week*, *Los Angeles Magazine*, *Sports Fitness* and *City Sports*. Richard's book on modeling will be released this fall.



JOHN REED FORSMAN

Women & Cocaine

One out of every 10 Americans has tried cocaine. Even more startling, the number of female coke addicts has doubled in the last two years.

by Vicki Greenleaf

COCAINE IS THE CHI-CHI drug of the '80s, the champagne of drugs available to the Yuppie crowd—those with the financial ability to buy the powerfully euphoric white powder at $100-plus a gram.

"Unfortunately, cocaine is held up as a Yuppie sign of success and power, like a Rolex watch or a Porsche," confirms Myra Byanka, program director of the Horizon Recovery Center in Dallas, Texas, who has worked in drug addiction for six years.

Consequently, cocaine—only recently recognized by many authorities as psychologically and physically addictive—has become a national problem of epidemic proportions. Experts who range from national newspaper reporters to hotline physicians estimate that a minimum of 22 million Americans (one out of every 10) have used cocaine at least once. As many as five to six million people are using it habitually. And with approximately 5,000 teenagers and adults introduced to cocaine each day, illegal importation of the drug has increased to 100 tons annually (some reports say it may be as high as 175 tons)—four times what it was in 1980. Since 1976, cocaine-related deaths and emergency room visits have increased by 200 percent and cocaine-related admissions to government treatment programs by 500 percent.

"I don't think there is a single profession, career or socioeconomic level not affected by the cocaine problem," says Dr. Arnold M. Washton, research director for the National Cocaine Hotline, based in New York City. Health workers have treated clergymen, doctors, lawyers, housewives, car salespeople, airline pilots, truckdrivers, carpenters, teachers and many other successful young professionals.

While cocaine has been recognized as a growing plague, it has also—until now—mistakenly been considered a male problem. But according to statistics, in the past two years the number of female addicts has grown dramatically from 25 percent to almost 50 percent of all cocaine abusers.

According to Dr. Washton, the Cocaine Hotline has fielded over 1½ million calls since the phoneline's inception two years ago. "Back in '83, less than one-third of all callers were women," he estimates. "Now half of them are women."

These changes could be attributable to the growing number of women joining the professional workforce, suffering more pressure, being exposed to more temptations and gaining the income to exploit those temptations.

"We're seeing more women get into cocaine because more women are becoming type-A personalities, says Myra Byanka. "Competitive women are living a pseudo-masculine existence. The way we're supposed to feel good about ourselves is to act like men. Consequently, we're developing drug dependencies and dying of heart attacks."

VICKI GREENLEAF is a Los Angeles-based writer whose features have appeared in *Playboy, US, Interview* and *The Record* magazines, as well as major newspapers throughout the country. Vicki is currently writing several scripts for television and film.

Touch Him

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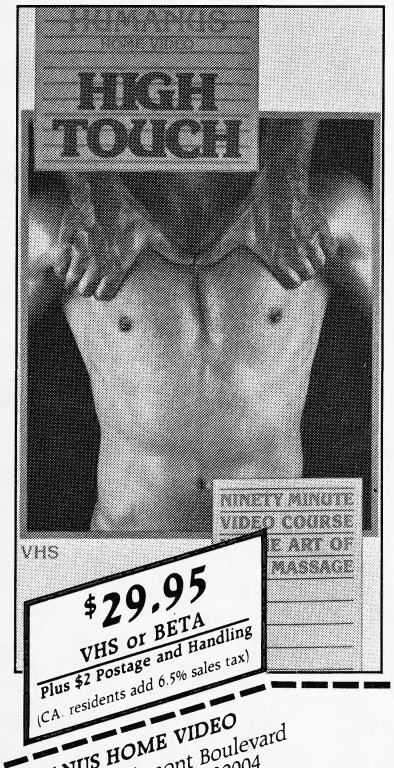

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"Women are quickly catching up to men in the use of cigarettes, alcohol and mind-altering drugs, particularly cocaine," Dr. Washton says. "Invariably, they are introduced to cocaine by men as a gift, just as they used to receive candy or flowers. It's becoming part of the courting ritual."

"Like alcohol, it starts with the man; then the man introduces it to the woman and she starts doing it on her own," adds Dr. William Rader, medical consultant to the nationally syndicated television talk show *Hour Magazine*, and founder of the Rader Institute, a national addiction and eating-disorder treatment program based in Los Angeles.

DANA, 24, IS A FINANCIAL LOAN analyst for a large national corporation in Los Angeles, who has been straight for two years. She was first introduced to cocaine by a high school boyfriend who had wealthy parents.

"I used drugs for 10 years, but coke is what brought me to my knees," recalls Dana, who was using as much as 2.5 to 3 grams a day. "Once I got addicted, I absolutely needed it to survive. I thought it made it easier to go to work, to talk to clients, to get through the day.

Invariably, women are introduced to cocaine by men as a gift, like candy or flowers.

"It's amazing I didn't lose my job. I began to use it heavily on almost a daily basis in the bathroom at work. I'd leave at lunch and drink just to take the edge off and then do coke all day long, sometimes leaving to get more or having my dealer deliver to the office. I would take two- or three-hour lunches to go to my dealer's house, and just snort my brains out.

"There were days that I couldn't make it to work. Sometimes I couldn't talk to clients on the phone because my voice was shaking so badly. Sometimes I couldn't even hold the phone. I would try to do things that didn't require speech, coordination or concentration, which was just about everything. I deal with a lot of cash and some very important clients. I made a lot of serious mistakes.

"It's funny," she says ironically, "I thought I had really 'arrived' when I was on my lunch hour one day and went to a paraphernalia store. I bought some of those little vials with the coke spoons attached and put them in my briefcase. I was in a business suit, in my car, sniffing while I was driving. I thought that's what being an executive was all about.

"I was forever broke because all my money went up my nose. I wasn't eating or sleeping regularly. I was irritable, had headaches, bleeding gums and I shook constantly. I lied all the time and would forget who I had lied to about what. At the end it became very sad, because in a moment of clarity I saw me from the outside and I had become everything I hated—I was a liar, a thief and an absolute slave to the freebase pipe and coke."

IN THE BEGINNING, SAY THE EXperts, cocaine produces a euphoria that makes a person feel more outgoing, confident and powerful. In addition, cocaine is looked upon as a sexual stimulant and is often taken initially in a social setting or as an aphrodisiac.

"Cocaine is a euphoria-producing drug that people often describe as similar to 100 orgasms," says Dr. Delores Morgan, director of addictionology services at Mt. Sinai Medical Center in Miami Beach, Florida. "Initially, it is a very sexually oriented drug. But as time goes on and people become more involved in cocaine, they forget the sex and get attached to the drug itself."

"The problem is," says Dr. Rader, "you're always searching back for the good feeling you had initially; then you've got to take more and more to avoid the withdrawal.

"Cocaine," he continues, "is a fabulous drug in a way the others aren't. It's a major social event. You pour alcohol, roll a joint, pop a pill, but doing cocaine is a very sexual, intimate ritual. You get into a very tight space, like a bathroom, and perform certain mechanics. It's real hip, it's bad, it's illegal and expensive, and you're sharing it. It's a very trusting thing."

Additionally, says Byanka, "Coke acts as a permitter. People find themselves in a state of consciousness that allows them to do sexual things they wouldn't normally do. Sadly, a lot of women ages 14 to 35 are prostituting themselves, trading off sexual favors for cocaine."

Dr. Rader agrees: "Cocaine is not a true aphrodisiac. However, it may allow you to participate in something you wouldn't normally do because of anxiety. It plays with what's going on in your mind. It can make you sexual, it can make you asexual, it can make you impotent or give you a sustained erection. Men and women are saying they do coke today because of the sexuality, but they're coke addicts and don't know it. They say the coke is a secondary thing. It's not. It's what both of them want. If they had to eliminate the coke or the sex, the sex would go in a second. It's just that it's socially acceptable to want to fuck your brains out—certainly more acceptable than being a drug addict or an alcoholic."

Admits Dana, "I didn't walk the streets or become a call girl, but there definitely were times I slept with men because I knew they would give me coke."

Another reason that statistics on female cocaine addicts have risen so steeply in recent years is that women are only now feeling comfortable about coming out of the closet.

"Undoubtedly, women have more difficulty in trying to find help," says Dr. Washton. "It's a greater social stigma for women to have a drug problem. Women are the societal gatekeepers, so to speak. They're supposed to be mothers. They represent what's supposed to be right and good."

"If a woman had a problem in the past, she

(Continued on page 37)

Power and *Brazil*; Gone With the Windham; *Mothers on Trial*; Travelin' Man

FILM

Once and Future Power Politics

Director Sidney Lumet's new movie, **Power**, hits on and magnifies a richly idiotic new development in the American political scene: candidates who are nobodies and nonentities (media-wise) until they are reinvented by shrewd managers with PR savvy and an eye for image. These are the new powerbrokers, Lumet and screenwriter David Himmelstein seem to say, glib manipulators who will stop at nothing to give the public what it wants—a violent scoop on the seven o'clock news; otherwise jazzy commercials that exploit every artifice and cheap effect to get across an ethically dubious message.

There's great material for sleazy satire here, and Lumet would seem to have the perfect chemistry in his leads—Richard Gere as a sleek and successful example of the new breed of kingmaker, and Julie Christie as his still-idealistic journalist ex-wife. Gere's Pete St. John was once a good liberal-reformist Democrat who believed in solar energy and other lofty causes, encouraged wife Christie's muckraking brand of investigative reporting and subscribed to the high-minded election-year managing exemplified by his boss and mentor, Wilfred Buckley (Gene Hackman).

But the siren call to power proved too strong. Now the newly cynical St. John has no wife—though he is serviced by a sleek, virtually wordless woman assistant played by Kate Capshaw—and no scruples. In their place he has a high-tech office and a high-tech plane to match, as he toots off to places like Arizona, Central America and Washington, D.C., as if he were doing errands in his own backyard.

If Lumet has a bit of a heavy hand with morality tales, he is nevertheless good at nosing out deceit and corruption in the corridors of power. His best movie, *Prince of the City*, captured the dilemmas of people caught between loyalties too complicated to divide neatly into pure good and evil. Even *Network*, which was a bit too humorlessly messianic in its indictment of the wicked media, fleshed out a group of quirky characters. The movers and shakers of *Power*, on the other hand, stage confrontations—and trysts—in ravishing settings, but without any real firepower. There is nothing in the Gere-Christie relationship to match *Network*'s Holden and Dunaway for repellent sexiness.

The cast, which also includes E.G. Marshall as a gentleman-of-the-old-school senator, and Beatrice Straight as his furtive wife, is as classy as they come; but Lumet never gets beneath the poses and attitudes into character. Unfortunately, Lumet himself is uncomfortable with the trashy fun of his material.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

Terry Gilliam's anti-Utopian future: a grande dame of Brazil demonstrates the latest advances in cosmetic surgery.

LORIMAR MOTION PICTURES

Perfect chemistry goes awry: Richard Gere and Julie Christie in Sidney Lumet's Power.

BRAZIL, TERRY GILLIAM'S wildly inventive futuristic black farce, was on its way to the commercial graveyard when the Los Angeles critics stepped in and rescued it by voting it the best film of 1985. The film that Universal had refused to release, and had taken away from its director on a technicality—it was 12 minutes longer than the contractually agreed-on length—was happily flushed out into the open.

Without knowing any more than what's been disclosed in numerous press reports, I'd call it a classic story: A movie mogul expecting a breakthrough grosser—Monty Python meets *Ghostbusters*—gets something more eccentric and truer to the sensibility that produced Gilliam's earlier cinematic outing, *Time Bandits*, the strange conceits of which had presumably charmed the mogul in the first place.

From a screenplay by Terry Gilliam, Charles McKeown and award-winning playwright Tom Stoppard, this visionary fantasy veers crazily, and deliberately, in tone from an Orwellian totalitarian nightmare that is part intentional (i.e., institutionalized) and part sheer English inefficiency, into ethereal escapism.

Gilliam's gloomy anti-Utopian urban metropolis is a minefield of interlocking ducts (patrolled by such menacing figures as Bob Hoskins as a representative of the state, and Robert De Niro as a subversive free-lancer), real explosives and British campsites—gatherings of rubber-faced grande dames, whose only excuse for existence is to demonstrate the latest advances in the art of cosmetic surgery.

But the movie's most memorable and compelling moments are the lyrical interludes in which the Everyman hero (Jonathan Pryce) soars with the wings of an avenging angel against paradisal blue skies to the rhythms of the rumba "Brazil" made popular by Xavier Cugat in the '30s.

With him on these transcendent, lyrical flights as they become a more and more powerful avenue of escape is a beautiful woman who is both of this world and not of it. As played by Kim Greist, a lovely new American off-Broadway actress, she has a quality that is both intensely real and surprisingly romantic, and she strikes chords of hope even when everything else in this exhausting and brilliant film spells doom and disaster.

—Molly Haskell

FILM BRIEFS

★★★★Don't Miss It ★★★Good ★★Has Its Moments ★Dud

AFTER HOURS One man's "terrible, terrible" night on the town in fashionable Soho. With Griffin Dunne the luckless charmer. Score another one for director Martin Scorsese.★★★

BLACK MOON RISING Stylish B-movie thriller with Tommy Lee Jones and Linda Hamilton as incorrigible car thieves, co-written by John (*Halloween*) Carpenter.★★½

FOOL FOR LOVE Quirky Sam Shepard directed by just-as-quirky Robert (*Nashville*) Altman—watch out! Though Shepard's play does not "open up" well as a movie, a humdinger cast (Shepard as his own lead, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid and Harry Dean Stanton) lights some sexual fireworks.★★½

HEAD OFFICE Wacky corporate dementia, with underlying thoughtful premise. Judge Reinhold (*Beverly Hills Cop*) heads a dream cast of comic characters.★★½

MURPHY'S ROMANCE Old-fashioned, small-town, May-to-December romance pairing Sally Field and James Garner, with newcomer Brian Kerwin a standout as Field's incorrigible ex. Directed by veteran Martin (*Norma Rae*) Ritt.★★½

OUT OF AFRICA Memorable true-lifer set in Kenya, with Meryl Streep exquisite as novelist Karen Blixen, a.k.a. Isak Dinesen, hopelessly in love with Robert Redford. Directed by Sydney (*Tootsie*) Pollack.★★★

RAN Japanese *King Lear*, about a cruel feudal lord driven mad by his sons. The crowning achievement of a 75-year-old master, director Akira (*The Seven Samurai*) Kurosawa.★★★★

RUNAWAY TRAIN Kurosawa again—he wrote the story for this one, long ago. Russian emigré Andrei Konchalevsky directed it. Jon Voight, Eric Roberts and Rececca De Mornay ham it up—so does the train.★★½

SHOAH A marathon experience—9½ hours—comprising interviews with Holocaust survivors and perpetrators. Director Claude Lanzmann's documentary has been justly hailed as a seminal film.★★★★

THE OFFICIAL STORY Superior and heartrending film about an Argentine mother who suspects her adopted daughter of having been stolen from a political prison. Norma Aleandro is electrifying in the central role.★★★½

VIDEO

Four Seasons of Soothing 'Image Music'

Windham Hill mood recordings have their nasty detractors. The naysayers describe the peaceful, evocative Windham Hill catalog as little more than New Age elevator Muzak, each artist, each tune, indistinguishable from the next. But these may be the same sort of critics who feel that Monet painted too many water lillies. Perhaps they miss the nuances.

In any case, Windham Hill is here to stay. Since 1976, the small northern California recording company has carved out an impressive niche in the listening market, partly through alternative bookstores and counterculture watering holes. This lovely neojazz, neoclassical music—critics have a hard time defining Windham Hill—not only pleases people eating tofu, but is the Yuppie background of choice for birthings and sex.

Though on occasion I like my Hüsker Dü turned up noisy, elsetimes I like to have my nerves soothed and petted. Which is why I'm happy to report there are now Windham Hill videos—four, and more in the offing. These put images to the music of a roster that will never encroach on AM radio—Will Ackerman, Shadowfax, Mark Isham, Michael Hedges, Michael O Domhnaill and others. This is mournful, piping, Celtic music; piano reflections, sensitive guitar noodling; searching strings—music that is simultaneously nourishing and haunting, a little as if jazz improviser Keith Jarrett had scored a Werner Herzog film.

The hour-long Windham Hill videos are nothing like a Herzog film, however; they're more like the wordless, feature-length movie *Koyaanisqatsi* of a few seasons back. (No, I can't pronounce it either.) The Windham Hill people are calling them "image music," a new video art form, meaning the listener-viewer is exposed to scenic image-cycles set to extended Windham Hill music pieces. There is no dialogue, plot or characters, no nothing—just beautiful vistas and accompanying music. Cascading waterfalls, cloud formations, blossoms that look good enough to eat—nature's panorama. The photography is exquisite, the locations magnificent; production is credited to one Dann Moss.

Which of the four you prefer may depend on your favorite turn of the calendar, or region of the country. **Water's Path** follows a spring thunderstorm in the High Sierras on its trickle-down path to the Pacific coastline. **Western Light**, by contrast, is almost a peyote experience, as a tilting camera explores the arid and eerie vastness of the Grand Canyon, Monument Valley and other desert hot spots.

Autumn Portrait is an invitation to southern Vermont in rural New England, as the season's fall colors ripen and fade. Water seems to be the operative Windham Hill

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metaphor. **Winter** is the only video in the new package to feature an original composition, by Mark Isham, who also contributed the transitional music. It is my favorite for its footage of a harsh winter in the inaccessible Rocky Mountains—piled-high drifts, fierce blasts of cold and a man-made steam locomotive chugging across the loneliness. Of course, this might be pretty amusing to watch in, say, Florida.

In Japan, where these were first introduced, the Windham Hill videos have already proven amazingly popular, a reminder that we are not the only rat-race society desperate for some meditative relief. The Windham Hill videos are definitely an acquired taste and may take longer to catch on in the United States. These are not exactly right for sitting around, watching and gobbling popcorn. But other activities do spring to mind.

—Bette Noire

VIDEO BRIEFS

Stand by Me: A Portrait of Julian Lennon (MCA)—Everything you could hope for from a video about John Lennon's eldest son: solid concert material, soul-searching interviews, historical clips. All that is missing is the mature career worthy of such in-depth treatment. But time will tell.

The James Dean Story (Pacific Arts)—Unavailable for 25 years, this has sneaked onto the market without fanfare. A documentary about James Dean rushed into completion after his fiery death, it was written by Stewart (*Rebel Without a Cause*) Stern, a close friend, and directed by Robert Altman in his salad days. It features rare Dean poetry, artwork and tape recordings, screen-test segments and interviews with surviving relatives.

Return to Oz (Disney)—Lavish, revisionist, downbeat sequel to *The Wizard of Oz* from the Disney and Lucas people working in tandem. Either one of the *worst* movies of '85 (Siskel-Ebert) or one of the *best* (the *Miami Herald*, among others). Kids love it, but what do they have to compare it to?

The Best of Elvis Costello and the Attractions (CBS/Fox)—Rock's sexiest nerd made videos in the Stone Age—way back before 1980—and they were quaint, sincere, intense and occasionally imaginative; sometimes Beatlesque in their humor, other times they were Brechtian in their aim—one ballad here is filmed entirely in a single close-up. Unfortunately, Elvis is one of the powerhouse "live" acts and all of these videos are lip-sync; none are concert versions. But Elvis always packs a lot into a tune and a lot of songs into an album; there are 22 of them in this video.

British Rock: The First Wave (RCA/Columbia)—This one has to be counted as a major disappointment. There is some terrific footage of classic '60s rock groups, the so-called British invasion—especially the Rolling Stones and the Animals—but not enough of it, and scant coverage of the peripheral groups like the Zombies, the Spencer Davis Group, the Yardbirds, etc. Michael York's narration is amazingly irrelevant. There's more than enough room here for a Vol. II.

BOOKS

Phyllis Chesler: The Quicksands of Motherhood

Phyllis Chesler is a psychologist not afraid of large projects and major problems. She is already the author of three comprehensively researched books about the vexed state of womanhood: *Women and Madness; Women, Money and Power* (written with Emily J. Goodman); and *About Men*, which is not quite what it claims so much as an attempt to illumine the difficulties of being a woman. Now comes a book, bulging with verification and scholarly process—**Mothers on Trial: The Battle for Children and Custody** (McGraw-Hill, $22.95).

The crisis that prompts the book, according to Dr. Chesler, is the fact that, in the last 10 years, two million American fathers "obtained custody of their children by kidnapping them. An additional one million fathers obtained sole custody of their children judicially, in courtrooms." In isolation, these figures are startling, especially if you take it for granted that in divorce proceedings the courts tend to suppose the mother is the fittest and most natural protector-nurturer of the children in a union. But Phyllis Chesler is more alarmed still, for she sees the latest figures as just the tip of a cultural iceberg in which paternal rights are so unduly favored that they become a pressure in any marriage. In other words, fathers are hinting, do it my way or we'll end up in court, where the odds are on my side.

There's no question about Dr. Chesler's concern for those mothers who have lost their children. Many of them speak in this book, and we see clearly how far they are victimized—not just by being in prison, by being drug addicts or because they have abused their children physically (all apparently sound reasons for such a judgment), but because they have no job, or too little income from their work, or because their job is too good and too lucrative, so that it keeps them out of the home and in the high-flying mode of "career." The real point of the evidence is to describe a situation in which women cannot win. Nothing is more powerful in this study than the revelation that child-abusing or in-jail fathers are more tenderly treated by the courts than mothers in the same situations.

The apparent focusing on custody proceedings is really Dr. Chesler's way of opening up the subject—What is a father? What is a mother? And why are there differences? As Kate Millet says in a promotional quote: "This is an extremely subversive book. It dares to examine the issue of child custody as one of power and sexual politics within a patriarchal society. It should and will enrage, entice, incite and liberate."

I don't doubt that potential: This is a book full of anger, capable of provoking domestic fury. But the anger is often masked—not just by the suggestion that the book is only a study of custody disputes, rather than a polemic on parental roles; but by the ill-judged length and complexity it has chosen over a more modest, pungent essay on the quicksands of motherhood.

As if insecure about her main point, the author has gone into the history of wronged mothers in many other countries as well. With over 150 pages of notes, she shows herself unable to digest her own material, yet reluctant to trust the reader. The text itself is an obstacle course of subheading, different type faces, extracts, quotations, summaries, footnotes, etc. It is a mess, wearying to read and only drawing attention to an odd mixture of vehemence and vagueness in Phyllis Chesler's writing.

I have to list these faults because they take away from a very important book that would have been better served with fewer test cases and greater simplicity in its structure. For the case is as blunt as it is disturbing: that, despite every boast of enlightenment, this society is weighed against motherhood in every way except sentimental mythologizing. A better book waits to be written, but it will owe a lot to Phyllis Chesler's opening up of the subject. It

Mothers on Trial: *Phyllis Chesler*

JERRY BAUER

might begin with words from Simone de Beauvoir, offered by Dr. Chesler but never lived up to: "While maternal devotion may be perfectly genuine, this, in fact, is rarely the case. Maternity is usually a strange mixture of narcissism, altruism, idle daydreaming, sincerity, bad faith, devotion and cynicism. The danger which threatens the infant in our culture [is that its] mother is almost always a discontented woman."

—David Thomson

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Disney's World: A Biography, Leonard Mosley (Stein and Day, $18.95)—Walt Disney was the George Lucas of another era. His Mickey Mouse, full-length cartoon fantasies, daytime and nighttime TV shows, Disneyland and aggressive marketing made him Uncle Walt to an entire generation. Mosley goes behind the avuncular image to give us a Disney who was an anti-Semite, a union-buster and a man ungenerous with his collaborators. An unflattering portrait of a genius who remains as fascinating and immediate as he was in his lifetime.

Greed and Glory on Wall Street: The Fall of the House of Lehman, Ken Auletta (Random House, $19.95)—If you loved *Iacocca* you'll hate Auletta—or maybe you're interested in an alternative view of American business practices. A clash between two rivals in the same firm rocks Wall St. and reshapes a corporate dynasty. Written by one of America's best reporters, the book is perfect as a primer on office warfare for the businessminded Yuppie; or it would be compelling as a nighttime serial.

Famous in America: The Passion to Succeed, Peter N. Carroll (Dutton; $17.95)—A vivid picture of America in the last 40 years seen through four lives—Jane Fonda, George Wallace, Phyllis Schlafly and John Glenn. Peter Carrbll is a contemporary historian who writes and researches well. He has managed to depict an America in which the enduring realities are the ever-present media, the idea of success and human pain and suffering as it is squeezed between the first two.

SUSAN RIOTCHILD/CAPITOL RECORDS

Forever young: Rick Nelson in his 40s.

MUSIC

Rick Nelson: Just Like in Real Life

The most surprising thing about Rick Nelson was that he always seemed so normal. Here was a guy who grew up on TV, and whose casual charisma and Elvis-style looks helped him become one of the most popular performers in rock 'n' roll history. His response was to get married, raise a family and play touch football on weekends.

The other surprising thing about Rick Nelson was that his initial success was no fluke. He was a deceptively expressive singer with a genuine feel for rockabilly rhythms and tasteful ballads. Though almost all of his hits predate the Beatles, he toured and recorded through the following decades. When he died recently in a plane crash, he was on his way to a concert.

No one whose own memory predates the Beatles needs any introduction to Ricky Nelson or his family. He and his brother, David, grew up before America's eyes on TV's *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, a "real life" situation comedy where everyone played themselves, and, just like in real life, almost nothing ever happened. Such a format seems inconceivable today alongside juggernauts like *Miami Vice*, but the Nelsons were a likable and easygoing brood, the kind of neighbors you'd invite over for a barbecue. Ozzie Nelson had once been a bandleader, and since he'd married his singer it made sense that Ricky should evince a natural musical talent, even that he should sing on the show. What no one realized until that point was the awesome power of television to fuel incipient pop stardom.

The day following his first TV performance Ricky sold 10,000 records. He then went on to string rockabilly-tinged hits like "Hello Mary Lou," "Believe What You Say" and "It's Late" with softer, more frankly-oriented teen ballads like "Young World," "Young Emotions" and "Teenage Idol." (An excellent compilation titled **Rick Nelson's Greatest Hits** is available from Rhino Records in Los Angeles.) By the time Ozzie and Harriet's adventures faded into syndication, Ricky had sold several million singles, and could have retired on his royalties.

He kept playing, though, and 10 years later had a comeback with "Garden Party," a gentle admonishment to critics and audiences who'd written him off as an "oldies" anachronism. A 1981 LP titled *Playing To Win* (Capitol)—he was "Rick" by then—featured fine renditions of songs by contemporary composers like Graham Parker, John Hiatt and John Fogerty. The album's back-cover photograph also suggested that Nelson's looks, like his music, were destined to remain forever young.

Because he enjoyed his greatest impact during the era of the "Bobbys" (Bobby Vee, Bobby Rydell, Bobby Vinton, and other nauseating hacks like Pat Boone), Nelson is still frequently dismissed as a lightweight crooner, or worse. He was in fact a smooth but steady rocker whose inspirations included Elvis, and Johnny and Dorsey Burnette. His guitarist, James Burton, had played with Elvis; George Harrison, among others, developed his own guitar style by listening to Burton's licks on Ricky Nelson records. When Harrison moved to L.A. in the '70s, he and Rick became neighbors and friends.

From outward appearances Rick Nelson led the perfect life—but of course no one does. Many were shocked at allegations that the plane explosion that killed him may have been linked to free-basing cocaine. I happened to interview Rick around the time of his 1981 divorce, and while he must have been experiencing considerable emotional turmoil (he'd been married 18 years), his manner remained unfailingly gracious and self-effacing. In many ways he was always "Ricky," a shy and friendly star who spoke with a stutter and still got a kick out of playing county fairs. Perhaps his true feelings verged closer to the words he sang in "Teenage Idol":

"I get no rest when I'm feeling weary
I've got to pack my bags and go
I've got to be somewhere tomorrow
To smile, and do my show—"

—Mark Rowland

MUSIC BRIEFS

King of America, Elvis Costello (Columbia)—Contemporary pop's sophisticated composer regains his throne with vignettes of sweet 'n' sour romance.

Pack Up the Plantation: Live!, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (MCA)—Petty's voice is too close to a whine for my taste, and so are his songs. But his band rocks 'n' rolls harder than any other this side of the Stones. So, hey, pass me a light—a Bud Light.

So Red the Rose, Arcadia (Capitol)—Beautiful, shimmering and utterly pointless, suggesting Bryan Ferry with a lobotomy.

Rock a Little, Stevie Nicks (Modern)—No, not even a little.

COCAINE *(Continued from page 32)*

was hidden away someplace and you didn't talk about it. She ended up being treated for everything—nerves, whatever—except alcoholism," Miller says. "It's the same thing with drugs, but I think the stigma of being a bad girl or a horrible woman or a negligent mother is being removed. Because of education, people know it's a disease, not a weakness."

Some disagree, however. "No matter what they portray on *Cagney and Lacey*," laments Byanka, "there is still relatively little support in terms of self-esteem for women. They have to live with the day-to-day prejudices. Men are still embarrassed by their wives and that's the real heart of the problem. A man will just divorce a woman [with an addiction problem]. Why do you think Al-Anon [an anonymous support group for the families of addicts] is full of women? Because it stands by its members."

ALEXANDRA, 35, SELLS CARS FOR A living in Miami, Florida. Her husband, 43, is in the same line of work. Alexandra considers herself lucky. Despite her drug addiction, her husband, who neither smokes, drinks nor does drugs, stood by her side and was instrumental in helping her find help to end her addiction. Though her addiction was at a height of 2 grams a day during her two pregnancies, her children were born without apparent defects.

"I would get up in the night and go out riding around visiting friends, getting stoned, and sneak home at 4 A.M.," recalls Alexandra, who has been straight for 1½ years now. "I'd climb back into my nightgown in the linen closet, so my husband wouldn't know. One time he woke up and I jumped back into bed with my clothes and shoes on.

"I was coasting at work. I knew the job and I was on automatic pilot. But I got to a point where I couldn't remember what I had said from one moment to the next. A customer would call me and say, 'I'll pick up the car tonight.' I'd say, 'Fine. I'll get it ready,' hang up, forget which car I was getting and have to call back.

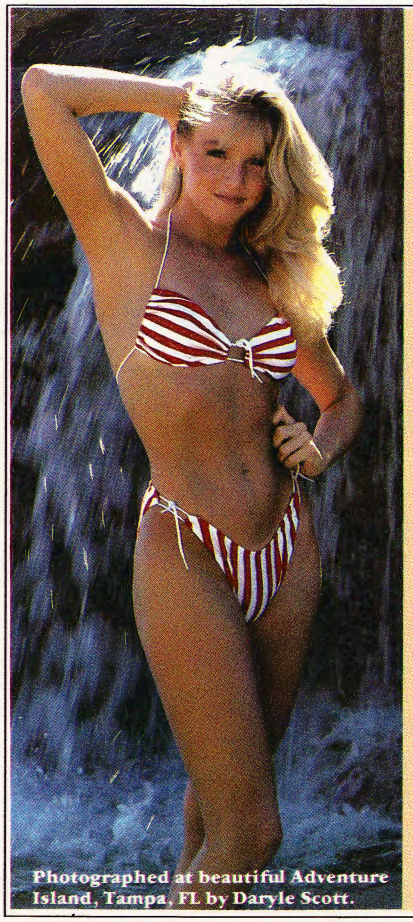
"I was also an alcoholic. During my pregnancies, I didn't drink and smoke, but I did cocaine and I smoked some marijuana. I was stoned every day.

"I was very fearful. I had 100 Demerol pills that I kept locked in my safety-deposit box to try and keep them away from me. But every morning at 9 A.M. when the bank opened, I would be there to make my withdrawal.

"I felt badly that I was so paralyzed [as a mother]. My little girl would ask me a question three or four times and finally she'd have to scream at me to get an answer. She started taking care of me at the age of 2. I would forget my sunglasses and my purse. She would then scan the area and carry my things to me.

"My husband told me to quit snorting or move out and I very happily moved out. I decided it was too much trouble to raise the kids, run the house and take care of my hus-

(Continued on page 44)



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PLAYGIRL'S

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In April our Celebrity Sleuth feature got off to a rousing start with the uncovering of Arnold "the Austrian Oak" Schwarzenegger. This month, for your nostalgic pleasure, we present a quintet of filmdom's finest. Together they represent an honor roll of the movies' leading lovers, spanning six decades of screen virility. Take, for openers, Rudolph Valentino (née Rodolfo Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla). Before him, the sexiest male in cinema just may have been Rin Tin Tin—after all, he was sleek, adventuresome and admired by everyone. But once women got an eyeful of lusty Rudy vanquishing Agnes Ayres out on that lonely desert, a peerless love god was born. The year was 1921, the film was called *The Sheik*. Valentino, then and now, personified smoldering sensuality in its rawest form. Speaking of raw, how about the two-pectoral appeal of other idols like Errol Flynn and Victor Mature? Or Rudolph Nureyev and Yul Brynner? They've been bedded down in women's fantasies for years now. And, as is obvious from these pages, their filmic eroticism was only an extension of their potent offscreen lives.

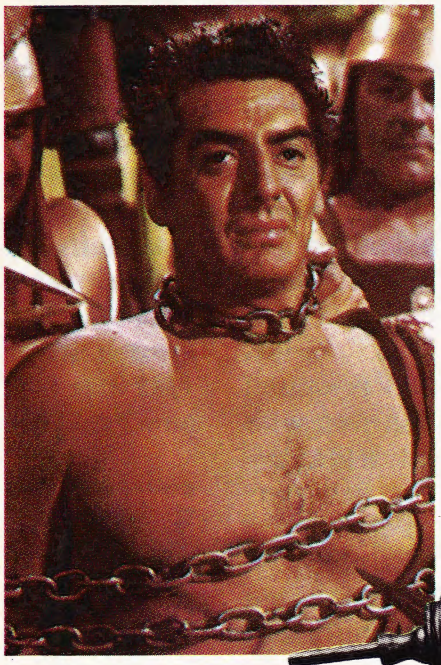
RUDOLPH VALENTINO

"Like catnip to women" is how writer H.L. Mencken termed Rudolph Valentino's appeal. No small wonder—the Latin Lover's screen credits included sizzlers like *My Official Wife*, *The Delicious Little Devil* and *The Married Virgin*. Off the celluloid, Rudy had a passion for exotic ladies (he was charged with bigamy in 1922), dogs and expensive cars. He also exhibited a taste for costly clothing and slave bracelets. Valentino died in 1926 at the age of 31, at the pinnacle of his fame. Several women actually committed suicide, hoping to join him in the Great Beyond.

RUDOLPH NUREYEV

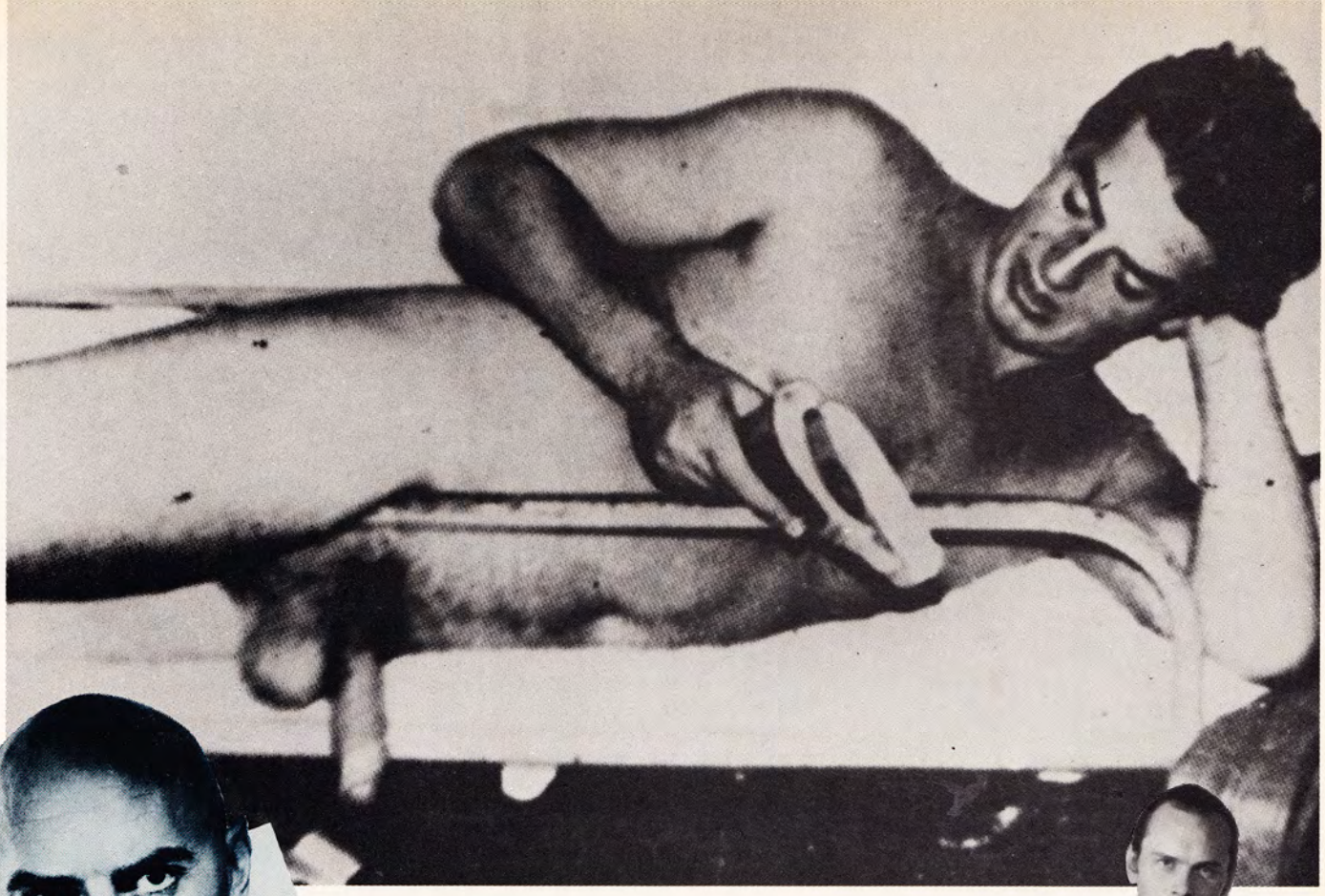
Fittingly, a movie was made on the life and loves of Rudolph Valentino. When, in 1977, director Ken Russell sought an actor to embody the man who made "the sheik" part of the American lexicon, he had definite ideas. Russell found his Rudy in Rudolph Nureyev, a Siberian ballet dancer who had made international headlines in 1961. That year he sought political asylum in Paris, and since then has dazzled the world with his impassioned interpretations of film and dance.

VICTOR MATURE

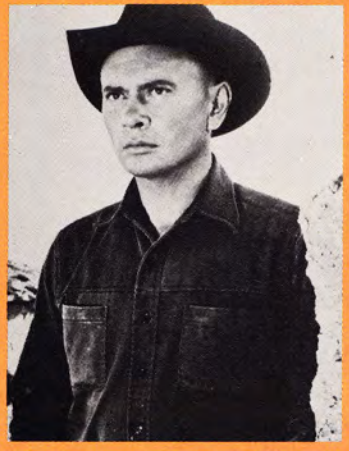


'I knew I had a good build and I knew how to make it pay off for me.'

Usually Victor Mature's image is of a brawny-bodied lunkhead, but in fact on and off the screen he demonstrated style and good humor. Born in Kentucky in 1916, the son of an immigrant scissors-grinder, Mature learned early the virtues of being on the cutting edge. He had a potent physique and knew it, and wasn't ashamed to bare his wares in Biblical potboilers like *The Robe* and *Androcles and the Lion*. Victor's most famous role, that of the hirsute hero in *Samson and Delilah*, inspired Groucho Marx to crack, "I never see movies where the man's tits are bigger than the woman's." The catcalls never fazed Mature, who shrugged, "I knew I had a good build and I knew how to make it pay off for me." His three wives and countless girlfriends no doubt would agree.



YUL BRYNNER



In these days of the perfectly coiffed superstar, when a hairstylist is second in importance only to a publicist, it's comforting to know Yul Brynner once lived. Even with an egg-bald head and distinctly ethnic looks, Brynner's appeal crossed all cultures. Why else would prim Deborah Kerr nearly capitulate to him, as a Siamese monarch, in *The King and I*? Yul won an Oscar for his performance in the 1956 film, then returned frequently to the role in stage revivals that lasted until his death last year. The shots here show him in his pre-royalty period, when he posed simply "to make money. To eat."

ERROL FLYNN

Plenty of outrageous things have been written about Errol Flynn; most probably contain at least a grain of truth. According to film historian David Shipman, "Errol Flynn's notoriety considerably outstripped his fame, and his fame way outstripped his talent." But what else could you expect from a man who once said, "I enter a whorehouse with the same interest as I do the British Museum or the Metropolitan. . . ."? On the thespian front Flynn is best known for swashbuckling good-time films like *Captain Blood* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

Off the set, Errol was no less flamboyant. His liaisons with women are the stuff of legends, while his celebrated rape trial in 1942-43 wiped World War II clean off the front page. Flynn was acquitted by a mostly (9 out of 12) female jury, giving birth to the phrase of praise, "In like Flynn." ■

'I enter a whorehouse with the same interest as I do the British Museum or the Metropolitan.'

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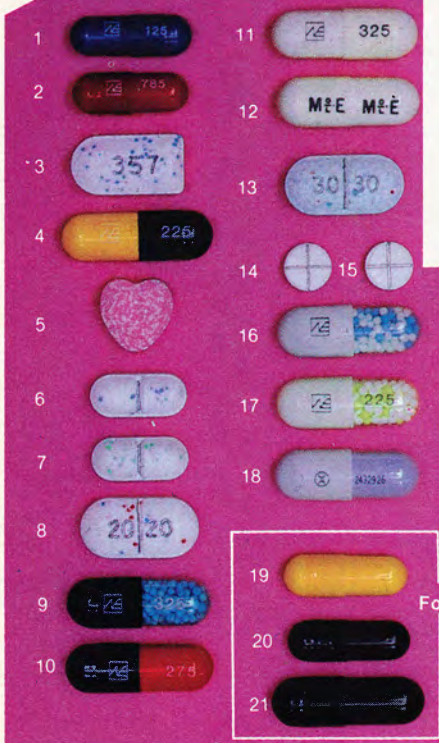

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COCAINE *(Continued from page 37)*

band when it was so much easier to snort cocaine to oblivion.

"One day my husband called at work to say he had an appointment with a doctor and would I like to go with him. I went because I was so skinny. I could see that I was just going to keep on snorting and losing weight until I died. I thought I'd go in, fatten up for 28 days and get all strong and full of vitamins so I could go back out and continue. I had no intention of sobering up.

"I'm very lucky, but it will take a long time to get my thinking normalized. It takes about a year for the drugs to be filtered out of your body and four more years for a person's thinking to return to normal."

DR. RADER, A PIONEER IN THE RE-search and treatment of anorexia and bulimia, says extreme weight loss is often a welcomed side effect of cocaine and provides enough positive reinforcement for many women to deny their addiction.

"The bottom line is that this is a thin-is-beautiful society. But the images the media portrays are crazy in my opinion. The person you think you should be is a freak. Weight loss is not why most women initially take cocaine, but they find it's a side effect and get caught in a trap. As with any other addiction, the person who is hooked desperately searches for some kind of rationalization, for some kind of denial, and this excuse presents itself right up front."

"We frequently see the dual problem of cocaine and bulimia," Dr. Washton concurs. "Cocaine gives you that euphoria and suppresses your appetite. In the beginning it seems like the magic cure."

Terri, 30, has worked as a counselor in Dr. Rader's program in San Diego, and is currently the institute's director of marketing. She is a former alcoholic/cocaine addict who has been sober and straight for four years.

"I got involved in cocaine as a recovering anorexic," Terri says. "I had gained weight for the first time in college. I went on a crash diet and lost an incredible amount of weight. I became anorexic, not knowing what it was at the time. I later became bulimic.

"I was executive manager of a large retail store. I was 22 and making $30,000 a year. I began with over-the-counter diet pills, which led to speed and finally to cocaine. I never drank or used drugs at all prior to that. People constantly told me how good I looked. Even when I got too thin, no one ever confronted me.

"I isolated myself in my condo. I would take cocaine in the morning and then drink alcohol to try and calm down. I had to be careful not to drink too much or I'd black out and then eat everything in the house. I wouldn't go anywhere without cocaine. I never experienced the euphoric feeling, just the knowledge that I could control my appetite. Finally, I quit my job by phone. I was using 1½ grams a day. I sold property for a while and used my savings and the pension I received when I left my job. In the end, my

(Continued on page 50)

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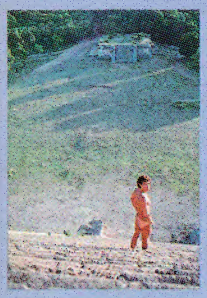
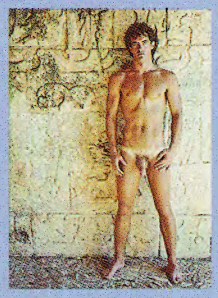
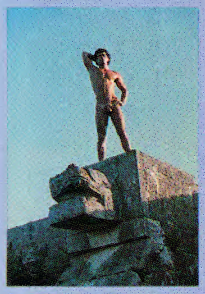


The structure in the top photo is El Castillo—the castle—the largest and most important structure in Chichen Itza. It stands 78 feet high, with 91 steps running up each of the four sides. Although El Castillo's exact purpose is unknown, speculation is that Mayan priests may have worshipped here.

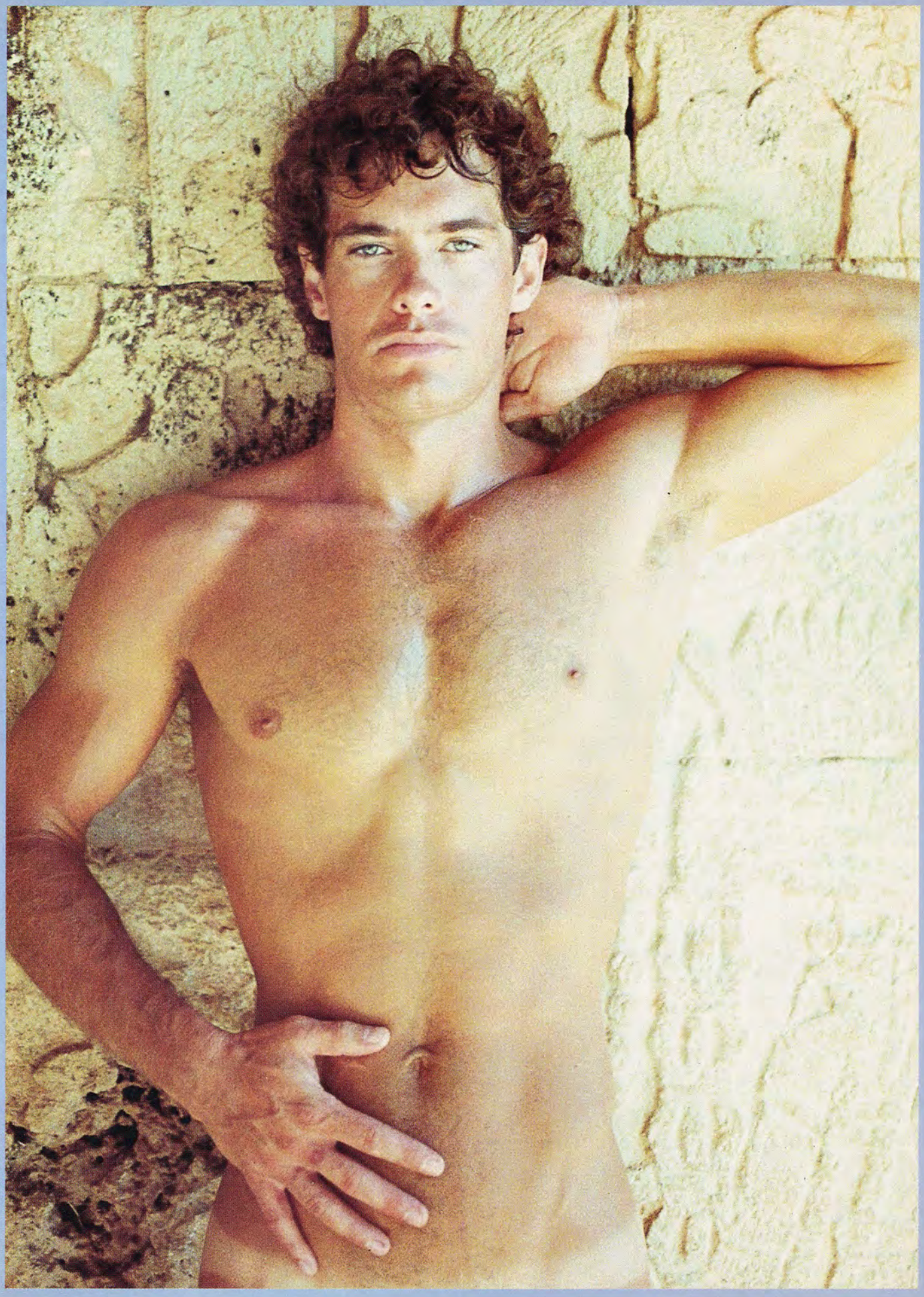
Exactly one year ago renowned Denver photographer Dean Masterson and model Gary Stevens went back in time. They traveled to southern Mexico, down to the exotic Yucatan Peninsula. Their destination: Chichen Itza, the country's most extensive national park and site of spectacular Mayan ruins. Masterson had been granted one morning's exclusive run among the remnants of this ancient civilization. It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and he knew exactly what to do. Says the lensman, "I'd always wanted to photograph the pyramids there because they're imbued with a special kind of history. After all, the Maya as a people are extinct. They disappeared around 900 A.D., and no one knows why. By today's standards the Maya seem otherworldly, like something out of *Chariots of the Gods*. Priests who believed in human sacrifice ruled over them, but they

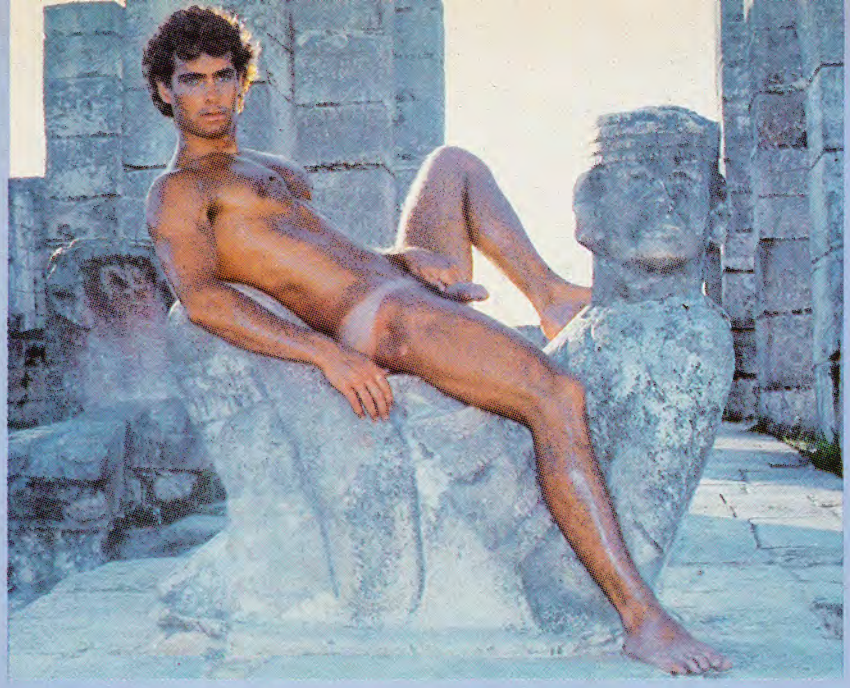


PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEAN MASTERSON



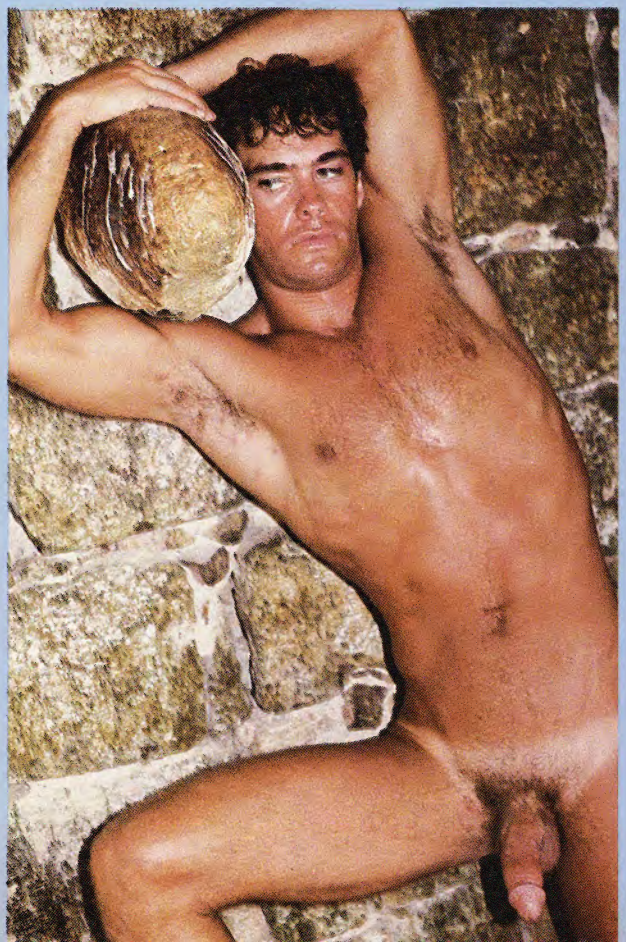
(Above) Like a Mayan warrior of old, 32-year-old Gary Stevens stands atop the Platform of Venus, a ceremonial deck dedicated to the warriors of that ancient civilization. (Left) Gary takes hold of a column from the Temple of the Warriors. The columns surrounding this pyramid alone number 1,000.





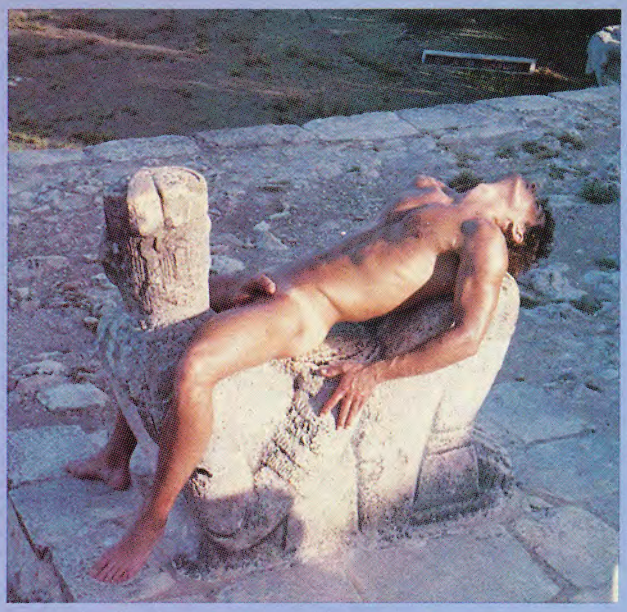
were an incredibly scientific and artistic people too. Their architectural achievements stand as monuments of matchless design and ingenuity. You can sense the power and glory of an entire race in those edifices. We were only allowed in Chichen Itza for two hours, from 6 A.M. to 8 A.M., before the park opened to regular tourists. The photographic opportunities were mind-boggling. Structures had names like El Castillo—the castle

(Above) It's not the Garden of Eden—but close. Gary pauses amid the emerald foliage of the Mexican Yucatan.



(Left) The Maya of Mexico are famous for being celebrators of fertility. Says photographer Dean Masterson, "Phallus symbols are noticeable all around Chichen Itza. Here Gary rests against one of the walls in the Temple of the Phallus. How do you like his stone pillow?"

—and Temple of the Warriors. Setting up shots on that humid, still morning was almost eerie. Our imaginations went crazy just thinking what it must have been like when the Mayan civilization was at its peak. I tried to capture some of the spirit and romanticism of the era in these shots of Gary—who incidentally had to fend off everything from mosquitos to snakes for this project. Let me know what you think." ■



The statue on which Gary is reclining in the photos at the top of these pages is called Chac Mool. It is here on this famous altar that thousands of enemy warriors lost their lives. Mayan priests would literally rip out the hearts of the soldiers and offer them up to the gods.

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COCAINE *(Continued from page 44)*

brother intervened and had me hospitalized before it was too late."

SINCE MANY ADDICT-ALCOHOLICS are in executive positions, companies have recently begun to combat the cocaine problem to save their businesses, as well as the lives of employees. Susan Thompson is a supervisor in a company that sets up employee-assistance programs (E.A.P.) in large corporations and small companies to reach workers with dependency problems.

Detection of cocaine abuse is often more difficult to discern, Thompson explains. "You can do cocaine at work and nobody is going to know. They're not going to see track marks or smell it on your breath. But where it may take an alcoholic 25 years to destroy everything—family, job and credit—it can happen in as quickly as 90 days with cocaine."

While E.A.P. programs have helped many people who may not have otherwise received help, Thompson says, "I think women have a harder time coming for help. There's still a strong stigma attached. If they come forward and say, 'I'm not getting along in my marriage' or 'I'm having financial problems,' then it's easy for a trained professional to flesh out what's really going on. But a lot more women are coming for help with chemical dependency problems."

Eileen, 23, is an ink technician in a large printing house in Santa Monica, California. She has been straight and sober for almost two years. At the height of her habit, she was doing 3½ grams a day. She found help through an E.A.P. program.

"I had experimented with all kinds of drugs and drinking since high school," she says matter-of-factly. "Eventually, there was cocaine. I got caught up in it and there was no stopping me. By the time I was 21, I'd had three nervous breakdowns. Before becoming sober, I was constantly in the hospital or at the doctor's. I was blowing my stomach out. I saw four or five doctors, but because I was female, young and made all this money, nobody bothered to ask me if I was on drugs.

"They thought I had cancer, but I had the disease of addiction. During one of my breakdowns, I tried to kill my little sister. We had an argument and I went into the kitchen and got a knife. I don't know if I would have cut her throat, but I got lost in the house and finally snapped to. I thought, 'There's something wrong here.' The last nervous breakdown I had, I knew I was dying. When I was hospitalized, my intestines were eight times their normal size.

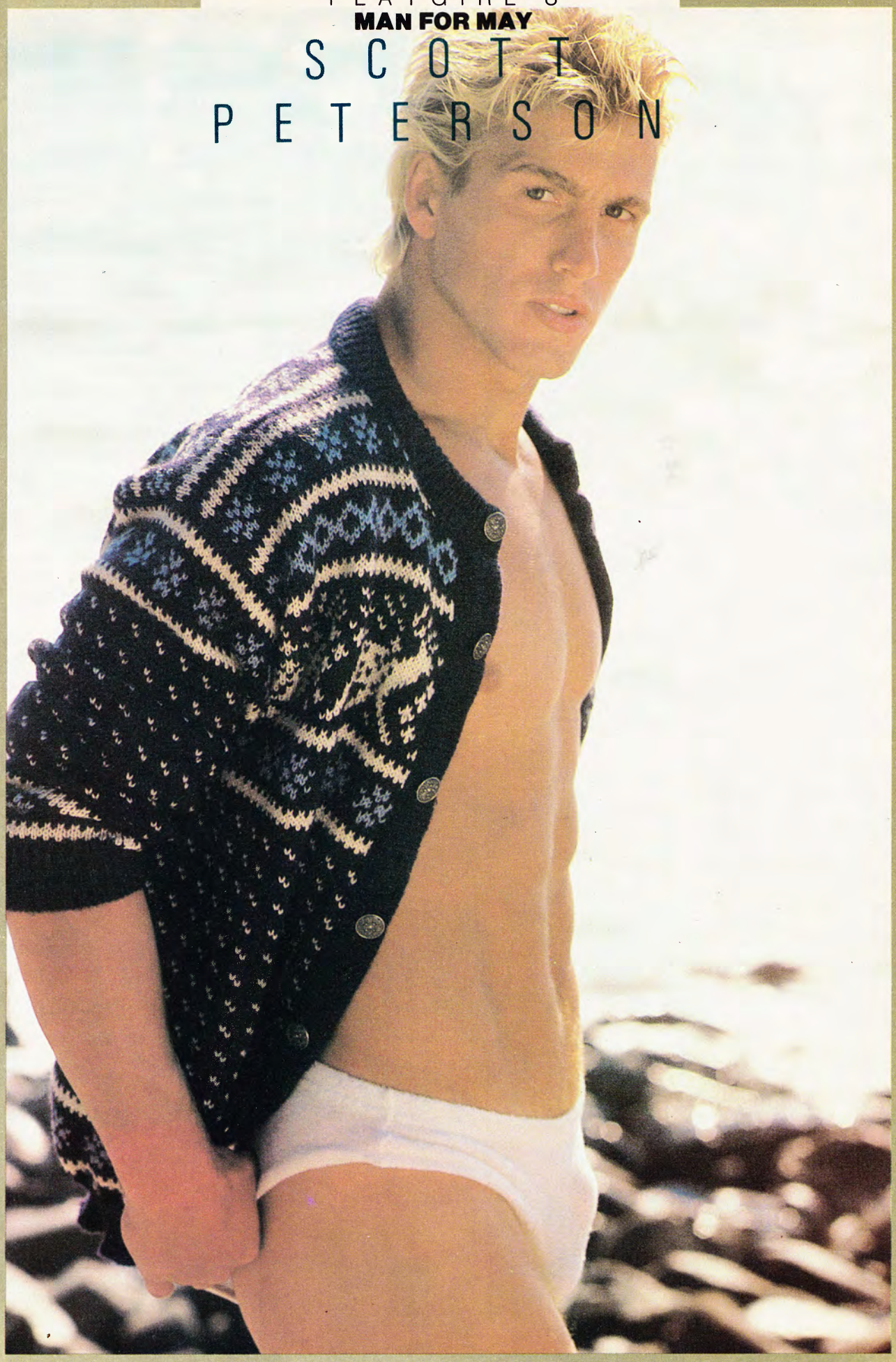
"I never lost my job. I was working 12-hour days, 13 days in a row. The only way you can do that is on drugs. In the printing business, you put in a lot of hours and a lot of people are into drugs. I had a lot of connections. I was working and then doing cocaine. I would go anywhere, hundreds of miles, to get cocaine. You manipulate and connive, even steal, to get your drugs, and there were plenty of times that I begged."

(Continued on page 60)

PLAYGIRL'S

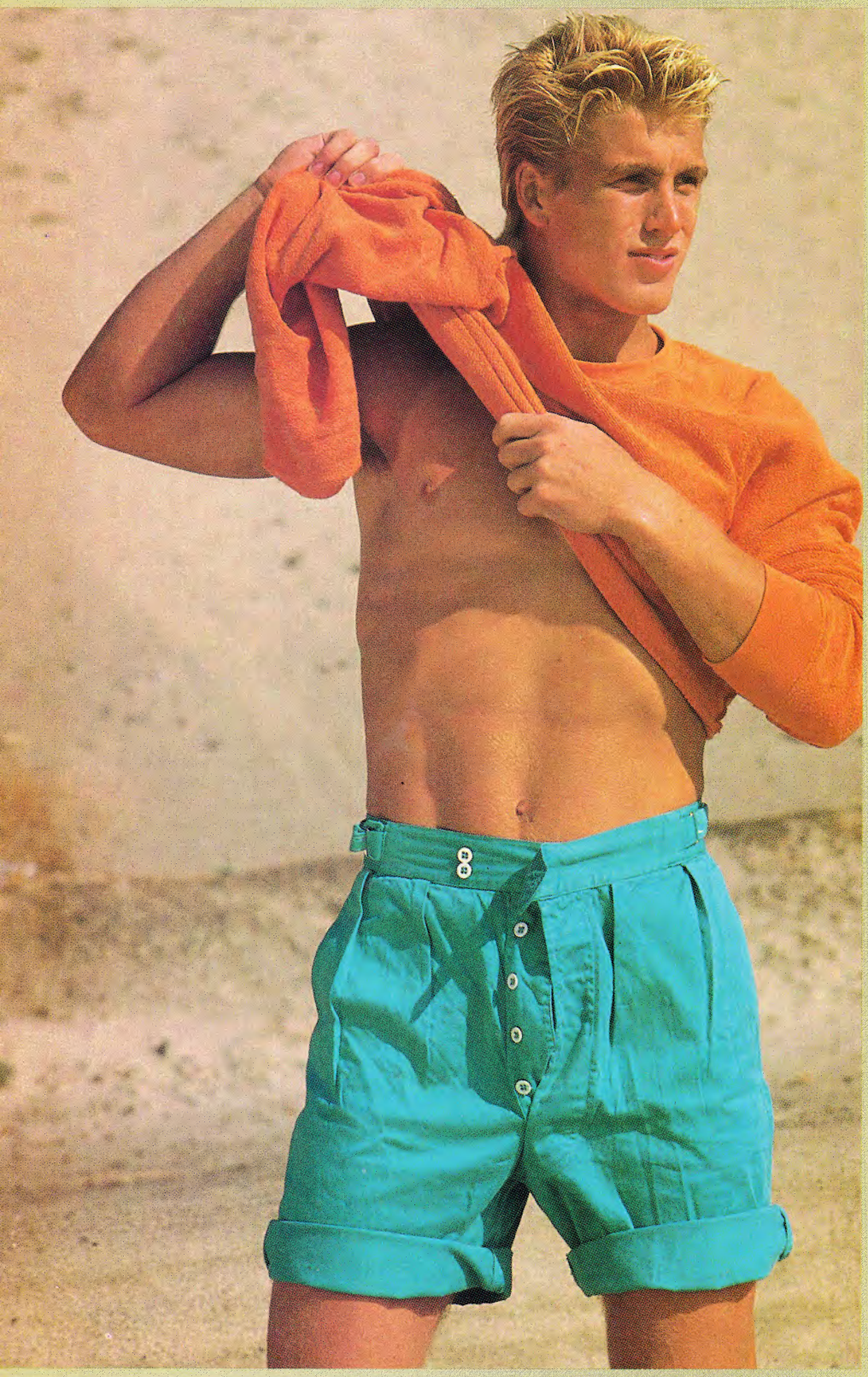
MAN FOR MAY

SCOTT PETERSON



SCOTT ONCE ENTERED A "HOT BODY" CONTEST AND WON A NEW LOVER

PHOTOGRAPHS: JACKY WINTER STYLING: PAT GRIFFITHS

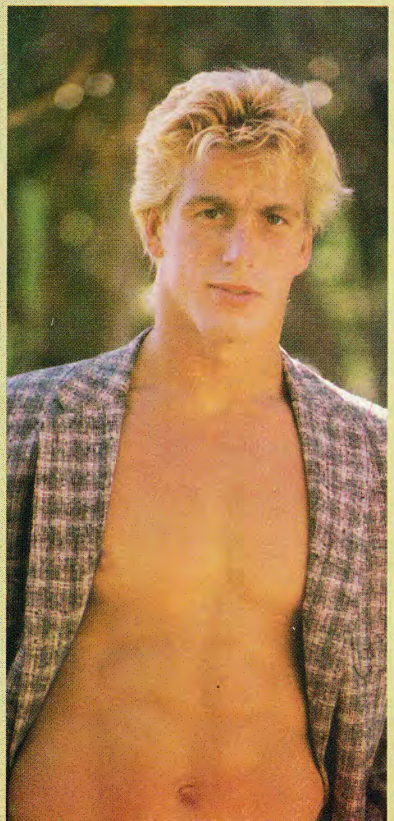


Scott Peterson is the kind of fair-haired dream man screenwriters slave to create. He is young, cheerful and handsome. Of course he's got a great job and of course his lady loves him. Personality-wise, he's a smooth operator; confident but not brash.

"I'm quiet and shy in most situations," he says, "but when I'm in my own environment, watch out!" If these words sound vaguely familiar, they should. Scott uttered them nine months ago in August, when he made his PLAYGIRL debut in "Sexy Men of the Sea." Even with swim trunks on he made a big splash with readers. Turning him into a centerfold was easy; so was admiring his uncomplicated lifestyle. Our Man for May is so easygoing, he doesn't even work out. Those muscles are the result of playing pickup basketball—a staggering 25 hours a week.

"One of my big fantasies growing up was to awaken one day and find myself 6 or 7 inches taller. That way I could have tried out for the Boston Celtics. I would have made a great forward."

These days, since he's still "only" 6-foot-1, Scott makes do with hook shots by the



shore. For work he makes and sells women's jewelry, setting his own hours.

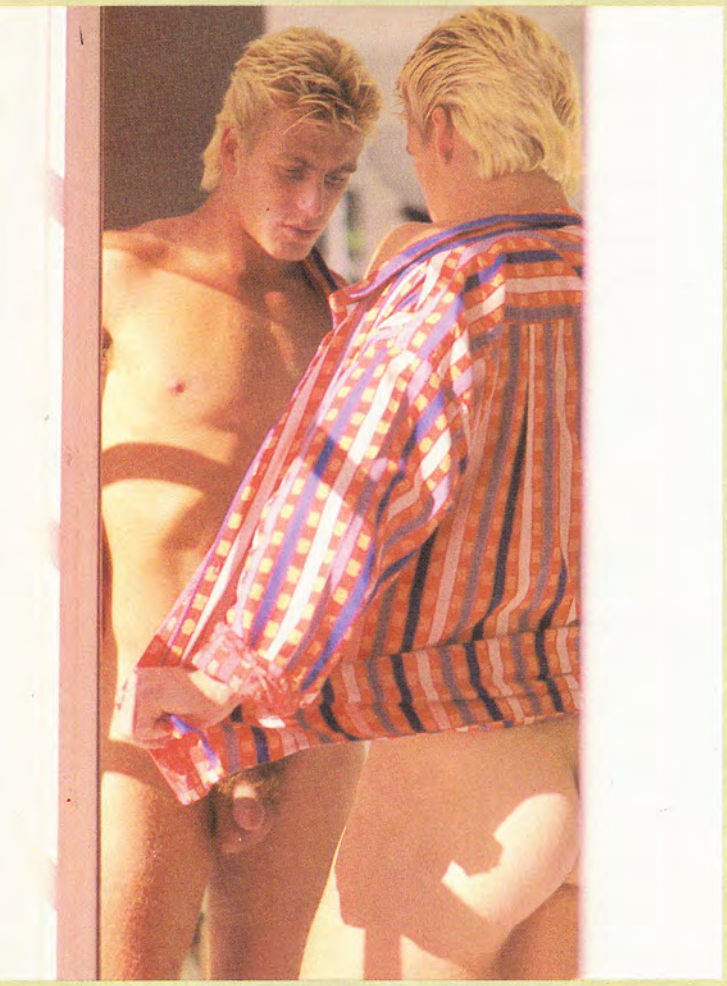
"I took a few courses because it looked interesting. Glitter always did attract me. I learned how to work with beads, chains, pewter and stones. It was a little tough getting started because a lot can go wrong on a brooch, believe it or not. Now I make pins, pendants and earrings. The style is what I call 'L.A. funky.' Business is taking off, and I've only been at this three months."

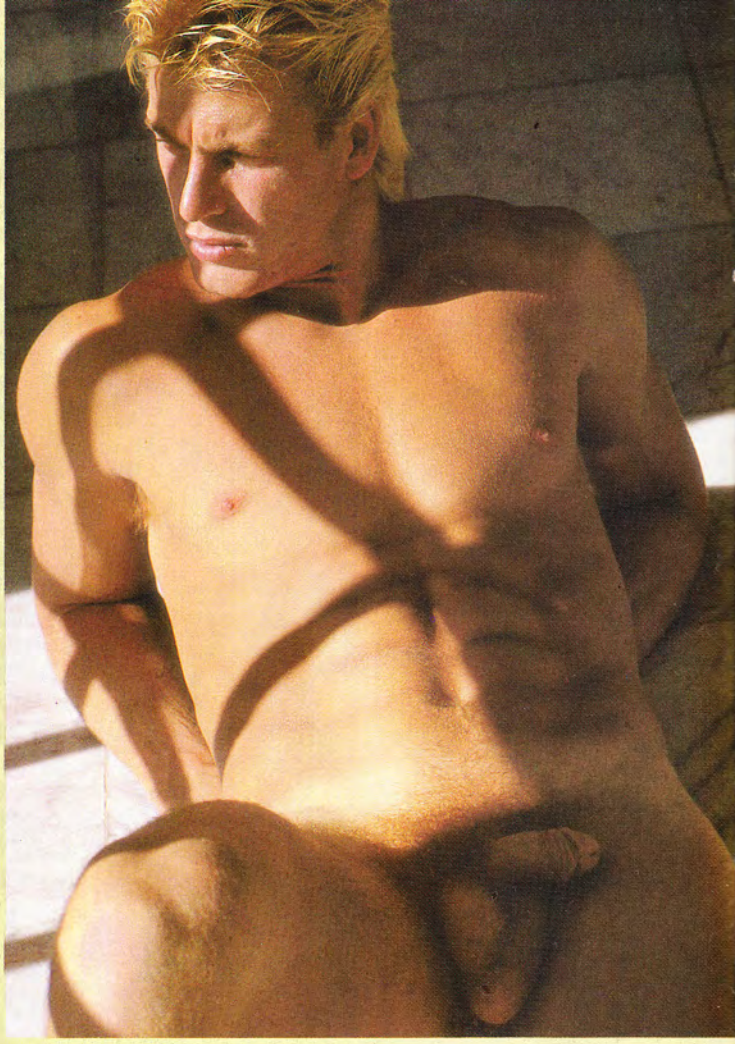
Hawking gewgaws fashioned from faux pearls was the last thing on Scott's mind three years ago. That's when he moved from his hometown of Worcester, Massachusetts, to Southern California. Like millions before him he came for the year-round sunshine, but that wasn't all. The United States Football League was just getting underway, and Scott, who never met a sport he didn't like, figured he might have a chance to play.

Once here, though, our Man for May opted to become a bartender. "I just lost my enthusiasm for football. I don't know why. But I accomplished my main objective, which was coming out here."

Although he fits neatly into the sand-and-surf scene, Scott's ties to New England have not been severed. "Three years I've been here, but I still miss my family and friends back home a lot. I tell myself I'm just visiting here. It's an open-ended stay. If I get married and have kids, I'm definitely returning. Any child of mine is going to be reared in the East."

In Worcester, Scott's affinity for children found a purpose in his "all-time favorite job."





"I used to work for the city's parks and recreation department, overseeing the summer activities. Basically I was paid to babysit all the kids, but it was a lot of fun. They'd come up and call me 'Coach' and treat me like a real hero."

Two years ago, in California now, this hero met his sweetheart. "It was in a bar, even though I said I'd never meet anybody in a place like that." Scott was there because he'd been talked into entering a "Hot Body" contest. He didn't win a trophy, but he did win a lover. As he tells it, "This gorgeous woman named Cheri liked what she saw and we got together." It's been sparks and fire ever since.

"I'm attracted to her because she's unpredictable. I never know what kind of moves she'll make, but I like being kept on the edge like that. If nothing else, it makes for a wild sex life!"

STATS

Name: Scott Peterson
Height: 6'1"
Weight: 190
Chest: 42"
Waist: 31"
Biceps: 15"
Birth Date: July 17, 1962
Occupation: Jeweler

STYLE

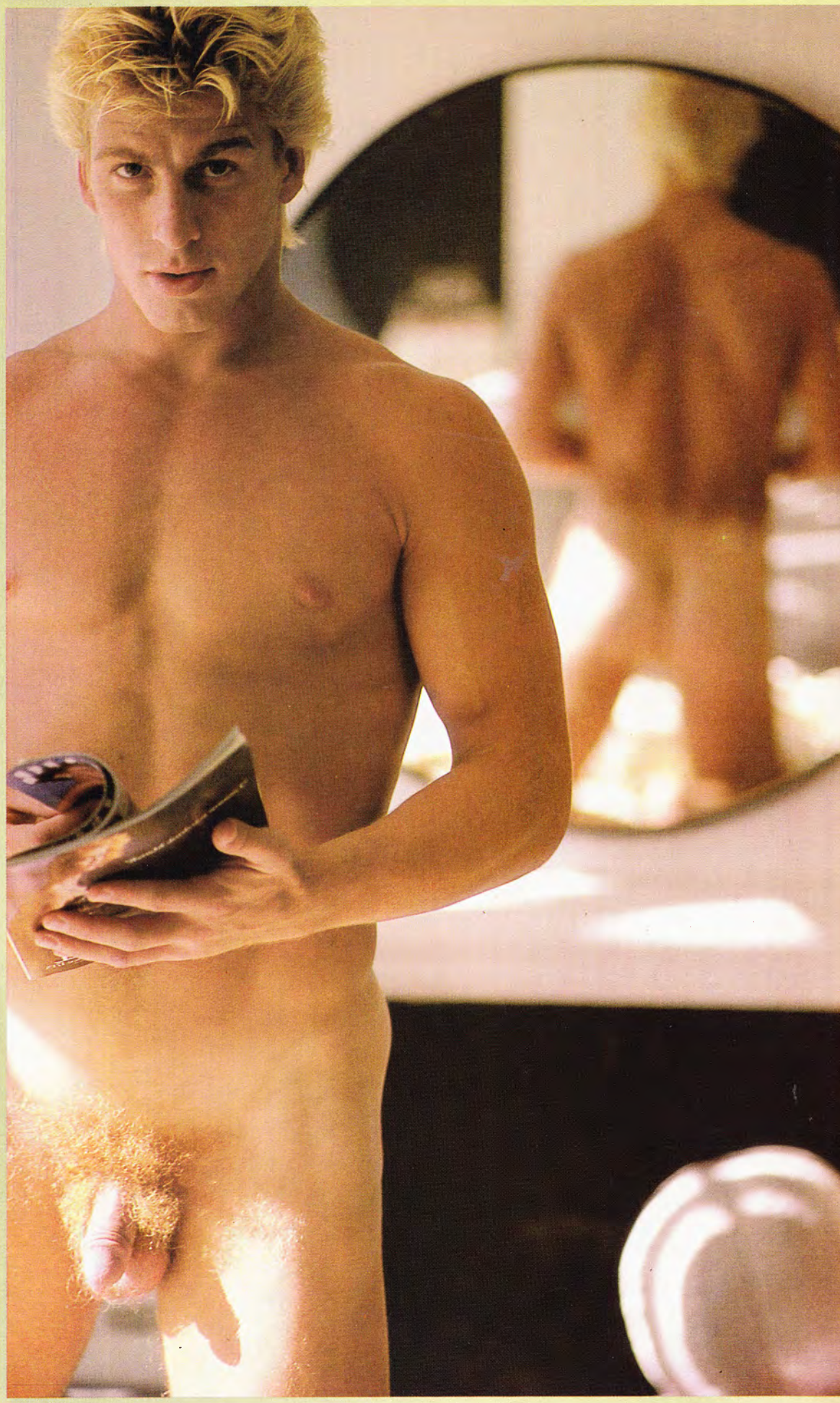
Favorite Films: *Body Heat, Splash, Romancing the Stone*
Biggest Hero: Walter Payton of the Chicago Bears
Best Pig-Out Foods and Beverages: Roast beef, Chinese food, beer, Dr Pepper, Lay's potato chips

LIKES

Places He'd Like to Visit: Hawaii, Texas and Rio de Janeiro

QUOTE

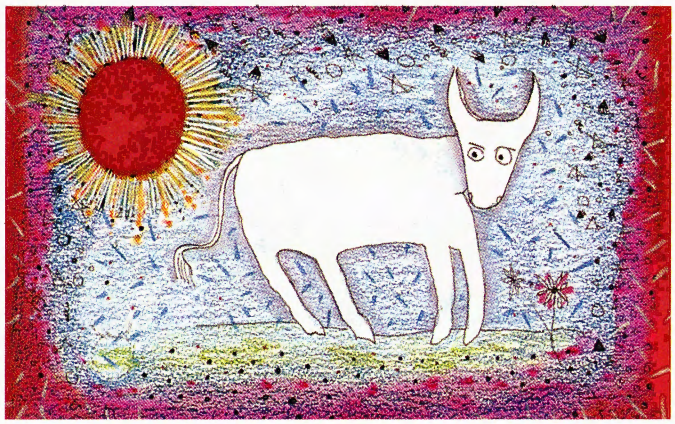
"Sex is all an attitude. You've got to enjoy being with the person lying next to you. Making love is even better than basketball."



PLAYGIRL'S
MAN FOR MAY

SCOTT PETERSON

Your Horoscope for May '86


LAURA JOSEPHSON

The Taurus Woman

April 20–May 20: Happy birthday, sensational daughter of sensual Venus. As the most earthbound of the earth signs, you can get rutted so deeply in habit that when you finally spring into gear, all you do is kick up an irritating dust storm and dig yourself in even deeper. Don't resign yourself to this customary inertia—right now you're astride your own personal fault line, and the rumbles and quakes of the coming months can catapult you to brand-new terrain. Break new ground career-wise in fields like travel, video, astrology and social revolution. The nontraditional approach can carry right over to your love life. Mired or soaring, you always smolder with sensuality. But instead of turning your Venusian charms on the snoringly secure men you usually favor, take a chance on a few fascinating flakes.

The Taurus Man is aptly symbolized. Intractably stubborn, he's certainly bullheaded. And with his clumsy sense of romance, he can be a real bull in the china shop of your delicate emotions. He's even full of bull on occasion with his self-aggrandizing puffery. But who cares, as long as he keeps winning the blue ribbon in the bedroom every time out?

This Month: You're caught in the kind of career crunch in May that leads to vile and vicious thoughts. Instead, take advantage of Mercury's brief stay in your sign to flood the job market with résumés, applications and interviews. The 23rd's full moon brings an all-together different alternative when a chauvinist who doesn't believe in working wives suddenly pops the question. Is he in for a big surprise!

Best sex: *29th to 31st.*

Gemini

May 21–June 20

May is an exercise in not judging a book by its cover—especially in the romance department. An older lover sent by Saturn is a blank page in the endowment department, but what he can do with his tongue is worth 1,000 words. At month's end, don't be surprised when a manuscript or canvas you consider strictly fourth class brings a well-deserved, hefty fee.

Best sex: 6th to 8th.

Cancer

June 21–July 22

It isn't like you to be impulsive, but by May 10, you're ready to pack the bare essentials in a handkerchief and hop the nearest freight car. The fact that your lover's been treating you like a tramp is part of the problem, but it's the job that really has you steaming. Try staying on track: Uranus helps engineer a power grab by the 30th while Venus dispatches a classy catch with a great-looking caboose.

Best sex: 27th to 30th.

Leo

July 23–Aug. 22

The office grapevine is bursting with the news that you're ripe for promotion in early May, creating a dilemma for you. You can't decide whether to proceed with vacation plans or stay put to protect your turf. Beware the Moon's efforts to send you images of a giddy island romance. Vindictive Mars in your employment sector will make sure that any absence makes the boss' heart grow fonder—toward your bitterest rival.

Best sex: 12th to 15th.

Virgo

Aug. 23–Sept. 22

Early May should find you eating, drinking and sleeping athletic discipline to prepare for a grueling competition near the 17th. During a lazy getaway the week before, you're led into gluttonish temptation by Jupiter—don't kid yourself that it won't hurt. Your self-absorption puts you into the doghouse with both your mother and boyfriend.

Best sex: 22nd to 25th.

Libra

Sept. 23–Oct. 22

Your man must be in a holiday mood the way he keeps you dancing around his maypole from the 1st to the 8th. No wonder you're a little bowlegged as you wend your way to the plane destined for a big business powwow around the 10th. Take a tip from Mercury and bury yourself in the *Wall Street Journal* during the flight to take advantage of your peaking investment intuition. Cash in on your creativity now.

Best sex: 1st to 5th.

Scorpio

Oct. 23–November 21

Cosmically speaking, somebody up there has it in for you in May. Among the month's woes is a week-one financial squeeze made worse when the cad in your life goes belly-up and puts the bite on you. Midmonth he's apt to be biting your belly in some peculiar sexual experimentation. Absorb the power of the 23rd's total eclipse in your sign to banish him from your life.

Best sex: 2nd to 4th.

Sagittarius

Nov. 22–Dec. 21

For a gal who'd sooner throw away her aerobic sneakers than waste time untangling knotted laces, May should be ultra-frustrating, indeed. Among your problems are a longstanding love affair strained to the breaking point, a maze of tension throughout your digestive tract and a work conflict that robs you of a more desirable and creative post. Be patient. This emotional turmoil is only temporary.

Best sex: 25th to 28th.

Capricorn

Dec. 22–Jan. 19

The good news in your May love life is that there are four men in hot pursuit. The bad news is they'd be perfectly cast as the three little pigs and the big bad wolf. At least your work life is a Cinderella story. No matter how you screw up, someone else always catches hell for your mistakes. Unfortunately, Saturn in your house of conscience won't let you take advantage.

Best sex: 21st to 23rd.

Aquarius

Jan. 20–Feb. 18

By discharging work and family duties week one, you're free for a merry month of May. Between treks out to the country to scout real estate, you find time for killer volleyball. Even the month's drearier moments have advantages. An appointment at the gynecologist's brightens when you eyeball your new bachelor doctor. And the cop who gets your car started in a rainstorm isn't bad either.

Best sex: 10th to 14th.

Pisces

Feb. 19–March 20

Unfortunately for you, there are two contenders in your life for Mother of the Year honors on May 11. The woman who raised you has really earned her stripes this Mom's Day—she hasn't interfered with you for at least six months. But the man who dropped you week one for your best friend has to be the biggest mother you've ever met. Make that three contenders—your boss is truly unbearable toward the end of the month, too.

Best sex: 19th to 21st.

Aries

March 21–April 19

If your favorite color is U.S. Treasury green, you'll love May. There's even enough of the stuff to reverse your budget deficit. While you can afford a lavish vacation, you selflessly opt for family visits instead. Memorial Day weekend puts you at the center of a party which is crawling with eligible macho men. Too bad you pick a guy who has faster moves than Mario Andretti on the straightaway.

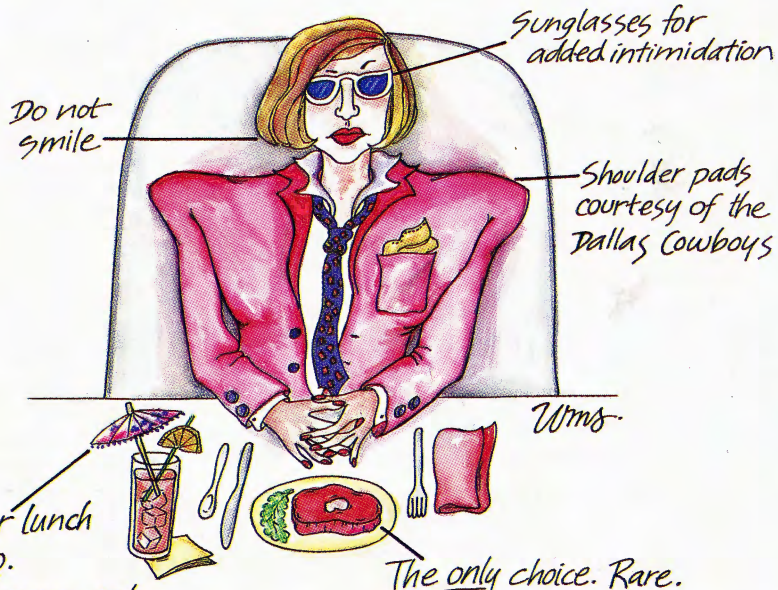
Best sex: 8th to 11th. ■

PLAYGIRL FUNNIES

Cartoons by Lynn Williams

The POWER Lunch

- Pre-lunch preparation: Watch all the Joan Crawford films you can find.
- Sit facing the door. Bring a power cushion– she who sits taller has the edge.



A power lunch no-no. If you wanna eat with the big boys, learn to love Scotch (and check your umbrella at the door).

The only choice. Rare. Order spinach quiche when out with your mother.

* Power play: Order for your associate, perhaps a nice spinach quiche and a flaming mai-tai.

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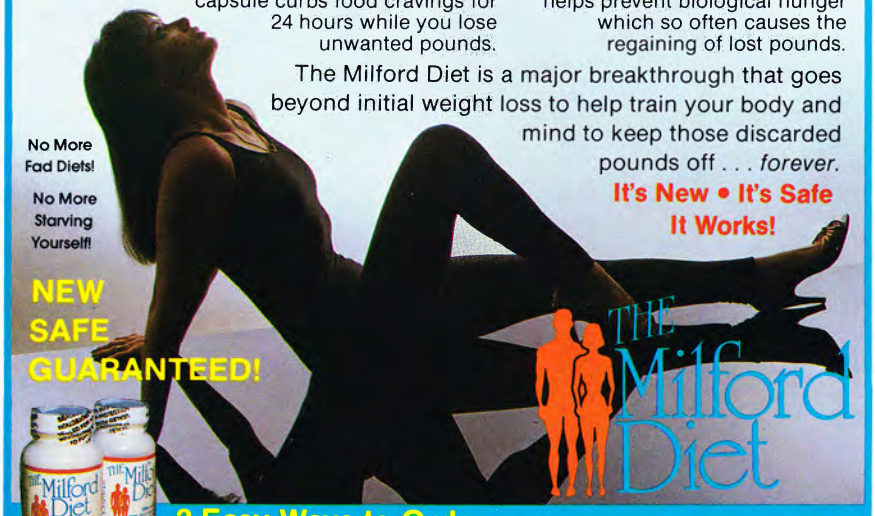

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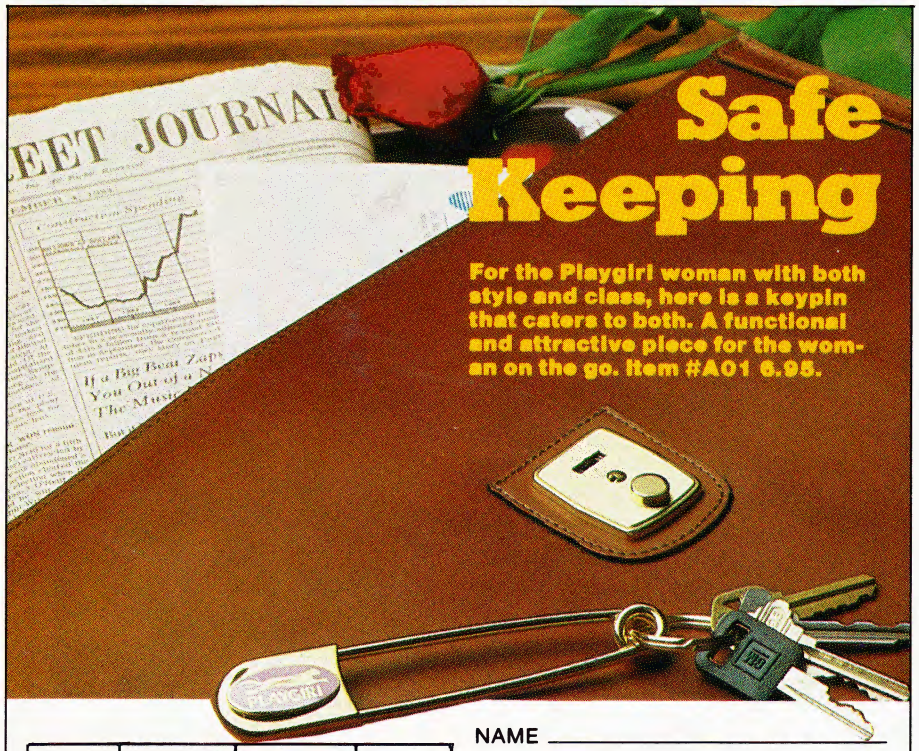
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COCAINE *(Continued from page 50)*

WHILE THE INCREASED INCOME OF many women has resulted in greater accessibility to drugs, cocaine is insidious because it really has no economic limitations. "What I see more and more," says Susan Thompson, "is women who deal. They deal some and keep some. It's fairly easy to sell enough to pay for your own habit."

Arin, 36, a college business major who is now a high school algebra teacher in southern Texas, has been straight and sober for more than a year. Her husband, Donny, 32, kicked his habit at the same time. He was preparing to enter graduate school in psychology in order to counsel other addicts. However, in an ironic turn of events he is currently serving a life term in prison for an earlier cocaine conviction. Arin says her life is still in shambles from her addiction.

"I snorted cocaine once or twice at frat parties in college," Arin recalls. "I later got addicted and was doing quite a bit of cocaine when I met Donny through a mutual friend. We began running with a crowd that was addicted and started freebasing.

"I was working for a bank. Once I started freebasing I had no interest in anything but the drug. I lost my job, my family and my money. I'm 5-foot-7 and I weighed 95 pounds. I thought I looked wonderful.

"We both began dealing to support our habits. We were freebasing an ounce every two days. We were not dealing big volume."

According to Arin, Donny had numerous traffic violations for drunk driving and several busts on his record when, last year, just after Thanksgiving, police with shotguns, bulletproof vests and a search warrant broke down their bedroom door.

Donny was sentenced subsequently to 10 years probation, entry into an addiction-treatment program, follow-up rehabilitation daily and weekly visits to a probation officer. The judge also told Donny that if he ever saw him back in court for *anything*, he'd give him a life sentence.

Not only did Arin and Donny kick their addictions, they founded a Cocaine Anonymous chapter in Dallas, holding the initial meetings in their home. They were also counseling adolescent inhalant abusers, doing 40 hours of volunteer work each week.

"We had our life straightened out," Arin says. "He was going back to school. We were straight. Then Donny got caught speeding, coming home from rehabilitation. We thought we would have to pay a fine or his license would be suspended. We got married six days before he was sentenced, not knowing what was going to happen. The judge sentenced him to 60 years and slapped handcuffs on him right there."

Says Arin, looking back on the ordeal, "Coke has ruined my life."

LYNN, 37, AN ART DIRECTOR FOR A large entertainment company, still has a hard time talking about her friend Tammi, who died at age 31, two years ago in Boston. Terri, a designer, had recently given up a booming

(Continued on page 68)

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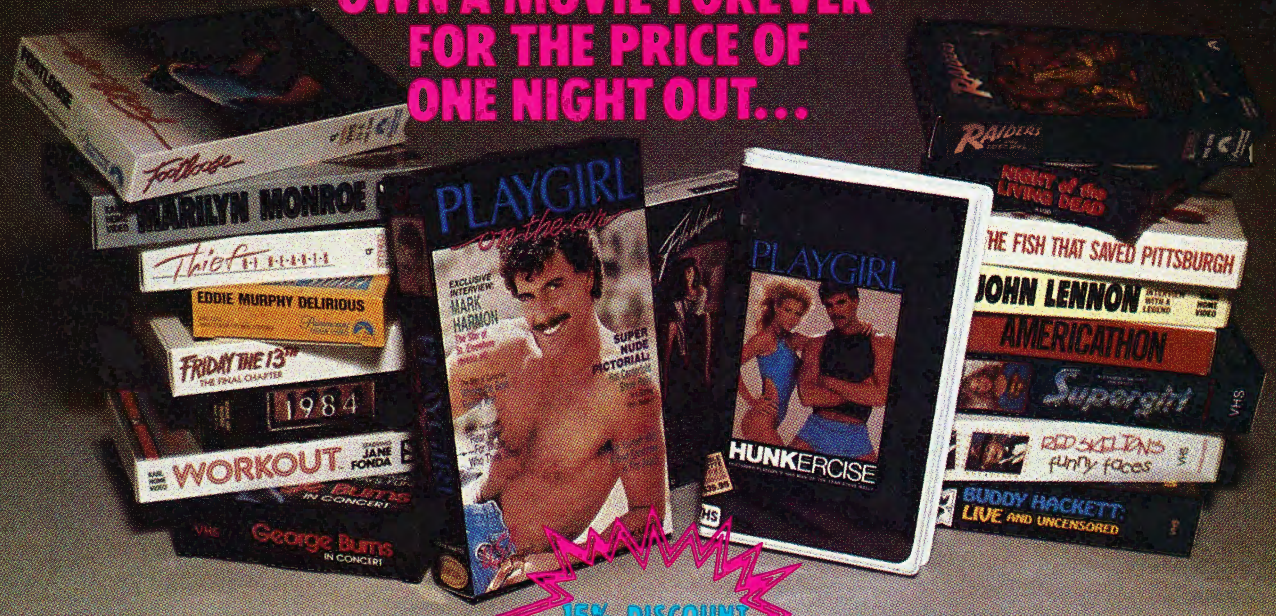

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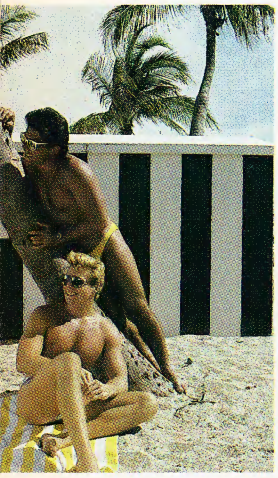
Where the Boys

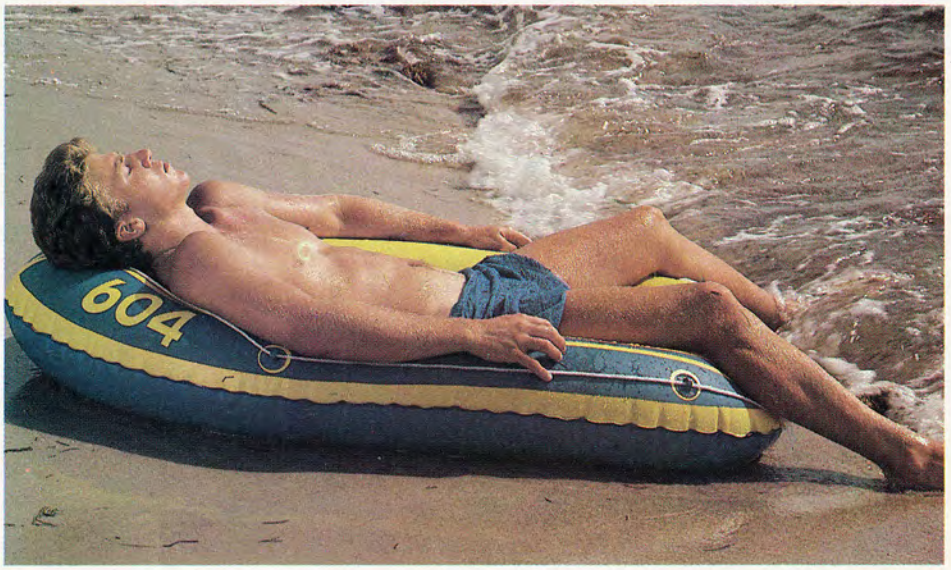
Every year it happens, the Ritual. Spring break in Florida, that is. Fort Lauderdale to be exact. From the end of March through all of April, it's the destination of every red-blooded collegiate. This is where they collect to thaw out, under the palm fronds and along the beaches. After all, these future leaders have been snowbound for 15 weeks. It's time for some well-earned R&R. So down A1A they come. Thousands of them, all at once. From the Big 10 and the Ivy League, and the Southwest Conference, too. Gorgeous guys and giggly girls head straight for motels on the strip, then squeeze in 10 to a room. Outside, properly attired in bikinis and flip-flops, they head for the fun spots. Places like the Sugar Shack and the Candy Store (the one with the swimming pool in the front yard). Get the picture? We're talking, like, major party time; all the beer you can drink, all the tan you can stand and sex like you wouldn't believe. Of course, it takes a certain hardiness to endure this kind of excitement. So, oldsters (anyone over 25) from Miami and Naples beware. Fort Lauderdale at Easter belongs to the young—also to the handsome and physically fit. Just the way PLAYGIRL likes 'em.

Photographs by Rick Diaz

Are
RDALE BEACH HOTEL
TOW AWAY ZONE
TIKI 101
Jumbeaved

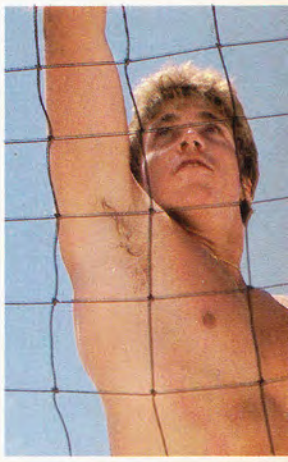
In Florida we don't guarantee you'll always encounter happy sights like **Joe Bernal** disrobing by his car (right), but keep looking. When spring break is in session, anything can happen—and usually does. That's why Joe, a grad student from Miami, happily heads 20 miles north to Fort Lauderdale during Easter. A native of Cuba, Joe comes equipped with a naturally outgoing personality. That, coupled with his older-Scott Baio kind of looks, makes him a fave big man on campus. He's trilingual ("my Spanish is strong, my Italian passable") and intriguing in many ways. In addition to liking classical music and veal dishes, his interests include football, swimming, tennis, karate and driving Ferraris. About the only thing he can't stomach are "whiners—the kind who don't know the meaning of 'Have a





nice day.'" Why anyone would want to complain in Joe Bernal's presence is a question worth pondering, but don't wonder too long. Joe's a compulsive, fast-acting guy who likes peppy women, especially, he grins wickedly, if they're "tall, thin and top-heavy."

Chris Devlin (that's him lolling on the raft opposite), 21, has no specific criteria about what he finds attractive in the opposite sex. "If a woman can hold my interest for more than an hour," he says, "whether by looks, brains or intrigue, I can see going home with her." Chris migrates annually to Florida from a prestigious university in North Carolina. "I can't say which one," he says, "because it's strictly conservative. I don't know how they'd take being mentioned in PLAYGIRL." Obviously Chris has no such inhibitions. He's all for millions of women adoring his charms in these pages. "Bring 'em all on," he exhorts. "I've got *lots* of love to spread around!"

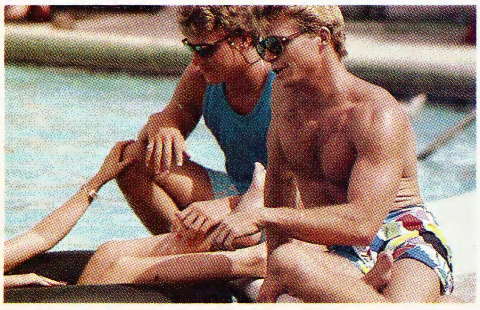


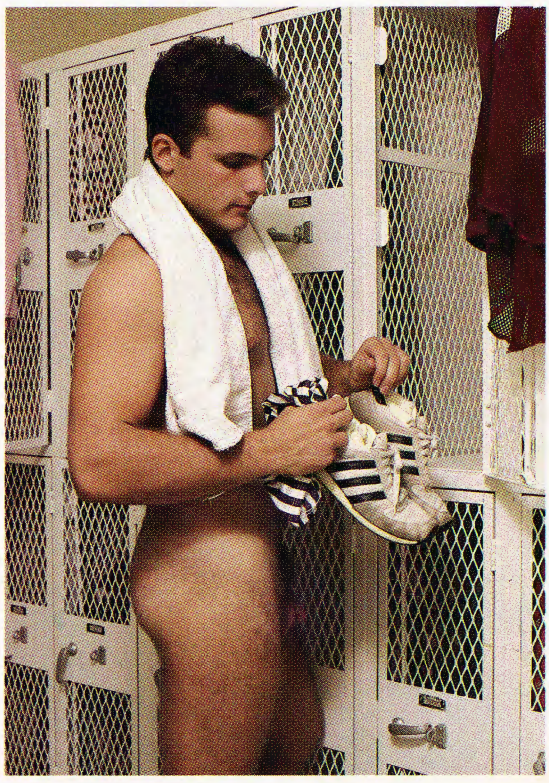
Mario Tornabene (left) you may recognize if you keep close tabs on PLAYGIRL centerfolds. He was our Man for November last year, eliciting such a fevered response we couldn't resist a replay. After all, we *were* in his neck of the woods—Palm Beach—and he *does* love to party, with or without a good reason. At this time of the year, Mario has a multitude of motives for getting out and kicking up a little sand. For one thing, he's a natural heat-seeker; life is meaningless unless he can lie in the sun at least two hours daily. For another, he's a model who works full-time from October through March. By the time Easter rolls around he can't wait to shed the designer duds and bake happily *au naturel*. Also, Mario's incredible energy naturally attracts admirers among the fairer sex. He tells us he's never known a dry spell datingwise, and we have no reason to disbelieve him.

Tom Law (opposite, performing a post-skinny dip mop-up) looks like a jock and acts like a jock. That is, his athletic prowess covers everything from gymnastics and boxing to golf and sailing. His favorite all-time movie, in fact, is a sports classic—*Brian's Song*, the early '70s made-for-TV weepie that showed the caring side of football. Speaking of the pigskin game, Tom, a resident of Miami Lakes, won a scholarship to the University of Tennessee a few years ago. Odds are he'd be a pro by now if he hadn't injured his knee playing. He switched schools instead and graduated from Florida State University with a B.A. in accounting. Tom aims to parlay his knowledge of numbers into the realization of a dream: his own fitness center. If that doesn't happen

he might try acting. Already Tom has appeared in community productions of *Carnal Knowledge, Bus Stop* and *On the Waterfront*. When it comes to women, tantalizing Tom doesn't need any histrionics to attract the right kind of partner. His only hard and fast stipulation is that she not be chubby. Otherwise, he's a goner for "happy ladies, between the ages of 20 and 30, who enjoy their occupation and life in general."

If a Most Typical Student contest were ever held, our candidate to take top honors would be 18-year-old **Dave Barrington** (peeling down in the locker room, below). When he's not hunkering down in the classroom at the University of Miami—pre-med, of course—he's out making sure his life is as thrilling as possible. Sometimes he designs window displays for tony shops along Worth Avenue in Palm Beach (the East Coast version of Rodeo Drive). Other times he's happily wrapped up in his relationship with his girlfriend. Favorite haunts of theirs include movie houses, arcades and miniature-golf courses. Dave's best-foods list is typically collegiate: Pepsi and nachos. He also admires youth icons like Grace Jones and David Bowie. Dave characterizes himself as "the executive type. I love stress. I live to burn the candle at both ends." Maybe because his friends know he doesn't break under pressure, Dave says his shoulder "is always wet. That is, my buddies instinctively turn to me when they run into trouble and need someone to cry on. I'm vulnerable in that way because I can never turn them down, but I'm glad to be there. After all, what are pals for?" ■





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leather shop business in Vermont to move to the big city. She began waitressing in a jazz club and wanted to save up enough money to open her own club.

"She had architectural plans drawn up, had a liquor license lined up, but she needed more cash," Lynn recalls. "She started dealing cocaine to make some quick cash without much effort.

"Since it was always around, she began using it and eventually became a coke fiend. We would have Sunday morning mimosa-and-coffee therapy sessions and she would admit to me there were days she was so deeply depressed she would stay in bed drinking cognac, eating Häagen-Dazs and doing coke. Once we were playing Scrabble in her apartment and she kept shoving coke up her nose. I asked her why she didn't just flush her money down the toilet and she said, 'Oh, no. I'm not doing that much.' But she did it constantly, just tons of it.

"I noticed how emaciated she looked. She had always been petite, but now she looked anorexic. She was giving her clothes away because they wouldn't stay on her. I said, 'Tammi, do you know what you're doing? Have you thought about what you're risking for this?' She wouldn't even discuss it. She said, 'Oh, don't worry about me. I'm protected.' But I had my doubts.

"She started cutting off her close friends and becoming more involved with the people she was doing business with. After a while, it seemed like her jazz club had become just a dream. She didn't take the architectural plans out as often.

"One day while I was at work she called. I had been trying to reach her for 10 days, leaving messages and never hearing from her. She was frantic. She didn't even say hello. I owed her some money—just $20—and she said she had to have it that day. It was like I wasn't even her friend.

"I was late for a meeting and told her I'd give her the money later, but then she disappeared again. A few days later I got another call: Tammi was dead. They found her in the bathtub stabbed to death with a kitchen knife. The police think it was drug-related."

WHILE THE STORIES VARY, MOST cocaine addicts have one thing in common, according to the experts: the reluctance to admit their addiction.

"They're more difficult to treat," says Miller, "because their denial system is more sophisticated. They justify their addiction through their jobs, or the prestige they hold in the community, or their families. They can't be cocaine addicts because they make too much money or because they're married."

"It's like having a brain tumor," Dr. Rader adds, "because your thinking is grossly distorted. Cocaine addicts are not going to reach out for help, because they think the problem is with you, not them. You wouldn't expect someone to come in and say, 'Hey, I've got a brain tumor,' and you can't expect these addicts to get help, because they have no idea they need it." ■

BY SHARI GEFFEN

PLAYGIRL'S MAKEOVER WINNERS: A LITTLE FAITH IN THE POWER OF MAGIC

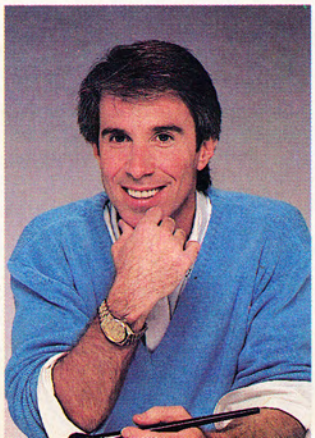
NOWHERE DO THE STARS shine so brightly as on the streets of Los Angeles. Actresses are discovered in soda shops; movies are directed on sidewalks.

PLAYGIRL Fashion and Beauty Editor Shari Geffen and celebrity beauty expert Michael Maron (below left) thought they'd spice up the list with a few discoveries of their own. After sifting through thousands of entries to our MAKEOVER CONTEST, Shari and Michael carefully selected six special winners. Our "stars" flew in from across the nation with hopes of returning home as new women.

PLAYGIRL's makeover extravaganza took expert insight and months of planning. Our choices had to be perfect, diverse in age, in geography and professions. Our models had to be spirited, ready to accept change in their lives. These six women are that and more. We watched as they put their vanity in the hands of experts—and perhaps just a little faith in the power of magic!

During their stay, a private limousine whisked the six from their luxurious rooms at the Beverly Hills Hilton Hotel to one of L.A.'s trendiest eateries, Geoffrey's in Malibu (below right). They shopped, ate, star-searched and daydreamed, all in preparation for their day in Charles William Bush's Los Angeles photographic studio.

Celebrity photographer Bush captured the before and after look of these active women. Maron began his quest with an individual analysis of each of our six winners. He concentrated on their natural beauty with an eye to enhancing it. Clientele who include Morgan Brittany, Connie Sellecca and Jayne Kennedy have shown Maron that even the "real" stars don't just wake up beautiful. Makeup is an art to improve what is already there.



"These stars use makeup to enhance their looks," says Maron, whose book, **Michael Maron's Instant Makeover Magic** ***(Warner, $9.95), and video,*** **Michael Maron's Makeover Magic*** ***(Suntree Video, $29.95), are hot sellers in stores nationwide. "I want other women, those who aren't models, to realize that they too can look like the most gorgeous stars. Women can learn to enhance their best features and feel good about themselves. That's the key; realizing your inner beauty and how it enables you to look good on the outside."***

Maron used this philosophy to create a beauty prescription for each of PLAYGIRL's six winning readers. Together with hairstylist Herbert Budoff and Fashion and Beauty Editor Geffen, Maron crafted a perfect look to suit each woman's desired lifestyle. Whether one of our stars requested a more professional look, or a younger, more sophisticated appearance, these experts enabled each winner to see new reflections in the mirror.

"If these women practice with either my video or my book, they can learn to apply makeup exactly as I have," says Maron. "Anyone can look good if she practices."

Most important, though, Maron notes, is not to compare yourself to other women. "You must believe in yourself even without makeup," he says. "The stars weren't afraid to bare themselves without makeup in my book because they know they're beautiful without it. That's how all women should feel."

Indeed, six women boarded their planes to return to families and friends. They may have left the streets of L.A., but they took their newfound stardom with them!

Photography: **Charles William Bush**. Hairstyling and haircoloring: **Herbert Budoff** and assistant **Kim Solomon** of **Pygmalion Hair Design/Tarzana, Calif.*** To order *Michael Maron's Makeover Magic* video, call toll free 1-800-445-3800, operator 868.

MIMI

MIMI'S NEEDS: *A more professional look to enhance self-image.*

HAIR: ***Characteristics****—elongated face.* ***Applied****—cut length to just above shoulder, add bangs for volume to enhance wonderful cheekbones.*

EYES: ***Applied****—use medium brown shadow to give rounder, larger look. Brush eyebrows upward.*

SKIN: ***Characteristics****—naturally beautiful.*

Applied*—even tone with concealer.*

COMMENTS: *Highlighting eliminates shadows on face; contouring defines bone structure, complements light area with shadow. Less is more—you can wear a little contour shadow, carefully blended, by day and still achieve a subtle look.*

MIMI SCHROEDER, a respiration therapist from Phoenix, Arizona, wanted a more professional look and a new hairstyle.

Her blouse is by Studio 18; bow pin by Valentino.

College-bound STACIA COOPER of Ilion, New York, needed help to enhance her already-lovely features.

Stacia's sweater and miniskirt by No! Orbit earrings and pins by Marcy Feld for Patina Accessories. High-top tennis shoes by Converse.

STACIA

STACIA'S NEEDS: A fun, daytime, outdoor look; wants to conceal slightly crooked nose.

EYES: Characteristics—large, far-set, full brows; slight discoloration under the eyes.

Applied—makeup to elongate eyes; use contemporary look with orange shadow, stroking from lids to brow. Use same color eyeliner on bottom of lid, elongating outer corner of eye with darker orange shadow. Apply light shade concealer under eyes.

LIPS: Characteristics—full.

Applied—light pink lipstick is perfect for freshman days of fall. Darker colors would overemphasize lips.

SKIN: Applied—pink blusher to blend with lipstick.

HAIR: Applied—cut and brushed forward to allow bounciness.

COMMENTS: High cheekbones, well-shaped face and small nose make her a perfect makeover.

SHERRY

SHERRY'S NEEDS: *A career look to garner respect from her boss and co-workers, yet still please her man.*

HAIR: ***Characteristics***—*dated style.*

Applied—*shoulder-length blunt cut and bangs add bounciness, enhance pretty shape of face. Light auburn prism tones down color.*

EYES: ***Characteristics***—*beautiful green.*

Applied—*earth tones.*

SKIN: ***Characteristics***—*freckled, slightly discolored.*

Applied—*use a bit more foundation to even out skin tones; apply concealer under the eyes.*

BROWS: ***Characteristics***—*overwhelms the eyes.*

Applied—*tweeze, taper and lighten to emphasize eyes. Gives her more space between eyes and brow for more makeup.*

COMMENTS: *Shorter hair enhances point of chin, high cheekbones and eyes. Makeup doesn't have to be expensive to do its job, and shouldn't contain harmful agents or cause allergic reactions. Clean brushes often with shampoo.*

CYNTHIA'S NEEDS: *To learn to use different shades of makeup while pursuing an active lifestyle.*

EYES: ***Characteristics***—*almond-shaped, far-set, eyebrows beautifully shaped.* ***Applied***—*makeup elongates the eyes; heavy liner on bottom plays up almond shape. Brown shadow applied where nose meets corner of eyes.*

FACE: ***Characteristics***—*great-shaped, beautiful jawline, strong chin.* ***Applied***—*nose is narrowed by using highlighter down center. Contour shadow on each side of nose.*

HAIR: ***Applied***—*trim in back, adds height on crown.*

COMMENTS: *To keep a soft look, use more red blusher and red lipstick. Many women are afraid to line bottom of eyes, but this effect adds drama.*

CYNTHIA

SHERRY JENNINGS ***works in the payroll department of a Las Vegas casino. She asked for a professional appearance, yet one that would still please her boyfriend.***

Sherry's apparel is courtesy of Flora Kung; watch by OOH! Paris; earrings and necklace by Tula Booth for Patina Accessories.

CYNTHIA JOLIVETTE, employed by a Los Angeles communications company, wanted to learn how to use various makeups to suit her active lifestyle.

Cynthia's outfit is by Fleece Chemise Co. Earrings by Bijoux-Bijoux.

ANN

ANN'S NEEDS: *A versatile, classy appearance for work; an easy-care look to suit her active lifestyle.*

SKIN: ***Characteristics***—*very even complexion due to healthy diet and proper skin care.*

Applied—*light foundation.*

HAIR: ***Characteristics***—*hairstyle overpowers her face.*

Applied—*cut 3 inches in back, very short to cheekbones, straight to tip of ear. Layered from crown down. Spiky bangs make hair light and flowing around the eyes. Rinse changes color to honey blond.*

EYES: ***Characteristics***—*space between eye and brow.*

Applied—*heavy makeup opens the eyes; corals and soft pastels tie in springtime look.*

LIPS: ***Characteristics***—*thin upper lip. Problem with most lipsticks turning orange.*

Applied—*lip liners and frosted lipsticks add fullness. A blue undertone under colored lipsticks helps eliminate orange. Lip pencil goes slightly beyond lips.*

Keep makeup light to keep a soft look. Although eye makeup makes eyes look larger, more defined.

ANN GLENNY, a grandmother of eight from Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, desired a fresher look.

Ann's blouse by Flora Kung. Earrings by Bijoux-Bijoux.

LYNN LINDGREN, a nurse in Pompano Beach, Florida, has a lovely face perfect for a glamour-girl makeover. She'll turn her husband's head with her new style!

Lynn's dress is by Claire's Creations. Earrings and bracelet courtesy of Ellene Warren.

LYNN

LYNN'S NEEDS: A new look to open her husband's eyes; a glamorous, movie-star style.

EYES: **Characteristics**—her best feature; attention-grabbers.

Applied—three different shades with gold in corner of eyes and lids, progresses to purple, fuschia and dark purple at outer corners.

LIPS: **Applied**—pale mauve shades to direct focus to beautiful eyes.

SKIN: **Characteristics**—naturally tan, even tone, freckles around chin.

Applied—matched foundation to skin to emphasize eyes; blush on cheeks, temple and across bridge of nose. **Concealer** below foundation hides freckles.

HAIR: **Characteristics**—long and straight.

Applied—cut several inches and layered on top for more glamorous look. Applied prism to intensify color.

COMMENTS: Naturally beautiful. Eyes are best feature. Purple shade makes green eyes more intense; don't use purple, red, green or navy mascaras unless trying to make a fashion statement. ■

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BERTINELLI *(Continued from page 21)*

think she's hot stuff." And I didn't, but I didn't know hardly anyone. So I would just stay by myself and do my homework.

PLAYGIRL: *What do you do for yourself? What do you do that gives* you *pleasure?*

BERTINELLI: I eat and then I feel guilty [*laughter*]. See, everything that I think I do for myself I start feeling incredibly guilty about. I guess I don't do a whole hell of a lot for myself.

PLAYGIRL: *Why are you so tough on yourself?*

BERTINELLI: I guess I always feel that people look down on me because I was in a series for nine years, and I'm not really that talented—they think. That does really scary things in my head. I have to be constantly fighting that, saying, "No, damn it, I am good, I am OK, I am a nice person, I am a good actress—and I'm getting better."

PLAYGIRL: *Is that part of what drives you to work? To show other people?*

BERTINELLI: To prove myself? Yeah. And I think that's silly, because you shouldn't be proving things to other people, you should be proving things to your own self. Maybe that's why I don't feel good about things I'm doing a lot of the time, why I feel lazy. Because I'm not doing it for myself a lot of the time. I'm doing it for other people.

PLAYGIRL: *Would you do another series?*

BERTINELLI: Yeah. Sometimes I think I would, and sometimes not. I just get so angry with these big producers out there —I mean, some of them came from TV, too. Sometimes this is their first job in features, too, and they tell me I'm "too TV." That burns me, when I'm not good enough for them because I'm "too TV," when that's exactly where they came from. How dare you! Give me a god-damn chance. My work shows that I'm pretty good. Just because I'm not Ally Sheedy or somebody like that.

I don't know why I have this attitude, when some of the feature films aren't half as good as some of the stuff that's on TV. We get shown to a lot more people. So why do I want to be a part of that club so badly? Because they don't want me. It's very stupid, really. I just don't understand all the snobbery.

PLAYGIRL: *How has marriage changed you? Is one of you usually the dominant one in certain situations?*

BERTINELLI: I don't know. I know I've changed in these past five years. I've grown. I think I've become—this may be a harsh word—less arrogant. Ed's taught me a lot of kindness and patience. I'd love to be able to watch a week of what I did when I was 19, before I met Ed. Then I could tell you.

Getting older, too, has changed me. I mean, people think I'm just ridiculous because I'm bitching about turning 26 this year. I'm just this side of 30. People think it's silly, because 30 is nothing. But I've always been the baby, and now I'm not the baby anymore! Now all these other actresses are coming out and they're younger and prettier and everything! And I think, "Damn, how will I survive?" It's just a normal fear, I think. Ed helps

(Continued on page 105)

What is it that turns you on? The look in his eye, the curve of his back? Eroticism may begin in the mind, but it fulfills itself in your body. Write to us and share the touch that arouses *your* passion.

And beginning next month, readers whose letters are selected for publication will win a one-year subscription to PLAYGIRL.

ANNA

Midnight Tryst

His narrowed blue eyes met her fawn-colored ones, then slowly lowered to supple milk-white breasts exposed by a loosely tied satin robe. Her fingers gently held the narrow lapels together; her eyes, aware of the lust in his own, averted to the throbbing, well-endowed bulge at his groin where his hand eased to free himself of the painfully tight fabric of his trousers. It was plain to see that he anticipated his union with her—his elusive unicorn, his love, who stood before him, her robe slowly sinking from the heaviness of the rising ocean tide where she stood like a sensuous siren, her moist, quivering mouth beckoning him into her seductive, naked arms. . . .

It was just after midnight when I pushed myself away from the computer screen and read the final paragraph of my latest romance novel. Green letters on a drab gray background blurred as I removed my reading glasses. I stretched, then rose to fill the crystal goblet on the desk beside me with an ample portion of amaretto and lemonade. My bestselling novels had filled millions of women's heads worldwide with illusions of romance and ruggedly handsome men who knew how to please a woman. While my royalties had provided a lovely home and a comfortable living, my own love life had vascillated back and forth between two or three lovers who had never known quite how to turn me on. I asked myself, as I had asked myself every day for the past seven years, why my life remained cold, sterile and empty. Perhaps I was after the illusive dreams of my novels, rather than a real-life romance. Frustrated, I drank down the sweet, soothing potion.

Then, as I had done many nights after I'd completed my day's work, I left the house and walked toward the stable. I saddled my favorite mare, took a blanket and towel, and soon was galloping over the hills of my small ranch toward the bend in the creek where I often skinny-dipped.

I reached the stream, dismounted and tied the mare in a patch of green clover. Slowly, savoring each balmy midnight breeze caressing my flesh, I removed my panties and outer clothing and deposited them in a neat pile on the rocks. Putting the blanket and towel on a soft patch of ground, I moved toward the water. Moonlight shimmered across the still pond and I caught my reflection there, tall and slim and blond. "A stunning woman"—the compliment I'd often heard from male admirers echoed softly in my head. Yet again I wondered, "What is wrong with me? Why am I so lonely?"

My long hair caught in the current; I felt the soothing sand beneath my feet. The sweltering night heat had warmed the water, which swept like a river of passion's oils over my body and between my thighs, and tingled against my firm nipples which were alive with desire. I cupped them, caressed them, teased them with gentle squeezes, then sank my hand beneath the water to my clitoris imbedded in a triangle of copper-colored hair. I deftly caressed it until it swelled beneath my fingers.

Closing my eyes I reeled almost drunkenly in gently swirling waters, instincts working together to rouse my flesh into hungry, passion-sensitive curves. I was mesmerized by the velvet flow of the water against my tingling, tantalized flesh; in the foggy vortex behind my closed eyelids, I envisioned a man—a dream, an illusion, the perfect lover—caressing my body until I exploded in a series of rhapsodic spasms.

The approach of a horse caused me to whirl and I almost lost my footing on the shifting sand. The midnight darkness was a solid sheet before me; I could not see the timberline parting me from my house in the distance. As if on cue, the gray-black clouds drifted away, allowing moonlight to once again reflect in a brilliant silver path across the water. On the bank, his legs straddled around the sleek, muscled body of a black stallion, a young man looked at me. His wide-brimmed hat cast macabre shadows on his face, yet I was not frightened. I watched him slowly dismount, a towering giant of a man, youthful in his stance, yet knowledgeable in the firm set of his jaw, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped, his hand lowering to the bulging mound at his groin.

I watched in awe and fascination as he slowly, carefully, shed his clothing—his hat, his shirt betraying a well-nurtured, fur-matted chest; his boots, his tight-fitting trousers. I continued to watch, a willing prisoner to this agonizingly erotic dream, as his erect reddish-purple member sprang free of his trousers. Beneath the warm, swirling waters I felt the sweetest nectar of lust fill my hungry cunt.

Our gazes met and held passionately. Any inhibitions I may have had floated away on a gentle current. When he approached me, mesmerizing me with a penetrating stare, I moved willingly into his outstretched arms. With my cunt oozing the indescribable desire I felt, he took my hand firmly and led me from the water. I wondered if he could see my swollen labia, my enlarged love-button throbbing through my soft mound of hair. When his hands closed firmly around my arms, I asked in a breathless whisper, "Who are you?" But he merely whispered in reply, "I am who you want me to be."

My vibrant, mysterious midnight stranger eased me to my back on the blanket I had left on the grassy knoll. Strong hands moved deftly, confidently, gently massaging my damp flesh. His mouth locked on mine and his tongue probed between my teeth, playing a wild game of tag with my own. As his hand lowered and two fingers gently pinched and massaged my clit, my own trembling hands enveloped his balls and kneaded them between my palms.

With a deep, masculine groan, his mouth broke from mine, then traveled past the small pulsating hollow of my neck to suck on one of the pink buds of my heaving breasts. His tongue drew circles around it,

sucking, gurgling, then repeating this performance with my other breast. Wonderful, rhapsodic pain swelled beneath his fingers, which soon moved to the hungry, inviting cave between my thighs. The sticky wetness flowed like a fountain from which he drank thirstily, his mouth sucking and his tongue probing to depths I wouldn't have thought possible. His fingers, lubricated with my sweetness, parted my buttocks and rubbed my anus. I turned to my side with a heaving, lusty groan, and squeezed his head between my thighs.

While he drank my love juices as fast as they flowed, I eased my mouth toward the purplish-red crown of his shaft and the well-endowed balls that glorified his groin. I eased the perfectly-shaped head between my teeth, wanting to fit all of his silken rod in my hungry mouth. He moved against my face, easing his cock to the back of my throat, and the musky odor of his genitals filled my nostrils. I drank ravenously of the sweet nectar, the small droplets of semen escaping his pulsating shaft. Then I filled my mouth with his balls, first one then the other, and kneaded them very gently between my teeth while my fingers stroked his well-shaped member.

As exquisite sensations of pleasure shot through my veins, he turned me on my stomach, spread my thighs apart and knelt between my legs. His fingers probed my aching cunt, then used my juices to lubricate the flesh in the crack of my ass. As he pressed my cheeks together, encasing his throbbing member between them, he gyrated up and down, caressing my outer anus, then lowered one of his hands to massage my throbbing clit. I was in rapture, my cunt a wild, uncontrolled thing, sporadically opening to invite his huge shaft into the deep black cavern. With a low, kittenish groan, I supported myself on my elbows, drew myself to my knees, then darted my hand between my legs to grip his balls. While his jackhammer continued to tease my anus, his hands caressed circles around the hard pink buds of my breasts.

I could bear it no longer, connected to him only by his shaft in the crack of my ass. I took his veined, throbbing rod and guided it into my cunt where it buried inside me, full and solid, molded to my vaginal walls. His groin and my cunt lips pounded together as his hugeness filled me. I tightened my muscles around his rod and he groaned, probing, driving, pounding himself against the cheeks of my ass. I, too, groaned, tensed my thigh muscles and enveloped his probing shaft. We rocked together in perfect unison, lust flowing like an electric current, gasping, groaning breathlessly deep in our throats, my hand kneading his balls while he confidently squeezed my heaving breasts.

We rocked together in perfect unison, lust flowing like an electric current, gasping, groaning breathlessly deep in our throats.

Then, as if this were merely another tryst, both of us familiar with each other's desires, on the verge of the ultimate explosion, he withdrew and we again turned and locked, his mouth against my cunt, sucking and licking, and my mouth accepting his pulsating shaft. As we came together in an avalanche of pleasure, I hungrily gulped the hot, salty cum that shot down my throat while he sucked an endless flow of viscous nectar from my cunt. My body slammed against his engorged dick to savor each overwhelming spasm. Exhausted and fulfilled, our breathing simultaneously slowing to a gentle rhythm, our bodies shifted and we clung to each other in exhilarated wonder.

Moments later, while our bodies lay entwined in the aftermath of sweet passion, I asked, "Will I see you again?"

"Whenever you want me, I will be here."

His words held me in a vise of contentment and soon, beneath the midnight sky, in the arms of my mystery lover, I fell asleep. The first light of dawn jolted my sleepy eyes and I awoke to the far-away crowing of a rooster. Although I was immediately jarred by disappointment, I was not surprised to find myself alone. Last night had been a wonderful, erotic dream and I bathed in the sweet memory of it. Dreamily, I pulled on my tight designer jeans and shirt, wrapped my panties and towel in my blanket and galloped the mare back to my ranch house where I enjoyed a long, perfumed bath.

As was customary when I completed a novel, I had planned a celebration for that evening and had invited a small, intimate circle of friends. Throughout the day, existing in a half-stupor one moment, a delirious frenzy the next, I assisted my twice-a-week housekeeper in getting everything ready for the party that evening. In my quixotic state, I was probably more a hindrance than a help. Last night was a whimsical joy in my mind—had it really happened or had I dreamed a very realistic dream? Oh, but did it really matter? I knew only that I was happier than I had been in a long while. My body and my passions had enjoyed a grand reawakening. I could still taste the probing nectar of my mystery lover's caresses and feel the grinding fullness of his well-endowed penis inside my agonizingly satisfied cunt.

My guests began arriving at eight o'clock that evening. I greeted each personally, encouraged them to partake of refreshments and the well-stocked bar in the recreation room and allowed myself to be drawn into light, often boring conversation. The doorbell rang. Needing an escape, I sprang to life with a hearty "Come on in, the door's open," then turned to greet the late guests.

John Bradford, who'd recently purchased the neighboring ranch, extended his hand in greeting. "Lass,"—being of Scottish descent, he'd taken to calling me by this name—"I'd be pleased if you'd meet my son—"

I turned with a friendly smile, then lifted my eyes. The world stood still for a moment. Breathless, trembling with surprise and awe, I extended my hand. "The lady and I have met," he said in a deep melodic voice, "last evening." He smiled, but it really didn't register in my dazed mind. In the semidarkness of my foyer, I saw his free hand lower to his groin, for my eyes only, and gently knead his tightly restricted member. My gaze returned to his eyes, blue like a clear mountain stream, that seemed to say, "Tonight, my love, we shall meet again in the shimmering light of the moon."

LORI

Sons and Lovers

It was about 2 A.M. when I heard a soft tapping on my bedroom window. Startled from my sound sleep, I covered myself with the sheet and blinked hard trying to focus into the darkness. Who was that silhouetted by the streetlight in the shadows outside?

"Lori, it's me, Lance!" The soft tapping started again.

"Lori, wake up!" His voice was so imploring, anxious, almost frantic. Lance was my 18-year-old son's best friend. He had spent many fun-filled evenings in my home and had shared many of his problems with me, but this was bizarre to have him pounding on my window in the middle of the night.

"What on earth?" I struggled to untangle the sheet from my legs and jumped up to lean close to the window. "What is it, Lance?"

He raised his finger to his lips signaling me to be quiet, and uttered with hushed anxiety, "Back door."

Alarmed by this strange interruption of sleep and knowing he was practically family, I didn't take time to find my robe. Clad only in a sheer blue floor-length gown with a plunging neckline, I fumbled a moment to unlock my kitchen door.

When I opened it I was almost frightened by the expression on the boy's face. There was a crazed animal lust in his eyes and his mouth. He grabbed my arm and started pulling me onto the back porch whispering coarsely, "I don't want to wake up your kids! I've got to talk to you!" His voice was desperate. At first I resisted his pulling me, but then I yielded, at the same

time trying to keep the screen door from slamming shut.

"What's wrong, Lance?" I implored. He didn't answer, but pulled me barefoot across the dew-soaked lawn, heading for my old station wagon parked in the driveway. I started to resist again, but when he said, "Let's sit in your car where we can talk," I allowed him to pull me into the back seat.

Lance shut the car door softly and turned to me with that lust-filled expression again. Impulsively, he wrapped his arms around my bare back and started kissing me passionately. I struggled for air and a chance to speak.

"Lance! Lance, what's wrong with you? I thought you wanted to talk. What are you doing?"

His mouth moved to my breasts. He nibbled my nipple through my gown. Even though he was only a kid and I was 38, my sexual cravings could not be denied. I had been divorced for six years, and had lost a terrific lover eight months ago. I had been so lonely. The urgency of this teen's desire and my own need started the most rapid sequence of reasoning my mind could muster. Then Lance started his own persuasion.

"You've flirted with me enough times, Lori, that I know you're attracted to me even if I am your son's best friend."

"But if Kyle ever found out," I argued, "it would ruin your friendship with him and he would never forgive me."

"Kyle will never know," Lance countered. "We would be so good for each other. Please, Lori, I need you so bad!" His hand gently rubbed the silkiness of my gown against my inner thighs, then worked its way up toward my warm pussy. In a pleading voice Lance continued, "I thought we could help each other out. God! I want you!"

My mind struggled against my body's response to his touch. My nipples were hard and my crotch was wet. Lance held me close, kissed my neck and then licked my earlobe. His hot breath in my ear increased my inability to resist. His hand roved inside my gown; as he bent to kiss my now bare breast, I stroked his curly brown hair.

"But this is wrong," I protested. My words lacked conviction because my body wanted him so badly. He laid me down on the seat and pressed his hardness against my thigh while my lips unwittingly parted to his open-mouthed kiss. His tongue probed my mouth and my tongue responded. Passion was overtaking me. I was returning his hot kisses as hotly as he was giving them. He sat up and started unbuttoning his shirt. I looked at Lance with new awareness. I had always thought he was such a handsome young man, but I was seeing him so differently now. He had had several serious girlfriends already, but none of his relationships had lasted. He had been alone for at least two months. I hadn't realized how desirable his young, well-muscled body was until now. The biceps and pectoral muscles of an ironworker rippled tautly before me.

Even though he was only 18 and I was 38, my sexual cravings could not be denied. His hot breath in my ear was impossible to resist.

"You will, won't you?" Lance pleaded. His white teeth glistened under his mustache as he smiled. I couldn't answer. He persisted, "It will be just this once. We don't have to go all the way. It will be our sacred secret. I know you want me too." He leaned down and started kissing me hotly again.

Once again, my mouth responded. As we continued to kiss, Lance held my head with one hand; his other hand raised my nightgown to the top of my thighs to explore my inner thighs and cunt lips. His fingertip, wet with my juices, traced round the outer edges of my hole. He wet his finger in my hole again and began lightly rubbing my clit. I could feel my cunt getting wetter and my inner thighs beginning to tremble. His barrage of kisses kept me from speaking. My body was aching to be loved. I was losing control.

Then, suddenly, he thrust two fingers inside me while his thumb continued to rub my clit. At the same time his tongue plunged deep into my mouth. I began to softly whimper and moan. It felt so good! His mouth moved to a breast kissing it, then his tongue circled my hard nipple. He sucked it hard and pulled it up, stretching my nipple taut. Now his hand cupped my other breast and he teased that nipple with his tongue. His other hand continued to work my pussy. I stroked his smooth back, moaned softly and began to writhe under him. His mouth moved down my ribs, kissing, licking and sucking gently at the soft indentation of my belly. He pulled his fingers out of my aching hole and with both hands twisted my nipples as his head moved to my bush.

"Slide up on the seat," he directed me. He parted my pussy lips with his fingers, pulling apart my skin to fully expose my tingling clit. I gasped when he plunged his tongue into my fiery hole. His tongue pressed in and out harder as his finger continued to rub my clit. By now I was bucking wildly, moaning and nearing the brink of orgasm. A wave of heat surged up from my cunt; my cheeks burned, my thighs quivered. The spasms of my vagina squeezed his thrusting tongue. Uncontrollably, I raised my hips off the seat pressing my bush closer to his face as I pressed his head tighter to me. With a violent release, my whole body twitched in spasm after spasm of orgasm as I slowly relaxed my grip on his head.

"Good, huh?" Lance muttered.

"Yes!" I sighed heavily. Lance seemed to savor my orgasm as he held me tightly. His need was still pent up, though, and I wanted to satisfy him too.

"Let me sit up, Lance," I requested. I kissed him tenderly, laid my head on his bare chest and unbuckled his belt. I unbuttoned his jeans, unzipped them and put my hand in to touch his bulging cock. His underpants were a slippery fabric—sexy. The tip of his cock was protruding over the top of his bikini briefs. I softly touched the delicate skin around the edge of the hard shaft-head. Lance moaned with pleasure. I tugged at the waist of his pants; he raised his hips and helped me get his pants down. As we worked together his cock popped up almost into my face. I giggled and helped him remove his pants and shoes. Then I spread his thighs wide and trailed my tongue from his inner knee to his balls. One of my hands stroked his belly, the other fondled his balls as I licked them.

"Oh! That's so good!" he gasped. Teasingly I licked and sucked all around his balls and hard prong with just my cheek. He begged me to suck him. I slowly licked up his shaft, and temptingly flicked the edges of the head. Without warning I swallowed as much of his cock as my mouth would hold. Lance groaned with pleasure and held my head tightly with both hands. I let saliva coat his cock and with one hand around his hardness moving in unison with my mouth, I stroked and sucked up and down his cock as deeply as I could. My other hand softly touched his balls. He started to thrust his pelvis up and down in time with my sucking. With my tongue I could feel the vessels in his cock surging. His cock grew even harder, his moans grew more throaty. His body arched and I felt hot semen spurt into my mouth. I let it run down his already slippery cock and around my hand.

"Ahh, oh, baby!" he growled in his release. His cock continued to throb as he repeated over and over again, "Thank you, thank you!"

We sat hugging and gently kissing each other at least half an hour before we softly padded into my house and quietly but playfully washed each other. Finally Lance whispered, "Get dressed. I'm going to take you out to breakfast."

I grinned. "OK, but I'm driving."

As we drove to an all-night restaurant we talked about our special relationship. We had both helped each other and it would always be our secret. And who knows, if the time is right we might help each other again someday—but this time, all the way.

MARTHA

Puppy Love

The unfamiliar intimacy of a shaved cunt. Intimacy with my silk panties, with the wind blowing up my full red skirt, intimacy with the lingering mint scent of Barbasol. I walk down the summer street feeling as if I were carrying a new-born puppy between my legs, a curious, nervous, sensitive creature who has never experienced all the things with which I've long grown familiar and bored.

Not that he'd notice. Brad, who sits at the next desk in my office, was the one who gave me the idea—whispering over the phone to his friend on lunch break as I tried to concentrate on completing a report. "Why doesn't he ever come on to me? What kind of woman does he like?" I was asking myself as the hum of the printer made his voice alternately muffled and clear: "That's what they say. Wow, I can't wait to put my hand on that smooth muff—"

I have been watching Brad since the spring when he was transferred here. Girls make up to him and he, indifferently, takes them up on it, not bored, but definitely not interested enough to make an effort.

I'd love to have Brad, but even if I were capable of doing what the others do, I wouldn't want him on a conveyor belt, so I have been doing everything I know to wake him up to my uniqueness. I talk to him, ask him questions about himself and his work, dress as nicely as I can and offer to help whenever he appears stuck. He responds with the same kind of sweetness—but when we leave the office, we say goodbye.

Come on, Brad, today I've got just what you want. Invite me to dinner.

Why it never occurred to me that a smooth cunt makes no difference in a clothed person's appearance I'll never know. I sit here with this new skin whispering its readiness to me, to my thighs, to my belly, from under the desk. But I keep clicking away at the machine, pulling out account files, adding sales tax to the bills, returning, saving, cataloging. I turn the printer on and the slight vibrations suddenly drive me wild; the leather of the chair I sit on seems to be shuddering against my buttocks, my exposed clitoris peeks out from between its lips and presses itself against the tautness of my pants. I lean forward toward the keyboard to relieve the pressure and find the pressure of my lips closing against the clitoris even more unbearable. This, I suppose, is something like violent seduction—wherever you go you can't escape the stimulation.

Brad, however, will never know. For a few moments in the morning I considered all the outrageous possibilities for someone with a shy personality like mine. I could simply tell him or engage him in a conversation about the subject—maybe sneak it in through a joke. Me! I, who never tell any kind of joke, am going to tell one about—"Hey, you know the story about the soldiers who find themselves in a foxhole during a bombing and one of them takes out a short, curly hair from an envelope and he looks at it, and he sniffs it, and he sighs, and he says, 'My wife.' And then this other soldier comes up to him and looks at the hair, and sniffs it, and he says, 'Is your name Goldberg?'" Well, I wouldn't have that problem.

I could offer to show him, the way little kids used to do in the garage.

But as the morning progresses, I find myself forgetting Brad as I become more and more absorbed in the wetness that is emerging from me. Does this always happen? Maybe my bush absorbs it all so I don't notice. Or maybe the stimulation is getting to me.

I could just take off my pants in the bathroom and wipe myself off. What if I hooked one high heel on the hand-drying machine?

The thought of getting up now, walking across the room, my legs touching against each other, pushing and pulling my tingling labia all the way down the hall to the bathroom, is overwhelming. Like fucking on top of the computer terminal.

What if I air it out? I could without too much of a fuss slip my pants past my hips and kind of work them down to my knees for a few minutes. Then I'd just spread my legs and let it dry.

But, of course, when I get them down to my knees I discover that my legs will not spread if my knees are held together by silk panties. And my cunt is beginning to throb.

Remember the story of the telltale heart, in which the murderer is afraid the heart of the victim buried below the floorboards will beat so loudly the police will hear? I look down guiltily at my red skirt to check if it isn't flying up with each thump.

I must have stared long, my chin against my chest, because Brad suddenly calls out, "Anything wrong?"

"Everything's fine," I call back, in a hoarse voice.

"Good, 'cause we've got company coming."

Before I look up I know the supervisor is walking down the aisle. I have nothing to worry about; aside from a pair of silk panties around my knees everything is in order at my desk. I'm not even behind in the accounts. And she has never asked me to do anything more than accept some extra work or comment on something. Never had to stand up for her.

"My, you look so vibrant this morning, Martha," Mrs. Briggs calls out even before she reaches my desk. "New boyfriend?"

"Oh, something like that," I find myself saying coyly. Whatever made her choose today to make her first personal remark to me was a stroke of luck. Any other day I would have fallen over blushing. Today I begin at beet red and there is no where to go.

Why is today different? I notice suddenly that Brad has been staring at me since Mrs. Briggs passed by us minutes ago.

"What's 'something like' a new boyfriend?" he says.

My eyes drop to my skirt again. This time I think I really detect the cotton fluttering.

"Feeling good about yourself," I say slowly, and then with an effort, throw my chin up and cock my face at him. I stare into his eyes now—so that he will stare back into my eyes and not notice the pounding from between my legs. As I raise my chin, my back straightens and my body moves forward, squeezing my cunt between my inner thighs.

"Think that might be contagious?" he says. "I could use a dose of that."

"It's worth a try," I answer, and the shudder that rips through me leaves me calm enough to accept his dinner invitation graciously—but with a measure of indifference. ■

The supervisor is walking down the aisle. I have nothing to worry about; aside from a pair of silk panties around my knees, everything is in order.

Send contributions to Readers' Fantasy Forum, **PLAYGIRL**, 3420 Ocean Park Blvd., Suite 3000, Santa Monica, CA 90405-3397. All contributions must be six to eight pages typewritten. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your submission returned.

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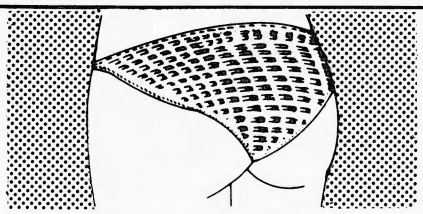

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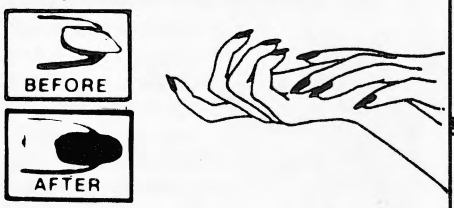

Now you can have longer, stronger, lovelier nails in just 2 to 3 days. This is the pledge of the Bio-Nail people. Bio-Nail contains the remarkable protein fortifier, Collagen that turns brittle breakable nails into 10 strong beautiful nails. Unlike ordinary nail hardeners, Bio-Nail contains no lacquer, no formaldehyde or other harmful agents. Non-sticky, non-greasy, odorless and colorless. Use with or without polish. Just brush it on for longer, stronger nails! One Bottle is $4.98. Bonus! Save on 3 bottles only $11.98.
Product # RA42FB

Whitens the most stained yellow teeth!

Brush on fabulous Kopal Denta-White to whiten your most stained yellow teeth. Covers up ugly coffee, tea and smoking stains to leave your teeth sparkling white Denta-White is used by thousands. Try Kopal Denta-White to whiten your teeth today. Now you too can have a #10 smile. Just pennies a treatment. One bottle of Kopal Denta-White is only $4.98. Special Savings! 3 bottles are just $11.98.
Product # EW42FB

Here's good news for those of us with blackheads & acne pimples.

The makers of Bio Masque, popular peel-away mask created for the treatment of acne, report their new, improved formula now contains Salicylic Acid. The FDA tests have proven Salicylic Acid to be 91% effective against acne. Bio Masque with Salicylic Acid penetrates the skin pores to work 3 ways: (1) it helps dry and clear up blackheads and acne pimples; (2) it allows the skin to heal; (3) it helps keep the skin clear and help prevent the development of new acne. You are asked to apply mask, let it harden, peel it off just 20 minutes later, skin will be noticeably clearer and more attractive. Bio Masque is safe and is available without a prescription. A 4-oz. bottle $6.98; Special Discount: 2 bottles, $11.98. Product # PA42FB

Have you always wanted your hair to look thicker & longer?

Now you can! Science may have the answer in a unique product called Long 'n Strong. It's rich lotion formula helps your hair to look longer and thicker in just 5 to 7 days. Independent laboratory tests shown up to a 15% increase in the thickness of hair after the first application. Split ends were shown to be corrected. Now you too can say goodbye to dull, lusterless hair. Great news for the man in your life! Long 'n Strong helps relieve the embarrassment of see-thru, thinning hair. If you value having your hair look longer and thicker you will definitely want this remarkable product. A 4 oz. bottle is only $4.98. Save $3...3 bottles are $11.98. Product # KR42FB

Georgeous eyes without false eyelashes.

Before you put on another set of false eyelashes, we suggest you try Super Lash. Here is a rich nourishing formula that even works while you sleep to give you fuller longer looking naturally beautiful eyelashes. Super Lash is safe, non-toxic and hypoallergenic. Comes with a Free Eyelash applicator accessory. Add radiance to your eyelashes naturally with this truly fantastic cosmetic beautifier and imagine it is only $4.98 or save $3.00 ... 3 bottles only $11.95.
Product # QR42FB

Improve your bustline.

You can't make your bust larger, but there's a unique program that makes your bustline look larger, sizes larger. It happens in 30 days. This 15-step program is designed to help tighten and strengthen the pectoral muscles. These muscles support the breasts so that the bustline is thrust up and out making you look *naturally* larger and sexier. You get fast, visible, permanent results. This unique program is strongly recommended for the undersized female. Only $4.98. Product# BB42FB

Stop being embarrassed by varicose veins.

Get rid of the embarrassment of varicose veins and other unsightly skin blemishes. The makers of Vanish have come up with a fantastic skin tone cover-up that conceals the most stubborn age spots, birthmarks, scars, even dark circles under eyes. Matches your skin tone perfectly. Waterproof even when swimming. Won't rub off, stain or smear. Now get round the clock protection from the embarrassment of varicose veins. Order Vanish for a younger looking you. Choose light, medium or dark. 1 jar only $5.98 ... 3 jars only $14.98.
Product # VV42FB

Are stretchmarks getting you down?

The folks at Fade-Out have the answer for you. They have come up with a rich emollient lotion that works for hours to moisturize and help smooth stretchmarks appearing on stomach, hips, breasts and buttocks. Fade-Out works cosmetically and does not alter the skin's delicate structure. Don't let unsightly stretchmarks get the best of you. Instead try Fade-Out for its beautiful satisfying results. A 4-oz. bottle cost $4.98. Save! 3 bottles are $11.98. Product # SR42FB

From skinny to shapely.

Being too skinny isn't fun. The folks at Easy Gain Weight know that underweight is as big a problem as over weight! They have come up with a program that promises to help you gain the curves and pounds that have escaped you. You are asked to take an Easy Gain Weight tablet once a day and to follow a scientifically prescribed meal plan. No prescription required. A Regular Strength 30-day Easy Gain Weight tablets and program is only $9.98. Save even more ... a 60-day supply of tablets and program is only $17.98. Add $2.00 if you desire Super Strength Tablets.
Product # GW42FB

Wipe-away unwanted hair.

Here is a fast, easy, safe way to remove unsightly hair from face and legs. Introducing fantastic Velvet Touch Mittens. Now simply wipe with a mitt and off comes unwanted hair leaving your skin velvety smooth and soft. No more razor cuts, no more hot wax burns, no more smelly harsh chemicals, and no more painful electrolysis treatments. Velvet Touch Mittens are a clean odorless way to quickly remove unwanted hair and dead flaky skin for soft, smooth skin. No muss, no fuss, no bother. A fabulous value at only $4.98. Save more... A double set of Mittens only $8.98.
Product # MS42FB

Instructions For Ordering Products-

Please include product number(s). Add $75 postage and handling for each item ordered. No C.O.D.'s Send payment with order or **CHARGE IT!** (minimum $15). SPECIFY on your order, Master or Visa Card, card number, expiration date, and include your signature. 100% satisfaction guaranteed or return product(s) within 30 days for merchandise refund. Address your order to Universal Beauty Dept. #42FB, 871 Willis Ave., Albertson, N.Y. 11507.

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FICTION by Laurence Klavan

Not Another Day

JEAN CAMILLE

"I SAID I DON'T KNOW," ED SAID.

"Well, when are you going to?"

"When I do. It's not the kind of thing I can just predict. I can't just mark it on the calendar, the way I would Lincoln's Birthday. I'll know when I know."

"If I had a dollar for every time you've said that—"

"You wouldn't be very rich, Judy. Maybe you could buy a blouse or a pair of pants, but that's about all—you wouldn't be rich."

With what Judy felt was his usual literal-mindedness, Ed had for all intents and purposes ended one more discussion about their future. As ever, it was not a discussion about choosing between one intended action and another; it was a discussion about choosing whether or not to *have* an intention—whether Ed would ever decide, for he had yet to.

"It's the uncertainty," Judy told herself and others. "'No' I could live with. But this is like living holding my breath. It's exhausting not to exhale. Compared to this, loneliness would be a snap; at least I'd be in one spot. But this is like driving around the block for five years, looking for a place to park. Will I end up double-parked with Ed, or will I finally have to parallel park by myself?"

Judy was not happy with this analogy; she was *never* happy with her means of expression and this was why she had yet to commit herself to serious writing, as she once had planned, and at 28 still wrote copy for brochures of U.S. stamps.

"Marriage isn't the kind of thing you rush into," Ed would invariably say. "You have to sidle into it, float into it, move slowly, I mean, so you can still stop if you want, before getting there." (This was the kind of investment counselor Ed was, too, and his clients were—secretly—annoyed by him.)

"But don't you know what all the waiting is doing to me?" Judy would say. "It's like being at one of those new horror movies, just waiting for the gory parts. The suspense isn't pleasurable, and there isn't much else to feel." She winced at the comparison, which seemed at once parochial and inexact. She tried again. "It's like constantly being on the edge of my seat, Ed. It's not a very pleasurable way to sit."

At frustrating times like these, Judy saw herself staying this way with Ed forever and tears would coat her pleasant face.

Judy loved Ed, or had never felt anything stronger for anyone else; but the fact of her feelings was less pressing than the condition

of their stasis together which, though in any physical way painless, was in its own particular you-got-me-dangling-on-a-string, I'm-just-on-pins-and-needles way, unbearable.

"My life can't go on," she would say, "until we settle this."

Yet—and this was the thing—her life did go on. And on her 28th birthday, an occasion which officially convinced her of the ever-forward motion of life and the inevitability of death, Judy decided that drastic measures were called for. With the typical range of the desperate, she lumped together as useless remedies psychiatry, counseling, nagging, crying, cajoling, threatening to leave and leaving for a few days and then coming back. She decided the only way to end Ed's indecision (which at this point was so obdurate it reminded Judy of those women who miss their periods for months on end: the drying up of a natural human process) was to contact the spirit world.

Given Judy's total lack of experience with the spirit world, she had to choose its most convenient representative, Madame Zupp, the palm reader on the corner of 91st and Second, where Judy and Ed lived together.

Madame Zupp was a plump, bent, middle-aged woman with a face full of wet makeup and a soiled bandanna over stiff gray hair. She wore spangly gypsy earrings and a loudly exotic print skirt, and smoked Camel Lights, which Judy assumed a prophecy had told her was the best brand.

"You have a very long lifeline," she told Judy as she cradled her palm in her own shaking hands. "This is a good sign, Jody."

"Judy."

"Uh—of course, I knew that. Yet something tells me 'Jody' was the name your parents originally intended for you." Quickly then, Madame Zupp painfully pressed around Judy's hand. "I sense trouble."

Judy winced. "Will it be over soon?"

Madame Zupp looked up and her grip on Judy's flesh relaxed. "Only if you wish it to be."

Judy stared at the fortune-teller now.

"It has to do with a man," Madame Zupp further intuited.

"Ed," Judy blurted out.

Madame Zupp was entranced, deaf. "His name is—Ed."

Judy nodded excitedly, drawing her chair closer to the table, smacking her knees against those of the gypsy woman and apologizing.

"He is a man who is—giving you trouble." Madame Zupp saw Judy nod. "Lots of trouble."

Judy sighed gratefully, amazed at this remarkable soothsaying. Then she saved Madame Zupp the trouble of doing any more, for she poured out the entire story of Ed's vacillation.

"This is exactly as I thought," Madame Zupp said gravely, when Judy was done.

"Well, can you do something about it?" Judy asked. "I mean, is there some way you can use your—powers or something?"

Madame Zupp considered it. Then she slowly folded Judy's palm closed. "There is no way using just a hand," she said. "But I may be able to cast a spell."

"A spell. That's what I meant. That's the word I was searching for."

"I will need something belonging to this man."

Judy thought a minute. Then slowly, reluctantly, she reached into the paper bag that sat beside her feet. "Here. I was going to drop these off to be taken in, but—" Judy handed over the pants to Ed's tan suit.

Madame Zupp received them and seemed for a minute to study their quality and waist size. Then she folded them over before her on the table. "These will do just fine."

Judy smiled. "Is there anything else you need? Anything else I have to give you?"

"Fifty more dollars."

Judy went a little pale. Then slowly, nodding, she began to search her purse. "Will you—will you take a check?"

Madame Zupp nodded. "With two pieces of identification."

Juggling a driver's license, a library card, a check and a pen, Judy completed the transaction with the seer, writing the check out, as she was instructed, to "Zuppco, Inc." Madame Zupp in turn handed her back a receipt.

"I promise you," she said, folding the check and placing it in a skirt pocket, "that not another day will pass before he makes up his mind."

THE PROPHECY MADE JUDY ANXious and elated. The next morning she decided to walk to work with Ed and watch him for any signs of conclusiveness. They passed the newsstand where Ed always bought the morning *News*.

"Nice day," Ed informed the vendor.

"Not for her," the vendor replied, and pointed to the paper's headline. A "coed" had been stabbed 15 times with a shrimp fork.

Ed shrugged and nodded, then folded the paper over quickly to the sports page. This he read as he and Judy continued their walk downtown.

He looked up from the paper just to respond to a cry of "Ed!" A plump man in a three-piece suit was bounding across the street to see him.

"Ed!" the man repeated, when he arrived.

"Jon," Ed nodded back. To Judy he said, smiling, "The two of us work together."

"You got that money you borrowed from me yesterday?" Jon asked.

Ed sighed. Shooting an annoyed look at Judy, Ed reluctantly gave him $5 and then—at Jon's insistence—78 cents.

After receiving a halfhearted wave from Ed, Jon darted back across the street, where he walked the same way to work but on the opposite side.

Soon, Judy had only six more blocks in which to get a commitment from Ed that morning. But a cab ended all such possibility when it lurched into a puddle and splattered Ed's pants.

"Will you look at this?" Ed bellowed. He continued in a similar vein until they reached his office. There he kissed Judy, said once again, "Look at this," pointing to his shins, and disappeared inside.

Frustrated but still expectant, Judy met Ed again *after* work: He was surprised to see her, but kissed her sweetly and said that he was beat.

"They had a fire drill and I found a mouse in my office," Ed remarked.

On their walk home, Ed was largely silent and reacted just with confused smiles to Judy's frequent, eager gazes.

At the corner of 85th and Second, a slender man in a T-shirt and jeans bolted in front of the two and raced across the avenue. A fat man wearing a butcher's apron soon followed, screaming, "Thief!"

Ed shook his head disgustedly. Judy joined him in a disgusted head shake, hoping to create a sense of inspiring comaraderie. But Ed only muttered, "This city," and kept on walking.

When they reached their apartment house, they found that two older men drinking wine from brown bags were sitting sprawled across the front steps. Ed stopped and sighed.

"Excuse us," he said.

"Would you by any chance be interested in a wrench?" From his coat, one man pulled out a wrench encased in plastic which came with several free screws.

"No, thank you," Ed said, maneuvering with Judy between the men who had not moved.

"Don't *wrench* yourself," the man said, to his own and his friend's amusement.

Once inside, Ed sat on the couch and, within a few minutes had tipped forward into sleep. Judy studied him anxiously and consulted her watch—six hours to go. In a panic, she decided to make dinner, which would, if nothing else, awaken Ed.

During the meal, Ed remarked upon the coolness of the broccoli and the toughness of the meat. He told Judy she looked nice—which perked Judy up and made her lean forward—but he made no other personal comments.

After dinner, Judy and Ed watched a TV program called *Sneak Previews*, on which two film critics criticized films. It was a special episode in which each fantasized, "If I Ran a Movie Theater." Ed said drowsily that he would like to run a movie theater, too. Then he and Judy went in to bed.

Lying in bed next to Ed, who was plainly on the edge of sleep, Judy decided to take matters into her own hands. Madame Zupp had made no stipulation against her initiating action—the very subject of the spell, after all, was Ed's lack of initiative. So she bent down next to him and whispered,

"Ed? Ed?"

"Hmm?" Ed grunted.

"Have you thought any more about what we've been talking about?"

Ed paused for what seemed a long time. Then he replied, decisively, "Yes. I still don't know."

It was 11:37 P.M. Soon it was midnight and

A New York-based writer and playwright, LAURENCE KLAVAN is the author of *I Watch Lois* and several one-act plays including "Sleeping Beauty" and "Smoke."

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despite Judy's palm, Ed's pants and Madame Zupp's prediction, another day had indeed passed.

THE NEXT MORNING, JUDY TRIED to stop payment on the check written out to Madame Zupp, but she learned it had already been cashed.

"Well, she didn't earn that money," Judy told the bank's representative. "She really stole it."

Judy decided she had made use of a last resort and now had nowhere left to turn. She thought of leaving Ed but knew, as long as there was doubt about his decision, she would want to stay—as she would with even a mediocre mystery novel once she'd begun it, another analogy with which she was displeased.

Judy did not walk to work with Ed that day; she felt there was no more need. Ed walked the familiar way downtown by himself.

He bought a *News* at the usual newsstand and said the usual thing. "Nice day."

"Not for her," the vendor replied, and pointed to the headline. A "coed" had been stabbed 15 times with a shrimp fork.

"What is it, a crime wave?" Ed asked with a laugh. Then he turned quickly over to the sports page and continued on his way.

He looked up to unhappily acknowledge a cry of "Ed!" He saw that his colleague, Jon, had again crossed the street to be by his side.

"Ed!"

"Good morning, Jon. To what do I owe this honor?"

"You got that money you borrowed from me yesterday?"

Ed looked at him, peeved. "I just paid you yesterday. What are you talking about?"

"Don't give me that." Jon slapped Ed's shirtfront lightly. "Who do you think you're fooling?"

"You lent it to me the day *before* yesterday and I paid you back *yesterday*."

"I want that money, Ed. I'm not going to demand it today, but sooner or later I want it."

"You got it. You got it because I gave it to you."

Jon put on an affronted face, as if to say, "What do you take me for?" Then, making a "pfft" sound, he trotted back across the street.

Six blocks away from his office, a car bumped into a puddle and sprayed dirty water on Ed.

"Look at this!" Ed cried, stupefied, to strangers. "Look at this again!"

At the office, with great frustration, Ed felt he made absolutely no headway in his work. He had to stand outside for another fire drill and, to his dismay, he chased one more mouse out of his cubicle.

On the way home, on the corner of 85th and Second, a slender man in a T-shirt and jeans bolted in front of him and raced across the avenue. A butcher followed him, screaming, "Thief!"

"This neighborhood," Ed said aloud. "It seems to be hit by a rash of robberies. And all centered around the meat community."

When he reached his apartment house, Ed found the same two drunkards lounging on the front steps.

"Excuse me—again," he said.

"Would you by any chance be interested in a wrench?" One man pulled from his coat the plastic-covered tool.

"I didn't want it yesterday," Ed said curtly, "and I don't want it today."

"Don't *wrench* yourself," the man said, to identical laughter from himself and his friend.

"You ought to get some new jokes," Ed said huffily, and went inside.

Judy was too depressed to do more than smile slightly at Ed. But he hardly noticed, harrassed as he was feeling.

"What a day," he said. "It was the ultimate in monotony. I've never felt more annoyed."

Ed continued his diatribe all the way through dinner, about which he did, however, find time to make a mild complaint. In piqued detail, he recounted each incident that had exasperated him. By the end of the meal, Judy had begun to pay a certain amount of amazed attention.

When they sat down before the TV, Ed was too tired to say much more. As the picture came on, he sleepily shut his eyes. Then he shot them wide open again.

On *Sneak Previews*, the two film critics were once more discussing "If I Ran a Movie Theater."

"This is incredible!" Ed exclaimed, flailing

(Continued on page 92)

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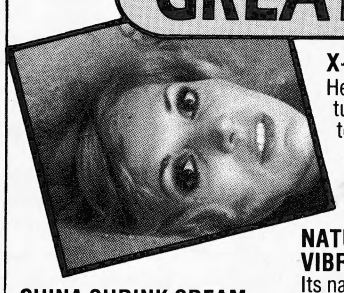

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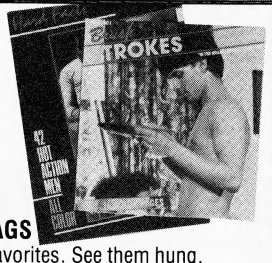

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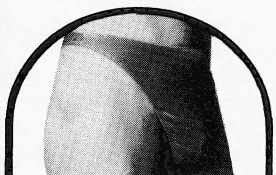

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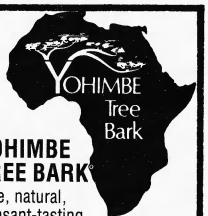

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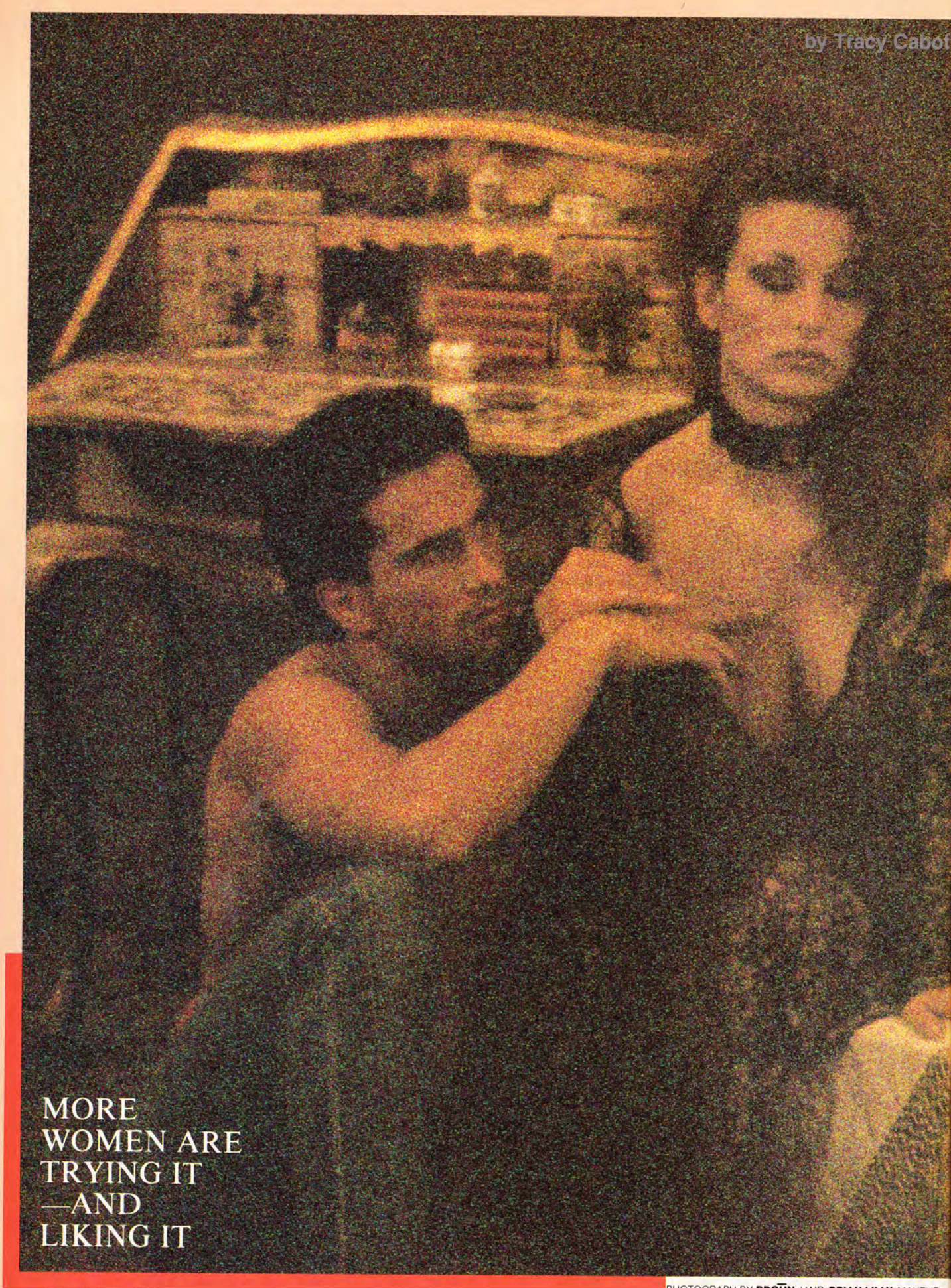
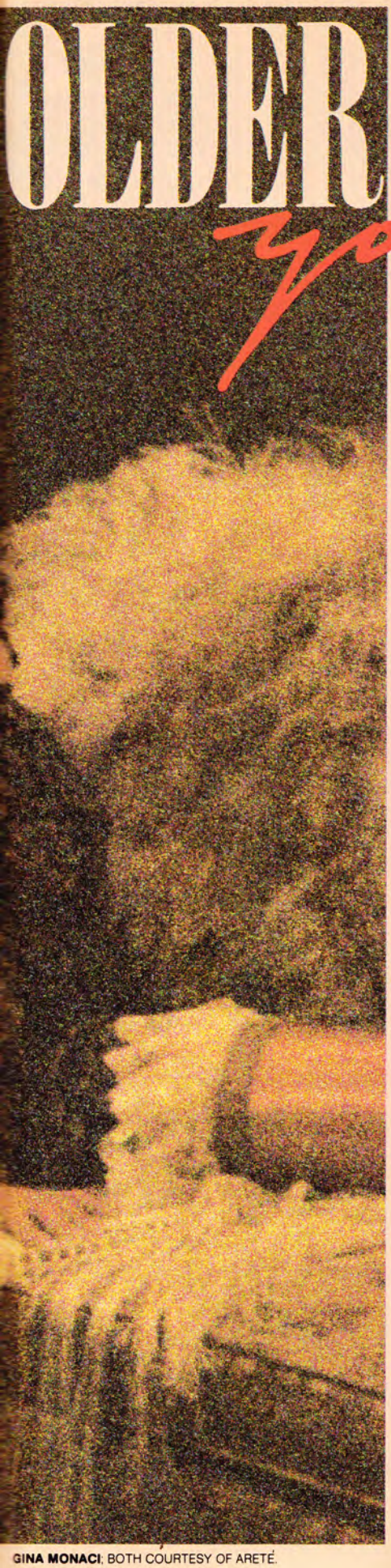
by Tracy Cabot



MORE WOMEN ARE TRYING IT —AND LIKING IT

PHOTOGRAPH BY **BROŪN**; HAIR: **BRIAN LILLY**; MAKEUP:

OLDER WOMEN *younger men*



GINA MONACI; BOTH COURTESY OF ARETÉ.

JUST AS A MAN USED TO PICK A WOMAN WHO LOOKED GOOD ON HIS ARM AND who fit his image, the woman of the '80s is picking a man to fit *her* image. She wants him to be supportive, to attend her business functions and help her look good at work. He has to be affectionate and kind, to share homemaking and child-care, to be a nonsexist, equal partner, to be good in the sack and respectful of her wisdom, power and money-making ability. He has to understand her ambition and be willing to play second fiddle when called upon.

Is it any wonder today's women are choosing younger men?

A younger man is sensitive and sexy, flexible, flattering and full of life. He builds her up and listens to what she says. She can even act out her mothering instincts on him without the full-time job of being a real mother.

Besides, he may be all that's left.

By the time a woman reaches 40, there is only one man her age for every three women, not counting the 10 percent who are homosexuals or the fact that most 40-year-old men want to date 25-year-old women. So what's an older woman to do? In the past she'd find some 70-year-old man who thought she was a young chick; today, she finds a 27-year-old who thinks she's a foxy lady.

Perhaps the age taboo is disappearing with women's liberation. Today's woman is more secure. She doesn't need a wise father figure to tell her what to do. She doesn't have to be taken care of.

Today's man is different too. He's less macho, less concerned with his image of having to be the older, richer, dominant, more educated part of a couple. So he too slips more easily into the older woman/younger man relationship.

Since she started her organization, The Older Woman/Younger Man December-May Club, a year and a half ago, Phyllis Sydney has had over 3,000 inquiries from both men and women. "Divorces leave women my age [she's in her 50s] looking for new men, but the problem is a 50-year-old man wants to marry a younger woman. It's a success symbol for those old codgers, so the race is on for pretty young girls.

"I went out with men my age and they felt they had failed. They talked about their sex problems and their exes and who did what to whom. And no matter how big a failure an older man is, he always wants to tell you what to do. What's left? Younger men."

Sydney's organization gets 2½ male applications for every female application. "The younger men feel the girls their age are total airheads," she says. "I was an airhead too when I was that age. These guys aren't just looking for sex. They want someone to talk to and they don't expect applause each time they get it up."

IT WAS ONLY RECENTLY THAT OLDER WOMEN BECAME ACCEPTABLE SEX objects. Joan Collins, Mary Tyler Moore and Olivia Newton-John, all recently married to younger men, are celebrities leading the trend. The popular nighttime soaps feature older, sexy women like Linda Evans, and being over 40 is now considered sexy by many younger guys. The older woman/younger man relationship is no longer taboo. In fact, older women today think of a younger man as the new status symbol.

"When we're together, I feel proud and very beautiful," says Dr. Susan Jeffers, 47, a Los Angeles psychotherapist and workshop leader, about her 40-year-old husband, Mark. But she admits it wasn't always that way. When she and Mark first met, she resisted the relationship.

"When we met, he was a baby of 36 and I felt very negative about getting involved with him. I worried that he would be attracted to my daughter. He made me feel older, more conscious of my wrinkles and cellulite. I'd dated much older men before and they always made me feel young and beautiful on a physical level, even though they made me feel older on a psychological level. Yet older men tend to put down a younger woman's intellect while younger men build you up."

Dr. Jeffers has overcome her initial resistance and now believes, "It's better for my self-esteem to be with a younger man because he relishes my wisdom, experience and maturity. I'm valued for the inner me, the ageless part. I've learned to feel really good

---

TRACY CABOT is a Los Angeles-based writer. She is the author of *How to Make a Man Fall in Love With You*, and *Letting Go*. Her newest book, *How to Keep a Man in Love With You Forever*, will be released this summer by McGraw-Hill. Cabot is a regular contributor to *Family Circle*, *Bride* and *Savvy* magazines.

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about myself because I can look at a younger woman and realize she doesn't have as much to offer as I do."

In her practice, Dr. Jeffers counsels women who are involved with younger men and helps them overcome their initial resistance. "A woman will resist a relationship with a younger man because she's afraid she'll look ridiculous to her friends," Jeffers says. "Or she's embarrassed to be with him because of her body, or even because she feels there are mother-son incestuous implications.

"I tell a woman to allow the negative feelings to arise, to even discuss them with the man in her life. Those feelings do go away—after all, looks are passing and have to go eventually anyway. I suggest concentrating on the positive aspects of what [the relationship] has to offer."

Still, women involved with younger men say they are concerned about looking older than their partner.

SOMETIMES FEELING SELF-CONscious about being with a younger man depends on the neighborhood. Betty, 44, has always loved younger men. When she was 40, she moved from New York City to a small town in Vermont. "I never felt embarrassed in the city," she says. "I remember when I was 31, I had an affair with a 16-year-old. My daughter was 4. They got along great. We'd all go out together and people would think I was taking my two kids out to eat. But when I moved to a small town, everything changed. Everybody knew how many kids I had and who I was with.

"I was having a mad passionate affair with a 21-year-old cutie. It was OK as long as we stayed in the house, but then one day I was out shopping with my girlfriend and we ran into him. He was wearing these little white shorts and a polo shirt and he looked so young. He came bounding over to the car and gave me a big hello, a hug and a kiss. I really felt horribly self-conscious. I was sure people were talking about me."

Betty has been worried lately about keeping up her image in front of a new younger man, a spritely 32-year-old. One night they were necking on the couch when she got a hot flash. "What's wrong?" he asked. "You're so hot. Are you OK?"

Not wanting to tell him she was having a menopause flash, she told him, "I'm hot for you, baby." But she still wasn't off the hook. A few days later, during another hot necking session, he suddenly pulled away. "What's wrong?" Betty asked. "Your heart's beating so fast," he told her, "I got scared. I thought you were having a heart attack."

"I felt really bad," Betty admits. "Then later that same night I really felt my age. We were in bed and I wanted to blow him away with my old specialty of getting on top and bobbing up and down on my toes. So I got on top and there was this terrible popping noise in both my knees and this searing hot flash of pain shot up my legs. I thought I was going to die. It was excruciatingly painful and embarrassing."

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keep up. Sylvia and Scott live in Chicago where he is a cameraman for the local television station. They have been married seven years and recently had a baby girl. When their daughter was born, Sylvia was 41 and Scott was 35—not a big age difference, but enough to matter.

"I get a facial every two weeks, $28 a pop; I wouldn't do that if I wasn't worried about looking young," Sylvia says. She was always sensitive about the age difference between her and Scott. "I lied to him when we met. I told him I was four years older, not six. After a while, I began to believe I *was* only four years older. I lied on my driver's license. Then when we thought we couldn't conceive and were trying to adopt a child, I was suddenly confronted with adoption forms in which you perjure yourself if you lie.

"That night I gave him the works in bed. Everything. I went up, down and all over on him. Then when he was thoroughly exhausted, I showed him my passport. By that time, we'd been through so much together physically and emotionally, it hardly mattered anymore."

Sylvia, who eventually was able to have a baby, admits there are a few problems when you're married to a younger man. "It's nice to have a younger husband who gets up in the middle of the night to feed the baby, but when I was pregnant I missed having an older man to lean on as a father figure."

Another big problem with older woman/younger man marriages is babies. "All the cute little Yuppies are having two or three," says Sylvia. "I know Scott would love to have more children, but I barely survived having one at 41. I'm starting menopause and he's not even 40 yet," she sighs. "He's a Yuppie. He's ambitious. He has a lot of dreams and ideals that no longer interest me. He dreams of moving to New York and working for *60 Minutes*. I'm ready to settle down. I'm ready to give up my youthful dreams and settle for a comfortable reality. He's not," and here Sylvia echos what other older women say about their young husbands: "Sometimes I look at him and he looks so very, very young."

In Seattle, Ann, 45, married to Bill, 37, says, "I'm beginning to show my age. I have wrinkles, and I look at him and I think, 'My God, look at him. He looks like a kid.' I could see him with some gorgeous young thing.

"After we were married, when my mother found out he was only 35, she said, 'You're terrible.' But I told her it was just something women didn't do when she was young, and that it's acceptable now."

Ann, too, went out with older men before she met Bill. "These men would say, 'Let's try to make love.' And very often they failed."

Being with a young man makes Ann do more than she would otherwise. "I push myself to keep up when we're out hiking. Otherwise Bill teases me. He'll say, 'People your age need to rest more.'"

NOT EVERY RELATIONSHIP WITH A younger man survives. Sally, a New York publishing executive, talks about one that failed: "He was adorable and very young. I saw him as a young Adonis, but he was selfish and immature.

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"He'd go out with some younger people and he'd come home and tell me he found someone better and younger. He'd say he couldn't stay with me because I was too old to have kids. I was so hurt. Eventually I got the nerve to kick him out, but he cost me lots of money and all my self-esteem."

Liz Wolf, a Houston psychotherapist, believes, however, there is a definite trend toward older woman/younger man relationships. "There's more freedom now among men and women," she says. " People are less concerned about the stigma of an unconventional relationship. Also, women in their 30s and 40s wouldn't have been single in days gone by."

Dr. Wolf perceives today's younger man as particularly well-suited for a relationship with an older woman. "Sexually," she says, "a woman of 38 or 40 is raring to go. She's burned out on marriage. She just wants to play." But Dr. Wolf doesn't believe younger men and older women are exactly suited psychologically for a long-term relationship.

"I think there is more dating than serious relating. Problems come up when the man starts out looking for a mother figure and then outgrows that need. There goes the relationship. Also, he's still aspiring and she wants to rest. He's not necessarily ready to settle down."

Dr. Wolf is single and has been out with younger men herself. "It's flattering," she says, "and it keeps you young and initially it's inviting. Some cute young guy says he's sick of young girls who always want something.

"'You can teach me all that good stuff,' he says in the beginning. Then after a while it's, 'Oh, you think you know it all.'

"Whenever I've dated younger men, I've found that we've been on different levels. After all, you can only be as mature as life lets you be. They appear to be mature but they really haven't lived. Compared to them I've lived so much. After a while, I felt like an older woman."

Just as some women will always prefer older men, a preference for younger men doesn't change with age. Ruth Dixon, 60, is an author-lecturer and founder of the Miami, Florida-based Phoenix Society, a support group for older women. She always preferred younger men and still does.

"Even though I've gotten older, my taste in men hasn't changed. I think 37 is the perfect age—mature, but not over the hill," says the outspoken Dixon. "A young man respects you and thinks you're worldly, glamorous and sophisticated. He doesn't think he knows it all. A man of my age is far too old for me. Who wants a saggy old ass and a guy who can only get it up once in a while?"

SO WHO ARE THESE YOUNGER MEN, the new unmacho males who bring joy to older women? Jeremy, a 30-year-old lawyer, is typical. He's slight, looks young for his age and is intelligent and open about his preference for older women. He's currently engaged to a 37-year-old.

"When I was 19, I fell deeply in love with an older woman of 29," he says. "She had two kids, 2 and 4, and my father flew up to the

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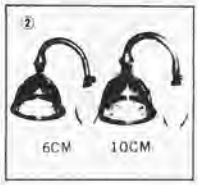

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YOUNGER MEN *(Continued from page 91)*

University of Oregon to talk to me about ruining my life with an older woman. The oldest woman I've been with was 54."

There are lots of reasons Jeremy prefers older women. "As a lawyer, I spend so much of my day taking care of people and their problems. I want to relax and be taken care of when I'm done with work.

"I really love the way older women feel free to nurture a man. With an older woman it's more easygoing; there are fewer games. An older woman knows what she wants and often it's been me. How can I argue with that? Actually, when I was younger, I was attracted to older women because it was much easier to get them into bed."

Jeremy has also thought about what he's missing. "The older woman is flabbier," he smiles. "No doubt about that. If you have a fascination for taut bodies you give up something to be with an older woman. But when my friends ask me how I can stand to make love with a less-than-firm body, I tell them they better get used to it because their 20-year-old women are going to get that way someday, too."

A middle-aged man may not be as comfortable as Jeremy about his relationship with an older woman. Charlie, 45, a San Francisco investment banker, is married to Janice, a literary agent. "When she turned 50," he says, "that really shook me up. To be married to a woman who's 50 years old! It really bothered me.

"I was really bothered, too, when I found out she colored her hair. I didn't want her to have the gray. Her gray hair suddenly made me realize I wasn't a kid anymore."

Charlie says he feels more comfortable being married to Janice now than when they first were together. "It helps that I've become more confident and successful in my career, so I don't need to be the macho man at home."

Dr. Edward Parsons, a psychiatrist who practices in Manhattan and Westfield, New Jersey, says, "It's important that a man feel confident if he's going to have a successful relationship with an older woman.

"Men and women today are more sophisticated about love. They know it's not just a flash romance and you live happily ever after. The old stereotypes of the macho man and the passive woman are breaking down. Women are more aggressive. They are paying more attention to their own needs, putting themselves first, not society. Women care about their sexual needs, and age is not important."

Dr. Parsons says there is a good reason why younger men stay turned on to their aging wives: "Couples with a good sex life have a good fantasy about each other. The fantasy is so strong that the wrinkles and signs of aging seem invisible."

Whatever the reasons for older woman/younger man relationships, it seems clear that their popularity is growing. Perhaps as women become more comfortable making choices that suit their lifestyles, they are less likely to choose their mates based solely on outdated public opinion. To the woman of the '80s, image has gone far beyond career dressing. ■

FICTION *(Continued from page 84)*

about for the TV page. "Is this one episode supposed to get better with age? Don't these station people have *any* imagination?"

Unable to find the leisure section, Ed gave a fed-up "Goodnight!" to Judy and stormed off to bed.

"I want this day to be over with as soon as possible!" he said.

For a minute, Judy savored the silence that existed in Ed's wake. Then, seated alone before the TV's flickering faces, she excitedly grasped the meaning of his experiences.

Madame Zupp had said "not another day" would pass and, indeed, for Ed one had not.

Judy decided not to complain about her, after all, to the New York State Department of Labor.

A few minutes later, she slipped quietly into bed beside Ed. She whispered, "Ed? Ed?"

There was a pause before his reply.

"Judy, I don't want to answer and still be in this day."

"But—have you made up your mind at all about what we talked about? I think it's very important that you do."

Ed tried to stay civil. "Judy—"

"For your own sake, sweetheart," Judy spoke heatedly now, "I really think you ought to decide."

"I will when I do!" he whispered angrily. "Now, please, let me reach the morning quickly!"

Judy sighed as she saw Ed shift away.

"OK," she shrugged. "But I really think you should have decided when I asked you."

THE NEXT MORNING, ED HAD REgained much of his bouncy stride. He went to work whistling, while Judy watched him, cringing, as one does who awaits an explosion.

Ed reached his usual newsstand, where he purchased a paper. He gave a somewhat amended version of his usual greeting.

"*Pleasant* day," he said.

"Not for her," the vendor responded, and pointed to the paper's headline. A "coed" had been stabbed 15 times with a shrimp fork.

Ed stared at the story. "What are you doing?" He slapped down the paper. "What are you, trying to pawn off an old paper on me? I come here every morning and I deserve the most up-to-date news!"

The vendor looked uneasily at his other customers. "It's today's paper. Please keep your voice down."

The vendor hastily indicated the date on the front page. But this evidence only served to enrage Ed more.

"That's two days ago! I can keep count, I have a master's degree in economics. You keep your stale paper," Ed practically threw the copy at the man, "I'll go where they sell the news of *the* day, not *a* day!"

Pleased with his put-down, but shaking a little now, Ed continued down the street in defiant search of another store. But before he could find one, he was stopped in his tracks by the chilling cry of "Ed!"

Wheeling around, to his horror, Ed confronted his co-worker, Jon, crossing the street.

(Continued on page 104)

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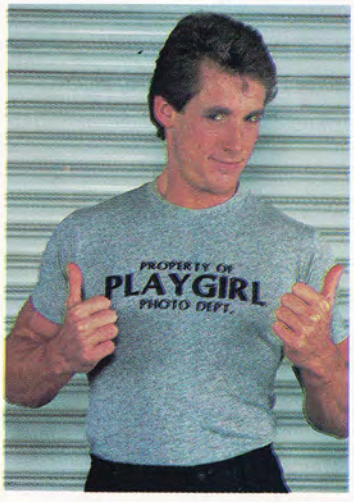

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by Jim Yeager

THE PERFECT Syndrome

THE SUPERWOMAN RETURNS TO EARTH

IT'S MIDMORNING IN LOS ANGELES. Carol, a high-powered legal department studio executive, demurely excuses herself from a tense property-options meeting. She slips behind an unmarked door just down the hall. Anxiously awaiting her in the barren room are a nanny and a plaintively wailing infant whose crimson cheeks are flush and whose feet paw madly at empty air.

The baby knows nothing of Hollywood's percentage deals—it's hungry and irritated. Carol quickly unbuttons her silk blouse and gently cradles the baby to her breast. Moments later, the feeding completed, the nanny gives Carol a towel to dab away the excess milk. The studio lawyer then kisses her child's forehead, smiles at the nanny and goes back to business. Her brief absence goes virtually unnoticed by the otherwise all-male meeting.

THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, Janet, a New York interior design consultant, also walks out of a meeting. Only, she has absolutely no intention of returning. She feels like she has been on a treadmill for the past five years. While her business thrived—she had designed some of Madison Avenue's fanciest and most luxurious offices—her marriage had suffered. She had made it in the world of power-yellow ties, but her husband was becoming increasingly distant and her two children had become virtual strangers.

Something had to give.

Janet decided that instead of taking lunch at Tavern on the Green, she would give up the greenbacks and lunches which her exceedingly successful career had afforded her. She was trading them in for Tonka Toys and Transformers.

INDEED, SOMETHING IS HAPPENING out there.

Somewhere between the apex of the feminist explosion—the I'm Okay, You're Okay/Having It All/Gloria Steinem days—something has changed. Not gone wrong. Just changed.

In the race to do it all, be it all and look good while doing it, women seem to be making midcourse adjustments as they pass the midpoint of the '80s. Some are fine tuning; others are pushing themselves harder. There are those who are pulling out altogether. Instead of Getting Their Act Together and Taking It on the Road, they're taking their act from the workplace and going home—for good. Then there are a number of younger contestants who have chosen to not enter the race at all.

The superwoman is undergoing a period of dramatic transformation in every way.

Somewhere on the path to success, women of all ages and station are increasingly finding themselves at the crossroads. And invariably they're finding that the roadmarker, in all directions, reads "Yield."

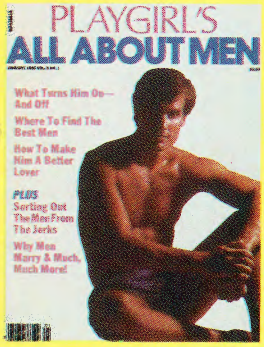
Many psychiatrists, feminists, career women, housewives and men agree that the dream of having it all may just be that, a dream—which if pursued ardently enough can come at great personal cost.

"Sure, you can try to have it all," says Rebecca, a 28-year-old Atlanta schoolteacher. "There's nothing wrong with that. But you're never going to reach nirvana. You have to try to strike a balance between the workplace and your love life and be happy with it. Something always has to give and at different times, it's different things."

Photograph: **Ted Dayton**; Hair: **Christyn's**

JIM YEAGER is an editor for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner.*

Hot off The Press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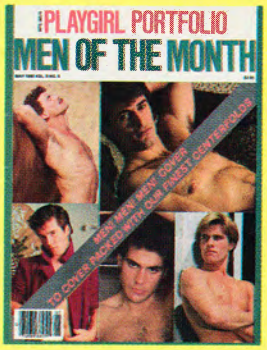

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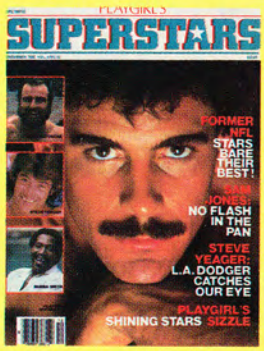
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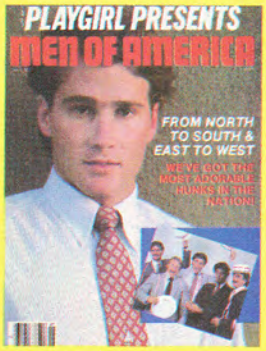

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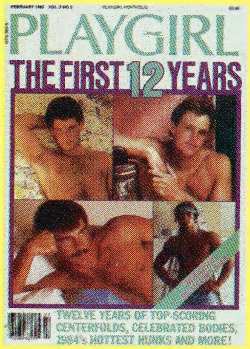

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The balancing act is often easier said than done.

Women have spent the last two decades listening to Helen Gurley Brown tell them they can have everything. Books, radio, television and self-help groups have all told the beleaguered masses, "You too can make perfect double-layer fudge cake, have lots of cute children, climb the corporate ladder, be a good wife and have multiple orgasms on the way."

All in the same day, no doubt.

Before the '60s, it was an either/or proposition; home or work, and that was that. For instance, one study of working women who died between 1950 and 1970 reveals that almost 40 percent of the women never married, and of those who did, 30 percent had no children. Moreover, 40 percent of those who married were eventually divorced.

Now with women trying to perform a juggling act between job and home worthy of Barnum and Bailey, difficulties have set in. Betty Friedan, whose book *The Feminine Mystique* helped launch modern feminism more than 20 years ago, talked to PLAYGIRL about the problem.

The feminist movement in the United States has suffered from "fundamentalist backlash," she says. Feminism made it easier for women to have families without giving up careers. But women who are weary from the dual responsibilities are complaining about the movement. There's a collective moan and groan which seems to be saying, "The women's movement got you into this mess by telling you that you could have it all."

Dr. Stuart Fischoff, an associate professor of psychology at Cal State Los Angeles who also has a private practice in Beverly Hills, has observed that women have been trying to be perfect in the workplace and at home and have realized it's impossible.

"I've seen a dramatic increase in support groups that are helping women understand they can't have perfection both ways," he says. "This is different from the consciousness-raising groups that told women they could throw off their shackles and fly toward the sun.

"Women," Fischoff says, "have found that war is not fun."

Barbara, a 36-year-old newspaper executive, agrees. As a woman who has made it to the managerial ranks of a business still largely male-dominated and as someone with a secure personal relationship, she would seem to qualify as what some might term a superwoman. However, she doesn't think the breed really exists. "You can't do it all," she asserts. "Of the big three—relationship, children and work—you can only have two of the three at once. Time is a big part of it.

"A relationship just takes a lot of time. A woman can try to do it all, but invariably she won't have time for herself." Meanwhile, Barbara has passed for the moment on having children.

Some women think another problem with trying to achieve all three simultaneously is a simple lack of emotional energy. Shelley, 37, one of the country's top advertising sales executives, says, "A career doesn't necessarily block out personally pleasing things; it can be a terrific conduit to interesting people and places. But it takes a lot of energy. I seldom have the strength to do other things, including making connections with the opposite sex. I'm just too tired."

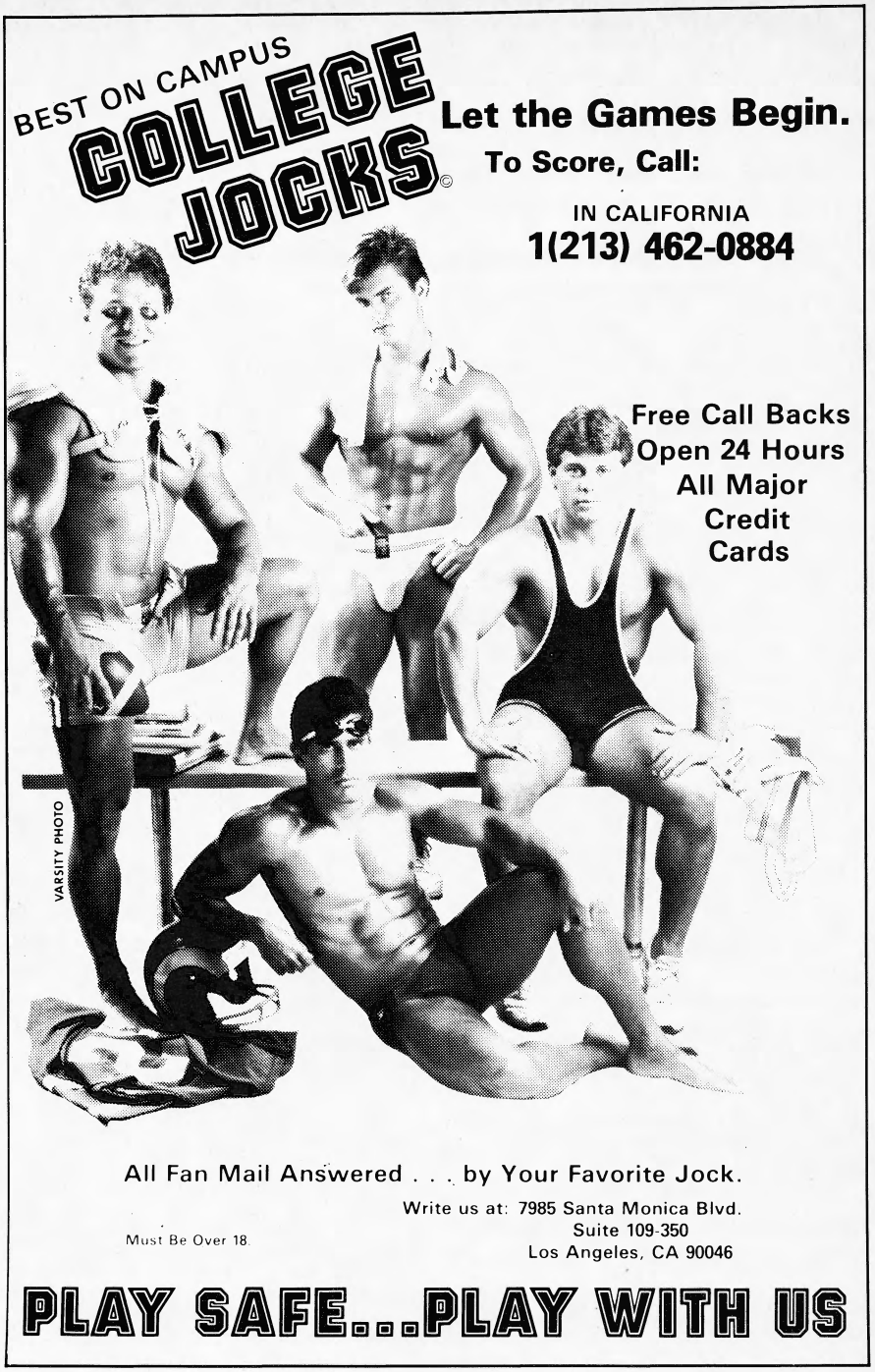
Barbara points out that for a woman to succeed professionally, her energy level has to be much higher than that of her male counterparts. "For men," she says, "things are more automatic. Many women have to spend much of their day convincing men co-workers they belong."

THE FATIGUE FACTOR FOR WOMEN

in search of the "Wholey Grail" has also had its effect in the bedroom. Sex has become a bit of a waif in many cases. Celia, an attractive 24-year-old computer programmer, admits her sex life has suffered. Success in the world of floppy discs has spelled disaster between the sheets. "When I got out of school and into my career full-stride," she says, "I thought life would be one big orgasm. Instead, I'm so exhausted at the end of a busy working day that when it's time to make love, it's the last thing on my mind.

"Add to that trying to maintain a home," she continues, "and if you're lucky you've got enough energy to go at it in the sack for five minutes—maybe six if he's gorgeous."

The popularly held notion these days is that the fully liberated woman is getting it all, at work and at play. It's a myth fueled more by the media than by reality. One national magazine recently released a much ballyhooed survey demonstrating that sex and career success were comfortable bedfellows. Within one month, however, the same publication featured a look at the pitfalls many



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'Feminists don't understand that equality is not possible unless differences between men and women are affirmed.'

women face when their sex life becomes a casualty of their career.

Devers Branden, a psychotherapist who along with her husband Nathaniel runs the Biocentric Institute in Los Angeles, has an idea about part of the problem. "There's a need to look for femininity," she says. "Sexuality has gone underground. It's because women didn't want to get paid for their sexuality."

As a result, notions like "dressing for success" and "playing the man's game by the man's rules" flourished in the '70s and early '80s. "Unfortunately," Branden says, "sexuality isn't something you can take on and off. Men have always known this. Women tried to adopt it overnight and suffered."

Branden explains that a woman can't change her identity every 20 minutes. She can't dress for success by day and immediately be ready to dress to seduce by night.

"Women are too much into maleness," Branden believes. "A woman needs to ask herself who she is as a woman, not 'Who am I in the working world?'" According to Branden, if she can somehow incorporate who she is as a woman into her working environment, she will strike a safer balance.

Many experts acknowledge that in women's drive for total success the line separating what makes a woman a woman and a man a man has blurred. Friedan, for example, points out that first-stage feminism denied real differences between women and men except for the sexual organs themselves. "Some feminists," she says, "still do not understand that true equality is not possible unless those differences between men and women are affirmed and until values based on female perceptions and sensitivities to life are voiced in every discipline and profession.

"This is not a matter of abstract theory alone, but involves the restructuring of hours of work and patterns of professional training so that they take into account the fact that women are the people who give birth to children."

"Men and women really are completely different, and androgyny certainly isn't where it's at," Branden says. She points to numerous studies on 2- to 3-month-old babies. "Give a toy to a little boy," Branden explains, "and he will be introspective. The little girl given a toy will be sharing—this is before society has even gotten to the children to force differences on them.

"Women have tried to give away basic differences," Branden says. "Equal pay is fun,

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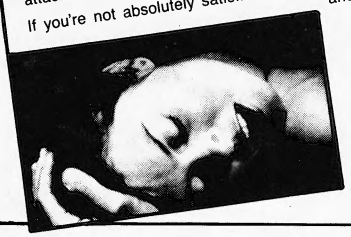

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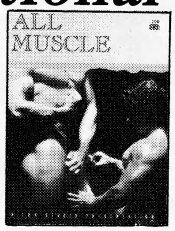

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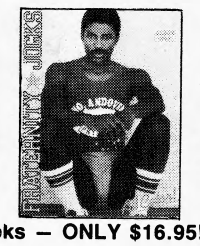

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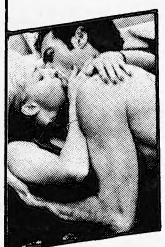

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but a woman should respect the differences between the sexes."

Steve, a 28-year-old publicist, agrees wholeheartedly. "In striving for success, there's no one there when women get it," he says. "That's because they've lost their femininity. You can't change evolution in 20 years. That's just what society is trying to do. The women's movement was a knee-jerk reaction to the housewife boredom of the '50s and everything just swung too far in one direction."

Steve thinks the rapid swing of the pendulum has created tremendous inner conflict in women who in turn have given out mixed signals to men. "A woman now seems to want commitment from a man," Steve says. "But if it gets in the way of her career, she thinks she's not being true to herself. Women seem to think that if they don't try to succeed as much as a man, they're failures.

"I'm attracted to strong career women," he says. "When I date these women, the initial phases are always good. But when it gets a little serious, or an understanding arises that you could become a fixture in their lives, there's panic. Because women have to start rethinking things."

Part of the reason, of course, is that men have never had to consider sacrificing their careers. Women are the ones who still end up doing the career sacrificing. A recent *Wall Street Journal* sample of men and women executives earning more than $90,000 a year revealed that while almost every man in this income bracket was married with children, fewer than 5 percent of the women were.

Exacerbating matters further is that most women, when married, still carry the main responsibility for balancing the demands of work and home. Sheila Rothman, research scholar at the Center for the Study of Society and Medicine at Columbia University and author of *Women's Proper Place* (Basic Books, 1980), says, "Whatever hopes feminists had that men would begin to assume some of women's traditional responsibilities in a two-career family have not been realized. In fact, young women often plan their careers with the assumption that they will be the ones to fulfill dual obligations."

"Until they figure out a way for a man to have a baby," Steve says, "it's going to stay that way."

Echoing Devers Branden's advice, another executive says, "Women need to listen to themselves. I'm not saying men must always work and women must always be involved with the family. All I'm saying is, don't be manipulated by the media. Some women will hear a voice saying 'Be a mom'; another voice will say, 'Go to work.' A woman needs to listen to that voice."

CHANCES ARE, IF WOMEN DID listen more closely to their inner voice, the rage resulting from the inner conflict of searching for perfection at work and play would subside.

Barbara and Shelley are indicative of two women who do listen and are prepared to follow that inner guidance. Barbara, who is fully immersed in her career, remembers how, a few years ago, she yearned to stay at home

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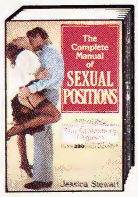

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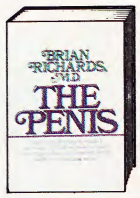

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and be a wife and raise children. She now understands that her career calling is a powerful one. "I could do the Betty Crocker homemaker thing," she says, "but I'd probably need a therapist to do it."

Shelley has also achieved tremendous career success, yet admits her inner voice beckons her toward a more traditional female role. "It's ironic," she says. "For my whole life I've been acknowledged for a career I stumbled into after a divorce. I feel lucky I have a career. But my ambivalence stems from what I really wanted, which was to be a mother and wife and to do it well."

The message of Shelley's inner voice is clear. "I would have no identity problem with being a bauble on a successful man's side," she says unabashedly.

Personal common sense should dictate a woman's life patterns—common sense and reasonable foresight. If a woman decides a career is the name of the game, so be it; if a full-blown career and raising children are more her style, that's OK, too. However, she should be able to look down the road in 20 years and project her feelings as to whether her career or family are more important. It's something men have lived with for millenia.

Branden says women need to understand the types of sacrifices men have made. She believes men have received somewhat of a bad rap. "Men weren't necessarily ignoring feminism nor were they anti-female. They had the sole financial obligation to the family," she explains. "The mass media never correctly put a man's plight out there." It is this type of choice some women are now faced with and they must decide which obligations to address.

"No one wants to go back to the *Father Knows Best* days of the '50s when 'men were men and women were women,'" says Branden. Even if they do, they can't. Women and men alike have made too many consciousness-raising strides. And the economic climate makes it virtually impossible. The necessity for men and women to work means allowances have to be made for both sexes to change their stereotypical roles.

Dr. Fischoff remembers a restaurant in San Diego called The Silent Woman. Its logo was a woman without a head serving food. "That concept just doesn't make it anymore," Fischoff says. "I think both men's and women's notions of marriage have changed and a period of experimentation has begun." Whether it's someone like Ted Koppel, who gave up his network newscasting career to take care of his children while his wife attended law school, or a female studio executive balancing studio ledgers and ABC books, an evolution is occurring.

"A career woman can stay at home," Fischoff says. "It's OK. However, how are you going to keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paris? A career woman will always be a different woman. She's going to be someone who will maintain connections and have an interest in the world."

Regardless of whether a woman has a career, works part-time or is a housewife, bliss will prove elusive. "Every woman," says newspaper executive Barbara, "needs a wife."■

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FICTION *(Continued from page 92)*

"You got that money you borrowed from me yester—"

With a high-pitched cry, Ed forced his hands around Jon's throat and hurled him to the ground.

"I'll kill you!" Ed bellowed. "I'll kill you before paying you again!"

Onlookers soon helped pry Ed's fingers free from Jon's windpipe. In the arms of the crowd, rubbing his neck, Jon pointed a shaking finger at his assailant.

"Don't anybody ever lend this man money!" he shouted. "He doesn't pay his debts!"

Six blocks from his office, Ed was splashed by still another cab. He ran for several blocks after it, screaming, "Look at this! Come back here! Look at this! I hate you! Come back!"

When a mouse appeared in Ed's office, it was decided that he should spend the rest of the afternoon at home.

JUDY APPROACHED ED GINGERLY that evening. She waited for him to stop shivering before she spoke.

"It's what I was trying to tell you yesterday," she ventured at last.

"What is?" Ed said, pulling a blanket tighter around his shoulders.

"What's happening to you."

"What's happening to me can *never* be explained," he said. "It is not of this world."

Judy was encouraged. "That's true, Ed, because, you see—" And Judy told him the whole story of her frustration, her hiring of Madame Zupp and of the magic woman's fateful words.

"And that's why this is happening," Judy concluded, "and why your life won't go on until you make up your mind."

Ed was quiet a minute. Then his shoulders slowly stopped quaking. His face filled with angry color. Finally, he exploded.

"You spent $50 on a palm reader? Good going, Jude! There goes our movie this weekend!"

"Ed—" Judy's voice became soft and sympathetic. "You don't understand. You're under a spell. I put you under a spell. And I used your tan pants to do it. I'm sorry."

Ed was quiet again. Then very slowly, his eyes filled first with comprehension and then—not with outrage or wonder—but with hurt, "You put a hex on me? On me, Ed?"

"I had to, sweetheart," Judy answered, touched. "Now you see what it's been like for me. It's been like waiting on line at a delicatessen and they never seem to get to your number." Judy cursed herself softly.

Ed responded with compassion. "I'm sorry it's been so hard. But, don't you see—" He leaned forward and his blanket slipped down his back. "*I don't know.* It's what I feel. It's better than feeling some other ways. I'm not holding back or telling fibs. *I don't know.* It's my actual condition. It may be an interim thing, a way *to* something else, but right now it's the way I am." Ed's voice grew heartfelt, urgent, "Don't—don't take that away."

Judy sighed. She felt for Ed, but there was no turning back; a spell was a spell. "If you ever want to get to October 27, Ed, please."

Ed nodded slowly, with very unhappy acceptance. Staring off a minute, he shrugged. Then he looked back tenderly at Judy. In a voice full of affection, he made up his mind and lifted her curse from himself.

"Let's split up," he said.

SINCE THE LEASE WAS IN ED'S NAME, it was agreed that Judy should be the one to move out. With all her bags, books and plants, she bunked at her sister's apartment in the East Village before deciding where it was she wanted to go.

"It's like—" Judy tried to convey her feelings to her sister in a simile, but could not. "Lonely," she said at last. "It's like lonely."

When she got up the courage, Judy went back to Madame Zupp's to thank her for a job well done. But when she arrived, she found that the palm reader was being replaced by a video rental store. Judy watched as the neon lights saying "Reader and Adviser" made way for "Now Stay Home and Go Out at the Same Time!"

"It's a shame," Judy said to a passerby. "She did good work at affordable prices. And she had a good sense of metaphor."

She looked around at the block; it was the same and yet not the same at all—so familiar she could almost believe it was another day of living there with Ed. She sighed.

"Sometimes," she said, "what you think is progress isn't really progress at all." ■

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BERTINELLI *(Continued from page 76)*

me deal with that a lot, because he turned 30 and he could hardly wait: "I'm a grown-up now!" He doesn't act like one—he still acts like a 12-year-old.

PLAYGIRL: *So you have some trepidation about getting older.*

BERTINELLI: Yeah, and I hate to say it, because it sounds like every other actress getting older. I mean, "OK, shut up. You don't have wrinkles yet, so shut up!" But I do have wrinkles! It's tough when you're used to being the baby.

PLAYGIRL: *When are children going to happen for you and Ed?*

BERTINELLI: Interviewers bring this up constantly. No offense. They're always wondering why I don't have kids already. They're always saying, "You've been married five years now, why don't you have kids?" I don't want kids yet! I'm only 25, Ed's only 30. We have plenty of time.

PLAYGIRL: *Back to this idea of who dominates in your marriage. Like killing the spider, are there other situations when Ed takes over? Are there situations when you take over?*

'I've changed in these past five years. I think I've become—this may be a harsh word—less arrogant. Ed's taught me a lot of kindness and patience.'

BERTINELLI: He doesn't always take over when it's time to kill a spider. "Goddamn it, honey, you do it! I don't like spiders either!" So we let the spider kind of sit in the tub. We don't take baths.

It's really an equal-opportunity marriage. I can't think of it in terms of domination by either party. I mean, I have fantasies like we're stuck in a jungle, and I've got a rattlesnake bite, and he has to carry me to the nearest city [*laughter*]. That's my little bit of romanticism. Ed tries to be romantic, he really does. But he falls short a little bit too often. It's like I have to hint to him to send me flowers. I had to hint at my Christmas gift this year.

PLAYGIRL: *But, isn't the most romantic person to fall in love with a rock 'n' roll star?*

BERTINELLI: But is it the image of a rock 'n' roll star, or a person you fall in love with? Most rock 'n' roll stars are truly despicable people. There happen to be some of them—like Eddie, Alex, Mike and Sammy—who are decent human beings and nice people. I got lucky, I fell in love with one of the nice ones.

PLAYGIRL: *Let's talk about music. What do you like about Van Halen's music?*

BERTINELLI: Ed [*laughter*]. He's a brilliant writer. I'm able to say that because the

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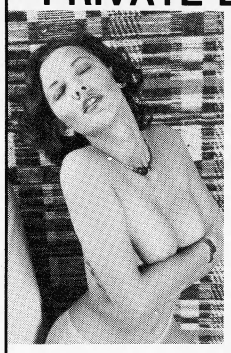

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public has only heard one/one-hundredth of what he can do—literally. I'm not exaggerating. The man is so talented. People don't understand; they only hear what little he's allowed to put on vinyl, and they think, "Granted, he's talented. He's an innovator in rock guitar." But he's so much more. He's an incredible writer. I mean, he'll be sleeping, and he's going like this [*she drums her fingers on her chest as she closes her eyes*] and he'll wake up in the morning with an idea. Or he'll whistle into a tape deck when he gets the thought into his head. He hears something in his head and it becomes a song. I'm amazed and in awe of people who can do that.

PLAYGIRL: *Do you have favorites among his songs?*

BERTINELLI: Every song on the new album. *Every* song. I love *all* his guitar solos. And I love when he plays the piano. I could listen to him play the piano forever. And a lot of the stuff that no one's ever heard—some of the stuff he's written for me. Now he says that everything he writes has something to do with me. But I want to know which ones—"Is it this song? This song? This song [*laughter*]?"

'Most rock 'n' roll stars are truly despicable people. There happen to be some, like Eddie, who happen to be really decent human beings.'

PLAYGIRL: *What moves you in his work?*

BERTINELLI: His feelings. The man has incredible feelings. The first time he told me he loved me he was crying. And I thought, "OK, I'm hooked for the rest of my life." He's an incredibly sensitive human person, you know? [*More laughter*] I think I love him.

PLAYGIRL: *How has he changed your taste in music?*

BERTINELLI: I changed *his* taste in music. Not the music that he writes, but the music he listens to. I'm more into female singers—I love listening to female singers. Cyndi Lauper is a big favorite of mine; I like Linda Ronstadt, and Patti Smythe is my big favorite of all time. And he wouldn't even know who she was if I hadn't said, "Listen to this." And he heard it, and said, "Whoa, she's amazing." And now they're writing together. And they're so good together.

But he rarely listens to anything anyway. When we're driving in my car, he has to listen to whatever I'm listening to. Otherwise, he doesn't really listen to music at all, he doesn't listen to the radio, because it's all in his head, and he doesn't want to be influenced.

PLAYGIRL: *He doesn't even listen to different genres of music, like classical?*

(Continued on page 110)

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BERTINELLI *(Continued from page 106)*

BERTINELLI: Oh, yes, he loves Debussy. But only played by certain people. There's this certain French pianist who plays Debussy wonderfully. He likes Chopin, too. He likes a lot of different things. I shouldn't be talking for him, because his tastes always change a lot.

PLAYGIRL: *Are you upset that David Lee Roth was the sex symbol of the old Van Halen group and not Ed?*

BERTINELLI: Oh, God, no! I can't talk about David Lee Roth because I have no feeling one way or the other about him. My life has gotten so far away from David Lee Roth.

PLAYGIRL: *How will Van Halen be different with Sammy Hagar?*

BERTINELLI: He's great. When I was first listening to Sammy Hagar—I've never told Sammy this—we were sitting on this couch, and Ed was trying to think of lead singers. He said, "Sammy Hagar." And I said, "Are you crazy?" Now I've heard him sing Ed's stuff, and the man is amazing. People don't know how good. It's like with Ed. People don't know how really good Ed is, or Sammy. On this new album you're going to hear Sammy's voice, and you're going to go, "What? Like, I knew he could sing, but this? Wow!" The combination of Ed and Sammy writing together is so amazing and wonderful.

PLAYGIRL: *Let's finish up with love at first sight. You got married quickly after meeting Ed—eight months. You've said you knew immediately he was the one for you. How?*

BERTINELLI: I lucked out! I mean, my life has been very charmed. Granted, it was not easy in the beginning. But then I hear that from all my friends. It was a cross between hell and heaven. Because you're getting used to this person in your life, living with this person, when you've been used to feeling your own way. All of a sudden you have to think about and have respect for this other person. You have to treat him with kindness and love, and worry about someone else other than yourself.

It's very difficult when you're used to living on your own. And he was used to living on the road. So it was, like, clash-city, yet there was this strong bond that held us together. And now it gets better every day.

PLAYGIRL: *What did you see in him that was so special?*

BERTINELLI: Kindness. Honesty. He was the first honest person I met working in this business in a long time. And he was vulnerable. And strong. And talented up the *tuchas*.

PLAYGIRL: *Was he your dream man?*

BERTINELLI: I didn't really have a dream man. I'd let guys just walk all over me before I met Ed. Then I realized, this is what it's supposed to be like—"Oh! I get it now, it's supposed to be *equal*." We talked and talked—about homelife, parents, brothers. About past experiences in love life. He had gone through the same thing I had. We're monogamous people, and we had each been fooled around on. We'd been through the same wringer, and we realized that's not what we wanted out of a relationship. We want monogamy.

We just really clicked on a lot of the same things, even though we're not really alike. But in a lot of things, the roots part, we're very similar. Once I met Ed, there wasn't anybody else in my life. Because it was so unusual to be treated with such honesty and kindness. Sometimes the honesty wasn't always kind.

Ed did something really sweet while we were shooting *Ordinary Heroes* in Salt Lake City. It was my birthday the second or third week we were filming. So on April 23, he flew up, knocked on my door at nine o'clock in the morning, gave me my present, gave me a kiss and flew back to L.A. to go back to work. Now, that is romantic. That's the most romantic thing anyone's ever done for me.

PLAYGIRL: *We've got to clone this guy.*

BERTINELLI: [*Laughter*] Nooooo. He's mine! That's where I get selfish! ■

"Look on the bright side, Howard. It was my first orgasm."

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COMING UP
IN PLAYGIRL
June

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY PLAYGIRL! OUR JUNE ISSUE CELEBRATES OUR **13th Birthday** with a bang. From features to in-depth interviews to irresistible men, next month's presentation is first-rate.

Topping our list is an investigative look at **Sex Across America**. We divide the country into five regions, each explored in a format and style to suit its unique flavor. New York journalist Robin Westen takes on the major cities, including Dallas, New York and Los Angeles. Vicki Greenleaf explores the South, while Daniel Winkel reports on the hottest resort cities. The Midwest is Bruce Cook's territory. We'll cover everything from what to expect from singles bars in New York, to what single men expect from their dates in Nebraska. We'll tell you where oral sex is illegal, and whether interracial relationships are accepted nationwide.

In **Sexuality in the U.S.A.**, PLAYGIRL profiles women throughout the country whose poignant, contemporary stories best typify the morals and values of their particular region. We think you'll find these must-reads!

While scouting the nation for sociological patterns and practices, we decided to scout out the **50 Most Eligible Bachelors in America**. Our search netted names like **Al Pacino**, Time Inc.'s **Henry Grunwald** and Los Angeles Lakers superstar **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar**. These men and 47 others come from all ends of the country, and represent a range of professions and lifestyles. Diversity is the key here: We're confident you'll find at least one of our 50 most eligible men just right for you.

Rod Stewart is one man you won't easily forget after you read our **Exclusive Interview** with this legendary rocker. He's still making music these days, but to a slightly different beat.

Musician **Stephen Bishop** adds additional charm to our June musical lineup. Bishop's hits, "Separate Lives" from the movie *White Nights*, and "All of My Life" from *Tootsie*, prepared him well for his newest venture: teaming up with rock star Todd Rundgren on a super new album.

Their neckties may be wider, but the men are just as watchable as those in the music industry, in our photo-spread on **Executive Men**. These guys prove being professional by day doesn't mean they can't be exciting by night—after they hang up their suits!

Our **Men of Detroit** get their excitement behind the wheel. These Midwestern race car competitors pose with nothing but their gear shifts in this extraordinary photo presentation.

As for the kingpin of Motor City—**Mr. Detroit**—he'll have you swerving out of control. He's the winner of our Men of Detroit contest, and he's as hot as a piston.

Not to be outdone, our **Centerfold** for June is one sizzling model himself. Dan Cook, who reigns on Florida's beaches, has been called a man's man. Find out why when our Man for June bares it all in next month's PLAYGIRL.

Who else but the **Kennedy Women**—**Kathleen**, **Caroline**, **Maria Shriver**, **Joan** and **Jackie** to name a few—could better fit into this special issue? In eye-opening profiles, these all-American females tell their tales of love and politics, of winning and losing.

Winners in another forum also feature their best efforts for our 13th birthday celebration. **The Best of Erotica** from our years past should remind you of excitement from another day, tease you for tonight and tickle you through tomorrow.

Even our **Fashion** is first-rate in June. Summer's sensuality is captured in this presentation of **Swimwear**. Shot in Barbados, this exotic extravaganza wraps up our special June package. We can't wait until you open it!

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